

with Professor Murray, and state how far they will be able to give practical support to a scheme which finds favour with the first authorities in England.

Few antiquarian studies can be more fascinating than that of folk-music and its traditional accessories, and a society for its systematic study and cultivation deserves a cordial welcome. The "Northumbrian Small Pipes Society" is, according to its prospectus, "established to encourage the art of playing the Northumbrian Small Pipes, to preserve the melodies peculiar to the English Border, and to exhibit the musical pastime of Sword-Dancing and the other traditional accompaniments of our folk-music." It is to keep up the "Pipe Contests" long directed by the late Dr. Collingwood Bruce (of Roman Wall fame), to hold concerts, and to collect and publish specimens. There must still be a great deal of valuable material in this department accessible on the Border; but the opportunity for saving it will not last long. Something has been done, we believe, in the Briançon district in France towards preserving the knowledge of the traditional sword-dances which have come down from the Keltic period, and it is well that English local antiquaries should not be behind those of France. The first competition will be held at Newcastle on the 31st inst. The subscription is moderate—five shillings annually, for which the publications are given—and the society should be sure of very general support.

A PHENOMENON with which few of our readers may be acquainted is that of the Zodiacal Counterglow, or, as the Germans call it, *Gegenschein*, meaning a glow visible on that side of the earth that is not "under" the sun. This object in recent years has attracted the attention of many well-known observers, among whom Professor Barnard, the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth moon, may be numbered. From his observations we gather that the *Gegenschein* varies very considerably throughout the year. Thus in July we find it small and oval, and not ten degrees in diameter. After crossing the Milky Way it is as large as twenty degrees, and brightens up considerably in the middle. In September and October it becomes elongated along the ecliptic, and is found connected with a narrow elongated band some four degrees wide. By November and February it is reduced to simply a swelling and intensification of the zodiacal band. The general appearance of this object gives one the idea that it is light reflected from infinitely small particles of dust in the air, and it is always undergoing changes of form. Professor Barnard's opinion of its presence is that it is very probably due to atmospheric absorption, and that its position in the ecliptic is really exactly opposite the sun; in fact, he says that if its centre were a definite point the accurate position of the sun at any moment could be at once deduced by two simple steps—that is, by changing the sign of the declination and diminishing the right ascension by twelve hours.

THE DEAN OF LINCOLN (the Very Rev. OBITUARY. W. J. Butler, D.D.) was one of the most prominent and familiar names in the Ritualist movement, or later Neo-Catholic revival, some thirty years ago. With Canon Carter of Clewer, and the late J. M. Neale, who is best known as a translator of hymns, his name will be inseparably associated with the revival of Sisterhoods in the Church of England.—The Rev. Gordon Calthrop was a well-known Evangelical leader and popular preacher, who had had a distinguished academic career, and whose views on Church matters were "broad" in the older sense of the term. With M. Waddington we deal elsewhere.

THE NEW SHIP-BUILDING PROGRAMME.

THERE is nobody, we trust, so completely eaten up by party passion as to regret the fact that the Government has resolved to take the steps recommended by its naval advisers for the purpose of raising the strength of our fleet to a point which will place its supremacy beyond dispute. The sorry exhibition of unpatriotic partisanship which has been offered to us lately by Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Forwood may indeed seem to point to the opposite conclusion. But we cannot believe that even these gentlemen have so far lost the sense of citizenship and the instinct of nationality as to be really sorry that their successors at the Admiralty are showing themselves fully alive to the exigencies of the hour. It is quite true that Ministers have refused to allow themselves to be hurried by outside clamour into any hasty or ill-considered measures. Long before the panic—if, indeed, a somewhat abortive agitation can be described by that name—had begun in the columns of the *Times*, the Board of Admiralty was fully alive to the new situation created by the understanding between France and Russia, and was considering the steps which ought to be taken in order to meet it. For panic, indeed, there has never been the slightest excuse, any more than there has been for the furious attacks which have been made by various besotted ignoramuses upon Lord Spencer and his colleagues. The present condition of our fleet is such that Great Britain could well afford to regard the prospect of an immediate war with equanimity so far as her own interests are concerned. But, as we have been pointing out for many weeks in these pages, the extraordinary efforts which are being put forth by France and Russia demand imperatively a corresponding increase of effort on our part. Last week we pointed out the two great principles which ought to guide the Government in its naval policy. The first is that we must keep pace, no matter at what cost to ourselves, with the ship-building programme of France and Russia; whilst the second is that we must be guided in the main by the advice of the professional seamen who are retained for the purpose of counselling the political chiefs of the Admiralty. We do not mean by the latter statement to imply that the First Lord and his colleagues are bound on all occasions and under every condition to give effect to the opinions of the Sea Lords. But we do mean to say that the Government cannot ignore the views of its professional advisers, and must attach great weight to them.

We are glad to know that the confidence we expressed last week in the determination of the Government to abide by both these cardinal principles of our naval policy was fully justified. Ministers have given their assent to the programme recommended by the Admiralty, and that programme will enable this country to keep well abreast of the progress which France and Russia are making with their fleets. The details of the new ship-building scheme are not yet finally settled. Indeed, it would be a great misfortune if they were; for the conditions of naval warfare and the theories of naval architects are constantly undergoing change, and nothing could be worse than for the Government to adopt any hasty or rigid programme of ship-building. But although we cannot yet state the exact number of ships of all classes which are to be laid down during the coming year, we can say with confidence that the Admiralty has received the sanction of the Government for a ship-building programme that must satisfy all but the most senseless of alarmists. The amount of money which France and Russia propose to expend this year approaches five millions sterling. England will

practically spend a similar amount during the twelve months. Everybody acquainted with the facts is aware that this means that we shall surpass in a very substantial degree the ship-building of our rivals. The cost of materials in this country is less than it is abroad. Our ship-building appliances are infinitely better. The consequence is that we can build both more rapidly and more cheaply than our neighbours, so that we shall do something better than merely keep pace with them during the coming year. Nor shall we fall short of them in the technical and professional skill which will be employed in determining the character of the additions to be made to our fleet. M. Lockroy, who has kindly undertaken to show his fellow-countrymen how the commerce of Great Britain can most easily be destroyed, will discover before long that Ministers not only know as much as he does upon this subject, but know also how his benevolent schemes can best be frustrated.

And here we may remark parenthetically, that some very grave questions relating, not to the present crisis, but to the condition of the Navy as a whole, are evidently pressing for consideration. The most important of these questions refers to the means which ought to be taken to put an end to recurrent panics. Some weeks ago we suggested that the best way of attaining this end would be to appoint a Commission of an authoritative kind to consider a complete scheme, which should make us once for all absolutely safe, so far as existing circumstances are concerned, and should include a definite principle of construction that would keep us safe for the future. Our proposal was scouted at the time in some Liberal journals as implying a reflection upon the capacity of the present Government. We need not say that no such reflection was intended by us. But Ministers do not profess to be naval or military experts; and though they would bring to the consideration of any scheme such as we have seen suggested a sound and highly-trained intelligence, the scheme itself would need to be prepared in the first instance by the hands of professional men. That scheme ought to include provision not merely for the building of the requisite number of ships, but for the construction of new docks at Devonport, of the works which are needed at Gibraltar to make that great station of real value for the defence of our empire, and of harbour works at home. These additions to our naval resources would probably cost in round figures a sum of five millions. But the Naval Estimates ought not to be saddled with expenditure which would be of a permanent character, nor ought any increased expenditure on the Navy to involve, as a matter of course, an increase of the Naval Estimates. The Army Estimates are bloated beyond all reason, and the extravagance in military administration is disgraceful to us as a people. There is no possible reason why a Commission empowered to deal with the whole question should not cut down the expenditure upon the Army to such an extent as to provide ample means for the enlargement of the fleet and the completion of our system of defensive works. Speaking of this, we should like to know whether the transference in 1888 of a sum of a million and three-quarters from the Army to the Navy Estimates was followed by a corresponding reduction in the former. It is a point to which our economists in Parliament might well direct their attention. They would do more service by getting an answer to the question we have asked than by merely clamouring against the present administration of the Navy. These, however, are but questions by the way, and may be considered apart from the step taken by the Ministry.

We congratulate the Government most heartily upon the wise decision at which it has arrived.

Everybody must deplore the fact that such a decision was necessary; but, as we have frequently pointed out, there is practically no choice for Great Britain in this matter. Come weal, come woe, she must maintain that supremacy upon the seas which alone enables her to preserve her place as one of the great powers of the earth. This is the truth which both political parties have long recognised, and which the nation as a whole has never failed to acknowledge. At the present moment, when we are suffering from the pressure of hard times and a shrinking revenue, we should gladly have been spared the addition of some three millions sterling to our naval expenditure. But France and Russia have willed it otherwise. Despite the severity of the times and their enormous expenditure upon their armies, they have chosen, for reasons known only to themselves, to embark upon a policy of costly naval aggrandisement. The challenge which they have thus thrown down is one that England, whose whole policy is one of peace, cannot refuse to take up. The Continental Governments know now that whatever efforts they may put forth to reduce this country to a position of inferiority upon the seas will be put forth in vain. No matter what party is in power, the sacrifices entailed upon us by the necessity of holding our own in the race for naval supremacy will be duly made. Is it possible to hope that the French Government will take note of this fact and learn the lesson which it teaches? We give that Government credit for being sincerely desirous of peace. We know of no legitimate reason why that peace should be broken between France and ourselves. In this country, at all events, there is nothing but a single-hearted desire to live in continued concord with those who are our nearest neighbours, and who ought to be our natural allies. It is deplorable that under any circumstances France should have been induced to plunge into this provocative rivalry with Great Britain on that element on which it is necessary for the preservation of our widely scattered empire that we should be supreme. But it is just as well, since the rivalry has been thus commenced, that our neighbours should learn that it is not one in which they are likely to be successful. The Government of Great Britain, whoever may be at its head, will not allow the nation to be deposed from a position essential to its own safety. Yet now, as in former times, the Queen's Ministers, with no sinister purposes to serve, and no schemes of national aggrandisement to advance, would listen with pleasure to any proposal from our neighbours which might have for its object the cutting short of that costly and deplorable rivalry which imposes upon the peoples of both countries so heavy a burden. The next word in that rivalry lies not with ourselves but with France. It is not for us to dictate what that word should be; but neither the wisdom nor the patriotism of French statesmen would be placed in peril if it were to be a word of peace.

FINANCIAL REFORM.

"THE office of Chancellor of the Exchequer," said Mr. Gladstone in 1862, "is never a very popular office. A large part of his time is, even under the happiest circumstances, spent in saying to those who demand public expenditure, 'No, no, no.'" The words were true in 1862, and they have not lost their weight with the lapse of years. Sir William Harcourt, if he has any time for contemplation, must bitterly feel their force. Since 1874, when Mr. Gladstone's first Administration went out of office, the national expenditure has steadily climbed

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from seventy-four to ninety millions. The National Debt, it is true, has decreased by about one hundred millions in the interval, and the charge for the Debt has decreased in even larger proportion. But the other parts of the national expenditure have all increased, and local expenditure has increased even more quickly, the increase in twenty years being about twenty millions. While there is nothing in these facts to make anyone—even Mr. Wilson of the *Investor's Review*—sell Consols, they show an increasing need for the vigilance of the Treasury. "The time of great expenditure," said Mr. Gladstone in the same speech, "is the time when the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not in a paradise." Yet we fail to see any present relief for the purgatorial ills of the unfortunate man. There is no Joseph Hume below the gangway, trying to make it easier to save money than to spend it. Even Mr. Alpheus Morton wants to reclaim the Wash. The old electoral momentum in favour of economy has gone with the passing of our English *bourgeoisie*. The working-class elector likes to see money spent, where the middle-class elector liked to see money saved. The one thing the Radical members, in their letter to Sir William Harcourt, do not ask for is retrenchment. They might have leagued themselves together by a self-denying ordinance, pledging one another to ask for no increased grant from the Treasury for any of their own or their constituents' fads. But they knew such a solemn league and covenant would please nobody outside of Downing Street. So they have left Sir William Harcourt to face the greatest of his difficulties alone. He must cut down the Estimates as best he can, but bearing in mind, as a prudent man, that the last of his predecessors who went full tilt against the spending departments is now a political wreck.

The Radical members have turned their attention rather to the revenue than to the expenditure. And they make a number of suggestions, some of which are old, one at least almost new, all interesting, and some valuable. They do not want the deficit and the increased expenditure on the Navy to be met solely out of increased income-tax. In this they are at one with the chairman of the London and Westminster Bank, and indeed with everyone who has to pay income-tax. Of the sixteen millions of increased expenditure since 1874, nearly ten millions have been met by an increase of the income-tax. From under four millions in 1874-75, the nett yield of the income-tax has risen to £13,431,000 for 1891-92. It is a mistake to suppose that the whole of this sum is paid by the rich. The limit of exemption is low enough to include a City clerk. And a vast number of even poorer people are taxed on their small savings, and are unable to thread their way through the maze of forms which the department has constructed to make refunding difficult. The increase of the income-tax may be necessary, but it would certainly be unpopular.

The Radical members suggest that the tax should be radically altered in two ways. They ask that it should be graduated. Now we are strongly in favour of graduated taxation. But the income-tax happens to be the most difficult of all taxes to graduate, which has always seemed to us the strongest reason against its increase. The Acts are complicated beyond any layman's comprehension, but they are not more complicated than the subject with which they have to deal. Beyond an alteration of the limits of partial and total exemption, it is hard to say what the Chancellor of the Exchequer can do towards graduating the income-tax in a session which begins at the end of February. Nor do we see how he can discriminate between the income from

accumulated capital and that derived from annual earnings. The notion has always been a popular one with professional men, who keep their brains and their capital distinct. But professional men earn but a small proportion of the £300,000,000 of income which is assessed under Schedule D. The ordinary business man would be puzzled if he were asked to say how much of his earnings were due to his capital—which must include goodwill as well as more palpable property—and how much to his personal work. No doubt, the earnings of companies might be placed in a separate schedule, and taxed more highly without any real injustice, for in that case the cost of management is separately allowed for. Nor do we see any substantial reason against giving a slight premium to the trader who has not turned his business into a limited company. All we wish to say is that in the present state of parliamentary business any attempt that is made, either to graduate or to differentiate the income-tax, must be done by rule of thumb rather than by the strict application of a logical principle. A new property tax on capital (not income), on the American model, may be a dream of the future, but can hardly be attempted in 1894.

The Radical members go on to recommend the removal of all the "anomalies" connected with the death duties. One of those anomalies the party is undoubtedly pledged to remove. The distinction between the duty on realty and personalty has ceased to be even defensible. Personalty is not always in our complicated civilization more fluid and more easily turned into money than realty. Personalty does not escape taxation during life. Personalty involves much the same steady flow of expensive moral obligations as realty. Indeed, the best defence for English landlords is that they are capitalists who have made farms out of land, and they ought to be glad, for controversial reasons, to be taxed like other capitalists. We imagine that this reform could be carried without any enormous parliamentary difficulty, and we trust it will be attempted. We may mention that if the succession duty on realty were made payable at once (as that on personalty now is), instead of in four years, Sir William Harcourt would get a large increase of revenue within the next financial year.

But it is vain to expect Sir William Harcourt to tackle all those anomalies in the death duties which vex the sweet simplicity of the editor of *Truth*. Anomalies in our fiscal system are as plentiful as windmills in Holland. Many of them, too, are not without justification. If the distinction between the duty paid when (say) £15,000 is left in trust for two successors and that paid when it is left to one were removed, we should get rid of one of our half-hearted attempts at graduation. It cannot be supposed that the Radical members wish to graduate on the amount of the personalty willed, without any reference to the portions into which it is divided. Nor can we think it would be either wise or popular to remove the graduation according to kinship, however desirable it might be in some year of leisure to make detailed alterations in the present rules. And we doubt whether by any really possible alteration of the death duties enough money can be got to give a free breakfast table in 1894-5.

The last, and in some ways the most important, reform recommended is the abolition of the grants in aid, and the substitution of a tax on land values. Now, we are strongly against grants in aid, and strongly in favour of taxing urban land values. We hold the matter so pressing that we are convinced that something must be done, in London at least, during the present financial year. But to effect the whole change within 1894-5 will be extremely

difficult. A tax on land values involves new machinery, and perhaps even a new assessment, at a time when local authorities are busily working the Local Government Act. All that the Government can do in this respect is to prepare, by a new rating Bill, for 1895-6. The recommendations of the Radical members are interesting and useful, but we cannot help wishing, as Sir William Harcourt doubtless does, that they had to draw the Budget and the Bills necessary to carry out their plans.

THE INQUISITION REVIVED.

IT is not surprising that the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association should, at their meeting last Saturday, have protested against the proposal of the London School Board to apply a religious inquisition to its teachers; what may surprise us is that any protest of the kind should be necessary in these days. Some of us had supposed that the battle of religious tests would never again need to be fought in this country—least of all that the Church of England would once more venture to stake its reputation on that issue. The annals of the London School Board have taught us, however, not to presume upon the prudence of a clerical majority. There probably never was such a spectacle presented by a public body charged with plain public duties as that which the London Board furnished many weeks last year. One might have supposed them to be an oecumenical council charged with issuing dogmatic definitions in theology. Theology was upon their brains; in their humblest administrative duties—from pianos and swimming-baths to new schools and decent ventilation—theology was their first thought. Were they economical, was it not to save the Church Schools from the competition of the more efficient Board Schools? Were they slow to build, was it not in the interests of those institutions where “sound doctrine” was taught? Did they fight the Education Department, were they not struggling for the true faith against liberalising tendencies? So, step by step, the design grew larger and bolder, until the final point is reached, when the compromise of 1870 is publicly challenged and a general searching of the consciences of teachers is proposed as a preliminary to introducing “sound doctrine” into the Board Schools themselves.

If there is one presumption more than another which a faithful Anglican generally resents, it is that his Church is a “sect.” He is a Catholic, he will invariably tell you; he belongs to a branch of the universal, comprehensive Church. That is the theory; but if words have any meaning at all it might, we think, be very easily maintained that the Church of England is habitually more sectarian than any of the “sects” so-called. For these last fifty years—to go no farther back—the educational policy of the Church as a whole has been for exclusiveness as against comprehension. Fifty years ago it was part of the creed of a good Churchman that no one was competent to teach any branch of learning at the universities who was unable to take orders in the Anglican Church. If the “good Churchman” had had his way there would to this day have been no undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge except those who came as avowed Churchmen after a sound Anglican training. We should not have thought it necessary to recall the consequences of this system, but they were briefly these—that a large number of teachers were incompetent, that others were indifferent to the religion they professed, that theological controversies raged more fiercely than ever “within the test,” and

that education languished under their withering influence. The test system excluded none but the conscientious; the rest accepted it—some, no doubt, as devout believers, others heedlessly or even hypocritically. It checked speculation, prevented research, and was an obstacle to all expansion, without in any way advancing the cause of religion. It was sectarianism pure and simple, and not at all more respectable because practised in ancient and august institutions instead of in “Little Bethel.” That system has passed away, and is now condemned by common consent. There is not a competent observer at the universities who would deny that education has vastly improved, or that the general standard of life and conduct has risen in the universities during the twenty-five years since its abolition. But this is the system which the London School Board would now, if the majority had their way, reimpose upon elementary education. We shall be told, no doubt, that in ascertaining the religious opinions of its teacher, the Board has no intention of displacing them or penalising them. It merely intends to supply that “sound doctrine” which they cannot conscientiously teach—in other words, to put in a clergyman to teach theology. But will any self-respecting teacher readily see himself superseded by a clerical authority? And, while there is a clerical majority on the Board, will any teacher believe that he does not stand to lose by having the black mark of unorthodoxy attached to his name? In our opinion he would be very foolish if he did believe it, for it is only a very short step from ascertaining the views of the teacher, to appointing those teachers only whose orthodoxy (which in this connection means Churchmanship) is unimpeachable. What the result of the new religious teaching would be we can judge best from those unedifying debates upon Christian doctrines which took place at the School Board offices last year. The charitable Churchman who suggested that Dr. Clifford and his friends came there “to deny their Lord” would, no doubt, quickly have his counterpart in the school-room.

If religion were in danger we might be quite sure that those Nonconformists who came with such unanimity to protest against these new departures, would have been found in the other camp. It is not religion, however, but the clericalism which is to be promoted, and no one knows better than the orthodox Nonconformist that the blow is aimed not at heresy but at religious equality. We agree, however, with the *Chronicle* that the battle must not be confined to the religious issue, except so far as that enters into all other issues. For the new clerical policy is as narrow on its secular side as it is on its religious side. We cannot better Mr. Fletcher's eloquent description of the true educational aim, but we can add to it a passage, which Mr. Fletcher perhaps had in mind, from an old philosopher who is yet new. Having described the influences with which the children of his ideal city should be surrounded, Plato sums up the matter with these words: “then will our youth dwell in the land of health, amid fair sights and sounds; and beauty, which is born of fair works, will visit eye and ear like a healthful breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul even in childhood into harmony with the beauty of reason.” How impracticable it sounds beside the modern clerical ideal of the minimum of education with the maximum of theology. For this same party which is so zealous about the niceties of theology has been busy on the other side cutting teachers' salaries, reducing their numbers, stopping the erection of public schools, fighting the Education Department over each little improvement, postponing the boon of free continuation schools until the

last possible moment, "economising" on pianos and swimming-baths. But if art, music, and swimming-baths are superfluous, at least we might expect the religious party to be strong on the subject of healthy schools. But here again, what has happened? A strong and high-minded minister comes into office determined gradually to improve the sanitary conditions of a large number of schools, Board and voluntary, which are admittedly in a miserable condition. He goes to work in a most elaborate and impartial manner, obtaining accurate information of the condition of all schools in receipt of public grants. Then, and not till then, he selects a certain number of the worst cases, and gives notice that unless certain intolerable defects are remedied, he will be compelled to withdraw the public grant. The Church, one might expect, would eagerly co-operate in this work, and, where its own schools are at fault, instantly raise money to set them right. Not at all. Instead, Mr. Acland is assailed with every kind of violence by the clerical party all over the country. From platform and pulpit the cry goes up that the Church is in danger, and that the voluntary schools are being "squeezed out of existence." The zeal which is so irresistible for the dogmas of religion is not equal to raising money for adequate water-closets, decent breathing space, walls which keep out the cold and the damp. Finally, one might suppose that a working Church would be anxious to make education as open and accessible as possible. But the denunciations are, if anything, stronger when Mr. Acland endeavours even to make known the benefits which are open to the poor under the Free Education Act.

This so-called "moderate" movement, then, is a narrowing influence in every direction, and must be resisted at every point. We are concerned here more particularly with the attempt of the London School Board to establish a religious inquisition upon its teachers. That is a reversal of one of the most settled principles in our public policy which we cannot believe the people of London will tolerate. If the Education Department has no power to prevent it, Parliament may have to be asked to endow it with fresh powers. For this precedent, if adopted by other "moderates" in the provinces, must have disastrous results. The clerical party, meanwhile, may be assured of this—that if they persist in re-opening the question of the educational compromise, another settlement will be sought which may be even less to their liking.

HYBRID AMBASSADORS.

M. WADDINGTON'S English blood and English education have been generally accounted as of great advantage to him in his position as French Ambassador to this country; and there is no doubt at first sight that so they would seem to have been. They enabled him to understand Englishmen, and to know how to deal with them. They rendered him *persona gratissima* at the English Court. But in reality these apparent advantages were probably the worst drawback with which he could have been burdened. They came against him in every way. But for them he might have been a really great ambassador, instead of a comparatively futile one; and might have been gratefully recognised as such by his countrymen, instead of dying heart-sick, rejected by his senatorial constituency, discredited with French public opinion, almost in disgrace. He might have achieved this success in almost any other country but England. He had the talents and the equipment of a great diplomatist. He began well; and

Frenchmen would have admired, say at Rome, or at St. Petersburg, or at Constantinople, the man who first after the humiliation of 1870 reasserted with dignity—at the Berlin Congress—France's place amongst the Great Powers, and who first laid the foundation for those French possessions in North Africa which, whatever be the disadvantages they have brought with them, will probably be regarded by France as the most brilliant and cherished portion of her colonial empire. It was only when he came to England, to the post for which, judging superficially, he seemed best fitted, that his quality of being a demi-Englishman seriously stood in his way. And this, if one thinks of it, was only natural. A man who was openly, palpably half an Englishman could not escape the deduction of the logical French popular mind that he was at least one-half short of being a whole Frenchman; in ideas and sympathies only demi-French, while in training and temperament not French at all. This consideration would probably not have mattered, would certainly not have been acutely emphasised, had M. Waddington been sent elsewhere, to some Court where French and English interests did not come into direct contact. But when this demi-Englishman was sent to the country of his race and education to represent the country of his birth it was bound to handicap him tremendously. Realise how very much of an Englishman M. Waddington was. His father was an Englishman, and his mother was not French; he had absolutely no French blood in him; he looked like an Englishman, talked like an Englishman, was brought up at Rugby and Cambridge, and had been a Varsity oar. Let us imagine a converse case. Suppose that we had a public man who had not a drop of English blood in his veins; whose father, a naturalised Frenchman, had remained so French at heart that he sent him to France for his education; whose schoolfellows and chums, whose boyhood's and young-manhood's friends, were not amongst the public men of England, but amongst the public men of France; who was a Roman Catholic by religion; whose name, say, was Ravallac; who was a vivacious, sparkling, and in all respects a thoroughly Frenchified and un-English-looking person—should we really care to have such a man as this for our ambassador to Paris, or should we feel the same confidence in him in times of emergency or doubt as we should in a Dufferin or a Lyons? The British public is not so sensitive about these matters as the French, nor at all so subject to fits of jealousy and suspicion. But it has its fits nevertheless and its simple native prejudices; and it is ready to fly upon occasion into a very peppery, angry, hasty, suspicious-minded state, as witness the outbreak of Jingoism over the Siam difficulty when accusations that Lord Rosebery was selling the country were freely hurled about. At such a moment the prejudice of our people would be distinctly in favour of having unmitigated Britons representing us in foreign parts; and at any time we believe the natural feeling of Englishmen would be that, wherever else in our public service we accepted the offices of a demi-Frenchman, it should not be in the post of ambassador to Paris. The French public were very cruel and unjust to M. Waddington, and it is truly sad to see so able and conscientious a public servant so misunderstood and so ill-requited. But he was really in a more or less false position, and to us the wonder is that he should have occupied that position for ten whole years, during which many ticklish questions arose between France and England, without the French public making his difficulties greater than they did.

This is a democratic age, when the opinions of the man in the street and the man in the newspaper

office have to be considered even in the world of diplomacy. Under a state of things now all but completely passed away, the position of an ambassador was easier in every sense. It was not so much that he had more initiative, greater freedom of action, as that he had no public opinion in his own country to be considering. If his Sovereign was satisfied, that was enough for him; and that also was enough for his countrymen. The King and the governing men knew their servant, and nobody else had any business to know. The only public opinion he had to consider was that of the country to which he was accredited. He should be *persona grata* at the Court, of course, and it was generally well for him to be popular with the crowd. Now, the public opinion of his own country is all-important with the ambassador. It is an embarrassment to diplomacy, no doubt; but such is the fact, and it is for diplomacy to realise it and act accordingly. Very probably in the long run it will make for peace and better understandings among nations; but very probably also it will not have this effect until it has first—in some wayward or ignorant popular impulse—helped to precipitate a catastrophe. One rule is clear for the new state of things—it will be very important for the ambassador of the future to stand well with his own countrymen, at any rate to be thoroughly trusted by them. An influential and popular Frenchman, upon whose rigid Gallicism suspicion could get no sort of peg to hang, might do a great deal in the post of Ambassador to London to remove the artificial misunderstandings which are keeping France and England in a state of restless rivalry. M. Waddington could not have ventured to do things which an unimpeachable Frenchman could have done with ease. Recommendations which might have been listened to from another would have been treated as equivocalities of Anglophilism from him. He was forced by the circumstances of the case to be *plus royaliste que le roi*. It was his nature to seek conciliatory solutions—for he was a true ambassador—yet he often had to belie his nature and to take up an unyielding attitude where, had he been less hampered, had he been surer of the confidence of his people, had he not always that doubting, half-hostile public opinion to keep his eye on, his better judgment would have dictated a different course. He did his best conscientiously and skilfully; and it is a great testimony to his ability and zeal that in such a difficult position he succeeded as well as he did. Diplomats so able as he are not found every day, and quite possibly another man in his place would not have managed even as well. It is an unfortunate fact, nevertheless, that we are no nearer to a thorough understanding with France now than we were in 1883. There is no Power with whom it is more important for France to be in complete *rapprochement* than England, and no European Power of whose friendship it is more important for England to make quite sure than France: there are no other Powers whose rivalry drives each other into competing naval expenditure. The interests of both make strongly in the direction of such an understanding, let us hope that the achievement of it will not be much longer beyond the powers of our respective diplomatists.

THE FRENCH CONVERSION.

THE importance of the conversion of the French Four-and-a-Half per Cents. is almost as much political as financial. The Four-and-a-Halves amount to about half the whole of our own National Debt, and to convert so immense a sum will obviously take

a long time—not less, probably, than two years. While it is being carried through, the Government is bound to do everything it can to inspire the public with the belief that peace will be maintained, for the danger of war would defeat the whole operation. Therefore it is clear that—so far, at all events, as France is concerned—no aggressive policy will be pursued for the next two years. And if France is bound to do all she can to maintain peace, it is hardly probable that any other Power will force on a war, and, consequently, the apprehensions that have existed all over Europe since the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon will be gradually dispelled, and a more cordial political feeling will spring up. That cannot fail to bring about a great improvement in general business. Furthermore, a reduction of as much as 1 per cent. in the interest upon so large an amount of stock is certain to lead to a shifting of investments upon a considerable scale. All through this week, indeed, numbers of old holders, dissatisfied with the terms offered by the Government, have been selling. The sellers, of course, will re-invest before very long, and that will give rise to a considerable amount of business all over France. The French at present restrict their investments to a small number of stocks, and possibly they may continue to do so. If, however, they should extend their investments to new classes of securities, we may be sure of a considerable rise in prices upon the Continent, and even upon our own Stock Exchange. In any event, the better political feeling and the increased activity of the French Bourses are almost certain to help in improving business. So far as the terms of the Conversion are concerned, the scheme is perhaps hardly the best that might have been proposed by the Government. The present Finance Minister is a man of very considerable ability, and no doubt he has good reasons to support the plan he proposes; indeed, he has reason to believe that the 2½ millions sterling which will be the result of the conversion when carried through will go far towards making his Budget balance. But, looked at from strictly economic standpoint, it would seem that it would have been wiser for the Government to arrange now for ultimately bringing down the interest to 3 per cent. Our readers will recollect that Mr. Goschen reduced the interest on Consols from 3 per cent. to 2½, and that by-and-by it will be reduced further to 2½ per cent. If M. Burdeau had followed the same method he might have lowered the interest first to 4 per cent., then to 3½ per cent., and finally to 3 per cent.; and the reduction would have taken place quite independently of the state of politics or the prospect of events in the future. It is true that he would not effect so large an immediate saving. His present plan effects a saving of 1 per cent. on, roughly, 272 millions sterling; but, on the other hand, the Government, to induce the holders to consent to so large a reduction, enters into an undertaking that no further change will be made for eight years. Eight years is not a very long time, and if peace is maintained probably the Government will be able to reduce the interest to 3 per cent. in 1902. But if peace is not maintained, the reduction will have to be indefinitely postponed. This is the real objection to the present proposal: that its completion depends upon the course of politics during the next eight years. Nevertheless, there is no reasonable doubt that the conversion will be a success. The great majority of holders will feel that they have no option but to accept what is offered them by the Government. It will not be easy for them to find elsewhere a 3½-per-cent. stock at par, and if they either sell or insist upon being paid off they will have to re-invest, and perhaps at a lower rate of

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interest. Furthermore, the Government will be supported by the whole of the banks and great capitalists of the country. That there will be selling on a large scale is unquestionable; indeed, the sales this week have been very numerous. But that does not make against the ultimate success of the conversion. On the contrary, it is to be presumed that the purchasers are the great banks in arrangement with the Government, and the great banks will, as a matter of course, convert.

FINANCE.

SEVERAL half-yearly meetings of bank shareholders have been held this week, and the chairmen without exception have descanted at length upon the disasters of the second half of the past year. The speeches are certainly not cheerful reading, and they have helped to continue the gloom in which the City has for some time been plunged. But it is worth while noting that the final outcome of all is that the several banks have been able to pay as good dividends as at this time last year, and that the largest of all the purely London joint-stock banks actually paid more, from which we take leave to infer, in spite of the complaints, that the City was a good deal more frightened than hurt. The railway dividend announcements, too, are adding to the discouragement. Furthermore, the Trust crisis is still going on, and will not end for some little time longer. Perhaps, however, what makes the City most despondent is the depression in the United States. That after such a crisis there should be a great depression, everyone ought to have foreseen. But we venture to think that the worst of the liquidation which had to be gone through is now nearly at an end. In saying this, we do not mean, of course, that we are about to see an immediate recovery, but only that the great failures are now at an end, and that the pressure to sell stocks at any sacrifice is nearly over. The worst circumstance connected with the crisis in the United States is the great deficit in the Treasury. Probably, for the current year the deficit will not be less than 10 millions sterling, and to this has to be added a decline in the gold reserve of probably 10 millions sterling more. But people should not forget at the same time that the credit of the United States is really not affected. Except that of our own country it is the best of any nation in the world, and the United States, therefore, can borrow what it needs without paying very dearly for it. The crisis is now practically over, and, therefore, the difficulties of the Treasury are merely temporary. Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury, has been urging Congress to pass a Bill authorising the issue of 3 per cent. bonds for 40 millions sterling, running for two or three years. That would have been the proper course; and if it had been done promptly, much of the alarm now felt would never have been experienced. But Congress has delayed to comply with the demands of the Secretary, and it is not surprising, therefore, that alarm has arisen. The latest reports are that the Government has decided not to wait any longer for the action of Congress, but to borrow what is immediately and urgently necessary under the existing law. Meantime the crisis in Italy is deepening, the Banca Generale—an institution that at one time did a very large business indeed—having to apply for a moratorium.

According to a telegram from Calcutta, published on Thursday morning, the Indian Government announces that it will not impose a duty upon silver. That is matter for congratulation, as the measure would have done a great deal of mischief. In the meantime, the India Council is unable to sell its bills. On Wednesday it offered as usual 50 lakhs of rupees, but there was not a single application. It seems evident, therefore, that the Council will have

to exercise the power given it by the recent Act of Parliament, and to borrow a large amount. How much is not yet known; but as matters stand now, it looks as if before the end of March about 5 millions sterling would have to be raised. The price of silver has remained throughout the week at 31½d. per ounce, but there is sure to be a recovery consequent upon the decision of the Indian Government not to impose a duty. The demand for short loans, so strong in the open market during December, has entirely fallen away, and it is now often difficult to lend on any terms. Bills, too, are reported to be scarce, and the rate of discount has fallen to about 1½ per cent. Yet on Thursday no change was made in the rate at the Bank of England. Probably the directors fear that a large amount of gold may be taken to New York in consequence of the difficulties of the United States Treasury. No doubt they also have taken into account the decision of the Governments of Austria and Hungary to push forward their preparations for resuming specie payments.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

BY A MERE OUTSIDER.

JAN. 13. The Horncastle election turned out much as the knowing ones had predicted. There never was any hope of winning the seat, but a reduction of the Tory majority was thought possible. This has not been secured, and so far the result is disappointing. But here are the egregious evening newspapers telling us of the "consternation" in the Liberal ranks at the result, and cackling over the retention of a Tory seat in a squirearchical constituency as though it were a Liberal Sedan. As a matter of fact, I only know of one bet that was made on the election, and that was made by a staunch Gladstonian against the return of Mr. Torr. All the bye-elections up to this moment teach one lesson. That is, that the electors are still stale after the exhausting fight of 1892, and that there is no real movement in the constituencies either in one direction or the other. It is curious to contrast the present condition with that which prevailed in 1887 after the Tories had been in office for more than a year. Then Mr. Gladstone was able to talk of "the flowing tide" and to point to the successive victories of the Opposition in the bye-elections. Now there is no flowing tide in favour of Lord Salisbury, nor any seats won by the Opposition to boast about. How long this condition will last no man can foretell; but at present it is clear that the next political battle is "anybody's game." Sir William Harcourt, the *Daily Chronicle* tells us, has informed certain Radical members who have been putting a question to him in private on the subject, that he does not mean to introduce any measure for the payment of members this year at all events. Most sensible Liberals will rejoice at this decision, even though it has long been clearly inevitable. "Payment of Members," even though it did get into the Newcastle Programme, is certainly not a matter about which the bulk of the Liberal Party is enthusiastic. Of much greater importance is the presentment to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in favour of graduated death duties and income tax. This document is signed by a large number of Radical members, and will need to receive careful consideration at the hands of the versatile Sir William. It has been understood for some time past that he was bent upon achieving a "great" Budget. He can hardly fall in with all the demands of his petitioning friends; but their statement clearly indicates the direction in which Liberal opinion is moving on the question of taxation. End of the Local Government Bill reached at midnight last night, amid well-deserved cheers and compliments for Mr. Fowler, who has accomplished the biggest task ever attempted by a

Minister who was not in the position of leader or deputy-leader of the House of Commons. Heard some gossip the other day about the meetings of the Cabinet—not, of course, about what is done at these meetings, but about the room in which they are held. It seems that when this Ministry was formed, and Mr. Gladstone took up his old quarters at No. 10, Downing Street, the old Cabinet-room, which for generations had been the scene of the secret deliberations of successive Ministries, was handed over to the Private Secretaries. The first meeting of the new Cabinet was held in Mr. Gladstone's own room. But it was so small and so close that Ministers had to take their choice between being stifled or exposed to dangerous draughts. Since then the Cabinets have been held in the dining-room at Downing Street—an apartment which is not altogether suited for the purpose. Ministers have no regular seats—there being no table large enough to accommodate all of them—but sit where they can, Mr. G. taking his place beside a small table on which his papers are laid, and his colleagues being grouped around him. Worth remembering as a corrective of the ornamental pictures which profess to show us the Cabinet of 1892 in solemn session.

Jan. 14. M. Waddington's death, which is the chief item of news in to-day's papers, will be a real shock to many people in this country. There was hardly a more popular figure in London Society than the late French Ambassador. English by descent and education, he had all the traditional qualities of the Englishman in a highly developed state. But no mistake could be greater than that of supposing that in questions of international policy he had any leaning towards this country. On the contrary, France never had a representative in London more resolute in defending her interests, and even in pushing them unduly, than M. Waddington. He was extremely sensitive on the score of the criticisms passed upon him by the Anglophobe Paris journals, and when I first knew him, he always insisted upon talking French when interviewed by an English journalist, so as to give no excuse to the Parisians to talk of him as "the Englishman." His death is a real and serious blow to the Republic, whilst it means, to a very large circle in both countries, the loss of a very pleasant, high-minded, and cultured friend. Heard last night that Ministers have practically made up their minds on the question of the navy, and that Lord Spencer has been authorised to carry out the programme of the Sea Lords. Of course this only applies to the current year, Mr. G. being resolute in insisting that each year shall stand by itself. Still a big programme once entered upon must be carried to a conclusion. The sum to be spent upon new ship building during the twelve months will approximate closely to that which France and Russia are jointly to spend; and as we build more cheaply as well as more quickly than our rivals, we shall have a distinct advantage over them. All this is excellent, and effectually disproves the taunt that a Liberal Administration cares nothing for the national defences. There is a rumour that the details of the arrangement between France and Russia on the subject of the Mediterranean have leaked out, and that they are of a very startling character. If that be the case, so much the better for our new naval programme.

Jan. 15. Sir William Harcourt complains that the announcement of his intention regarding the payment of members, in the *Daily Chronicle*, is a report based upon a private conversation, and an incorrect report, too. Of course a private conversation ought to be sacred even to a lobbyist, but in this case the paragraph-writer has probably been misled as to the confidential nature of the news he was given. What a palace of truth we should live in if the free gossip of lobby and smoking-room were forthwith to be committed to print! Fortunately, all the traditions of the House of Commons, to say nothing of the usage among gentlemen, are favourable to the maintenance of the confidential character

of the private conversation of public men, and it is very rarely indeed that a complaint like Sir William Harcourt's is heard. Fortunate this for some brilliant talkers among our statesmen, whose "blazing indiscretions" often excite the terrors of their friends. Among the few M.P.'s left in town, much talk of the Budget, which will undoubtedly be a very serious business. The deficit and the new Admiralty programme will give the Chancellor of the Exchequer more than enough to do. I heard to-day, from an unimpeachable source, that the income-tax return from the City alone shows this year, for the first time for many years past, an actual decrease of some eighty thousand pounds. The general opinion among members is that the graduated income-tax cannot be touched for the present at least. The permanent officials see insuperable objections to it. But the opinion is growing that the Chancellor will attempt something big in the matter of graduated death-duties.

Jan. 16. Very little in the papers this morning, but the afternoon brings us some details of the closing scene in the tragedy of Captain Wilson's party. They died like Englishmen. Town dull now despite the fact that the House of Lords is supposed to be in session. A few well-known faces still to be seen about, however. A Cabinet Minister beamed genially from a window in the Athenæum upon the passers-by in Pall Mall, and various Under-Secretaries and Junior Lords still linger on the scene. The talk to-day is of the determination of the Peers to force a dissolution by the mutilation of the Local Government Bill. We shall see who comes best out of that fight. But however foolish it may be, the Tories manifestly cling to the hope that somehow or other they will compel a General Election during the spring, and some of them—forgetful of the old adage—are already distributing the offices in the new Administration. The hunger for place is strong upon them. Silly talk in a country newspaper about the Lord-Lieutenant: the allegation being that he is tired of his life at Dublin, and of the social amenities with which the "loyal and patriotic party" think fit to honour the Queen's representative. The whole story (which in one journal went so far as the nomination of the Duke of York as the new Viceroy) is a mere invention. Lord Houghton, as it happens, likes his work in Dublin; and even if it were otherwise, he is not the man to abandon a great public duty undertaken voluntarily, and discharged from the first not only with exceptional ability, but with that zest which springs from a keen and living interest in his work.

Jan. 17. The Royal Academy selected last night, as the two new Associates, Mr. Swan and Mr. Hacker. The Academy, if it goes on as it has done of late, will be able to trample on its enemies. Clearly it is at last the day of the strong men in art. Odd to recall my first meeting with Mr. Hacker, ten years ago this very month, in a little Moorish café at Tangier, and the enthusiasm with which a young friend of his assured me that "Hacker would be an Academician yet." And now I see from my paper that Mr. Solomon fell not far short of Mr. Hacker at last night's election. Mr. Solomon was the "young friend" who prophesied such great things of Hacker in 1884. They have been the closest of allies and friends in the years which have passed since then, and which have brought fame to both; and now if Mr. Hacker takes precedence in entering the sacred door at Burlington House, everybody admits that he will be followed hard by Mr. Solomon. Hear that the conference between the coal-owners and the miners, which has been adjourned for a month, threatens to be rather a difficult business. The question of chairman is in itself an important one, and then there is the demand of the men that a *minimum* daily wage should be fixed to begin with—the living wage, in short. But in industrial matters the desire of everybody is for a year of peace, and there will need to be reckless or criminal extravagance on one side or the other

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before that peace can be broken. Interesting article in the new number of the *Quarterly* on "The Peril of Parliament," of course, written from the Conservative point of view, but containing much with which most persons will agree, irrespective of political opinion. True, one has heard the same lament over the social decay of the House of Commons any time for the last thirty years; but that which is new is the change that has happened *within* the House; the eager competition alike among the fit and the unfit for the Speaker's eye; the disregard for old usages, and still more for the old tone of Parliamentary life; the lack of reverence—if one may use the word—that seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of the new generation. But our *Quarterly* writer is mightily mistaken if he imagines that the Radical party or Radical legislation is primarily or mainly responsible for the change. It was a tipsy Tory who one evening last Session during the Home Rule debates persistently assailed Mr. G. with cries of "God's only mistake! God's only mistake!"—this being the foolish Tory rendering of the letters G.O.M.—and this same Tory was a gentleman with an honorary handle to his name. Neither side is free from blame, as the true men of both parties readily admit.

Jan. 18. A letter from Biarritz this morning gives me good news of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. They stood the journey well, and though they arrived at their destination in the midst of a downpour of rain, have since had some brilliant sunshine, which, along with the fine air, has done both of them good. We seem to be living in an age of statistics. Yesterday at the Club I found two well-known and very influential M.P.'s, instead of indulging in gossip over their tea-cups, each busy with sheets of foolscap, Blue-Books, and rows of figures. These latter they were adding up and deducting and multiplying like a couple of bank clerks. What the figures all meant I did not pretend to understand; but my friends were dreadfully in earnest, and were either providing old-age pensions for all of us, or doubling the income-tax, or performing some similar heroic feat of the kind now fashionable. This is characteristic of the times. "Political economy," we are told, is played out; nevertheless, all the burning questions in politics are more or less economic and social, and the statistician with his rows of figures is taking the place of the orator, whose only figures are figures of speech. The chief thing in this morning's paper, for example, is not Sir Henry James's genteel deliverance on behalf of the gentlemanly party at Bury, but Mr. Pickard's fierce demand for the Eight Hours Bill for miners.

Jan. 19. That Mr. Ritchie should be chosen to represent the Tory cause at the next election in the Wolverhampton constituency now represented by Mr. Fowler is passing strange. Mr. Fowler, at any rate, is hardly likely to complain of the antagonist selected to oppose him. Mr. Ritchie has some good qualities, but amongst them is certainly not included the personal popularity which goes to make a man a good Parliamentary candidate. It is generally understood that at this moment Sir Algernon Borthwick would have been rejoicing in the dignity of a peerage if he had been able eighteen months ago to induce the South Kensington Tories to accept Mr. Ritchie as a candidate in his place. But they would have none of him, and so Sir Algernon had to go without a coronet, and Mr. Ritchie without a seat. The *Daily News* is publishing some clever and pungent sketches of the Men of the New Parliament. They are, as a rule, not merely clever but acute and accurate. One of them, describing Mr. George Russell, seems, however, to have excited the wrath of some of that gentleman's fervent admirers, and there is, accordingly, in this morning's *Daily Chronicle* (of all places in the world) a prodigiously solemn reproof of the critic who ventured to write concerning Mr. Russell in the same strain as that which he habitually employs towards meaner

persons. Mr. Russell has a keen sense of humour, and he is hardly likely to feel gratified by the wholly unnecessary *apologia* offered for him by one of those good Radicals who evidently believe that dukes and their descendants, not being made of common clay, ought to be handled more tenderly than ordinary mortals.

TRIFLING WITH SUPERSTITION.

THAT laborious piece of fooling, the dinner of the Thirteen Club, has excited some protests from people who cherish superstitions, partly in an antiquarian and partly in a reverential spirit. No man whose mind is steeped in folk-lore, and who has a hundred stories of every superstitious usage, can view without irritation the low comedy of a society which prides itself on its superiority to every species of popular delusion. Possibly, if the members of the Thirteen Club could be severely catechised, they would be found to entertain opinions every whit as absurd as the superstition about spilling salt or walking under a ladder. Wisdom does not consist solely of the elimination of a particular kind of folly; and it is at least a tenable proposition that a man who will not undertake a special enterprise on a Friday, if he can help it, may be vastly more capable in the world's affairs than the sceptic who joins a club simply to proclaim his contempt for the theory that a fatality is attached to a certain numeral. The entertainment over which Mr. Harry Furniss presided has been obtruded on the public notice as a triumph of common-sense; it is much better entitled to be called an orgie of commonplace. Year after year in the harlequinade of the pantomime we see a pair of humourists bent on transgressing established customs, applying a red-hot poker to the tender form of the policeman, upsetting perambulators, jumping through windows, all of which irregularities have grown stale by repetition, and must be very fatiguing to their immemorial heroes. Perhaps a suspicion may have crossed the minds of some members of the Thirteen Club that the elaborate joke of cross-eyed waiters, broken mirrors, and toasts in thirteen words or minutes, will presently become rather tiresome, and make the jesters yearn for a ghost-story or a time-honoured myth. No miscalculation is so disastrous as that of the man who fancies he can get an indefinite amount of piquancy out of a systematic opposition to the hereditary habits or vagaries of mankind. Before long he is in serious danger of becoming a bore; and if he formally associates himself with others who are possessed by the same ambition, he has very soon to exercise all his ingenuity to conceal from them the fact that they are boring him inexpressibly. An ordinary convention is tolerable because, as a rule, it is not aggressive; but imagine the horrible monotony which must afflict the proceedings of a club bound by the law of its existence to spill salt and shatter glass! We do not know how often the members of the Thirteen Club propose to perform their dreary rites; but if they are self-doomed to eat a weekly dinner together, we venture to predict that very soon the nocturnal pedestrian, wending his way homeward, will be suddenly clutched by a forlorn figure in evening-dress, and piteously urged, for the love of humanity, to narrate some legend of *diablerie* on the spot.

The truth is that people with a mild tincture of superstition, or with a speculative interest in fable of all kinds, have a far wider interest in life than the tedious misbeliever who shakes pepper out of a miniature coffin, or likes his spoons in the shape of skeletons. What hope of ransom can there be for men who conspire, not against what they call "humbug," but against romance itself—the instinct which, though it cease to subdue the reason, will haunt the imagination—against the multitude of traditions which form the inalienable heritage of every

race? Are the banshee and the troll to vanish, and the phantasms of the living to be frightened from the path of Mr. Andrew Lang by a peal of Cockney laughter? The blood of every true Scotchman who knows that some one of his family is destined to be "fey," must tingle with wrath at the bare suggestion. A rupture between Scotland and England, or at least an allocution from Professor Blackie, or a fresh manifesto from the Scottish Home Rule Association, might be provoked by this Southron affront. But reflection should show that a sublime compassion is the most fitting penalty for the Thirteen Club from all the portents of the ages, beginning with the "pale and solitary" goose which the Emperor Julian found (and heedlessly made light of) in the temple of Daphne, and pausing at the dog in "Christabel" with the, "sixteen short howls, not over loud."

Compassion, indeed, should be the portion of the man who feels no sympathetic shiver at the mystery which the head of a noble house guarded from the curiosity of his guests with a drawn sword in the watches of the night. And who with any spark of sentiment can be indifferent to Mr. Lang's story of the "double" in blue passing before his eyes from a room where the next moment he found the original in white—a problem which, as we have the best authority for stating, is not to be explained by any preoccupation of Mr. Lang's mind with the lady in question. There is no need to consult the Transactions of the Society of Psychical Research for traditions which come to so many of us by lineal descent, by the very promptings of our blood, which are entwined with a thousand-and-one observances, and which, when forbidden the grand portal of the judgment, are smuggled in all the same at the little postern gate of fancy. Even a member of the Thirteen Club may not be proof against this visitation. Let him have a few "coincidences" on Friday: they are common enough—if only because, in the ordinary operation of chance, something unpleasant must sometimes happen on that day. Let him have a succession of disagreeable experiences like a run on the black to a gambler who is staking everything on the red. He may flatter himself that he is not easily frightened; but without any desire to shake his nerves by citing omens, we have a prophetic vision of some rather long faces at the table of gastronomic rationalism, of subterfuges when the chairman proposes to spill salt with the company, and even of systematic absence from the festival of dismal mockery.

Superstition is not to be trifled with in the happy-go-unlucky manner of the practical joker. True, the spirit of fantasy has been dislodged by science from the largest part of its old dominion. Except in nooks and crannies of the social system, there is no more faith in aerial navigation on broomsticks. This country has survived the tradition of the evil eye, and there is no Sir Matthew Hale to proclaim from the bench a sturdy belief in witchcraft. That was, after all, a coarse-material piece of mediævalism, and we are thankfully rid of it. But the subtler processes of superstitious fancy remain to plague the scientific busybody. He must needs tell us, forsooth, that it is idle to be alarmed by the inexplicable fall of pictures from walls. Why, there is better evidence for the evil sequel in a hundred family histories than there is for half the propositions in modern philosophy. The forces and affinities of the universe are still so indefinable that we are simply lapt in mystery from our birth. Without it this would be a dull world indeed, sick of its own wisdom, and reduced to the mechanical humours of the Thirteen Club. Better that in imagination we should convoke the spirits of the air, or even turn stray coins in our pockets at the sight of the new moon; while as for the scoffers, they may thank their stars if they escape the mandate of Prospero:

"Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain."

A QUESTION OF THE FAMILY.

THE three very interesting letters which we publish to-day contribute some fresh thinking to a question which seems just now to be stirring all ranks of society very deeply. With some phase of the question every other newspaper one takes up is more or less preoccupied. The attacks, for example, on the "*bourgeois*" and on his preference for literature suitable to the "young person," which have been blazing out with new vigour in certain quarters during the past week, are only an outlying portion of the same controversy. For it seems to us that the ferment which we witness is beginning to revolve more and more around the institution of the family, and we may not be very distant from a period when that institution in English society will have to withstand some serious assaults. In the thought of many, perhaps unconsciously, the *bourgeois* at whom they jeer stands for the Father of a Family, the man (no matter of what social rank—peer, grocer, or working man) who desires to protect the minds of his children from the corruption which occupies but too distinguished a place in the society around him. The Mother is being freely assailed, and her authority sadly shaken by the rebellious daughter, thirsting for freedom. Long ago the Wife put in a loud claim for emancipation—a claim whose corollary is a concession to the Husband of certain "rights of men" which, as one of our correspondents to-day reminds us, an increasing number of wives are beginning very readily to admit.

Of the three letters which we publish, undoubtedly the most interesting is that sent us by a working man's wife. Here is an interior marked by so much happiness and sanity, so much useful work and wholesome enjoyment, so just an admixture of liberty and authority, that in one sense it may fairly be described as ideal. Note the unerring instinct, too, with which this working man's wife sums up in two sentences the whole philosophy of the question of what girls ought to be taught, or allowed to know, of evil: "Working girls have to be told pretty early that it is a wicked world, and they must take care; but that don't make them less fit to be a good man's wife, but rather more. When they marry they know the world is a bad place, and they ain't eager to learn all about what no one has thought fit to tell them before." There is the whole wisdom of it: indicate the existence of evil by all means, the existence of sin, the existence of danger, the fact that the world is largely a wicked world, and that both it and the flesh and the devil lie in wait for all; but the prurient details, the things which so many girls, the *Wanderjahr* girls, are "eager to learn all about," are a sort of knowledge which this working-class mother, and we agree with her, thinks girls ought to be without, and are better without even after their marriage. Mrs. Hannah Brown's rule of education for her daughters we would commend to the perplexed mothers who are wrestling with this problem in Belgravia and Kensington. In this respect "girls are all alike, whether gentry or working-class." In another respect they are alike, too—in the fact that they are the better for having something to do. But here we come upon a certain futility in the thinking on this question—a futility of which both Mrs. Brown and our excellent correspondent, "A Mother and Grandmother," furnish a hint. Both seem to think that the remedy for the mischief in the wealthier families is to be found in their adopting some of the customs of the families of the working classes. There are two elements of truth in that suggestion. It may be laid down as a sound general principle that the more useful occupation people have, girls and all, the happier and better they are; and it is undoubtedly true that the helpless vacant idleness in which so many of the girls of the richer classes are brought up accounts for a good deal of their present unsteadiness. This is certainly a direction in which

reform may be fruitfully applied. It is also true that the rich would do well to keep oftener before their eyes as a model the life of so many working-class homes. But after all these suggestions will not carry you very far, and they do not touch the root of the evil. You cannot, as a practical matter, superimpose upon the wealthier classes the conditions of the poor, and reform to be natural and efficacious must be in harmony with condition. No great profit will come of attempting to train the girls of wealthy families to be upholstresses, or even lawyers. A girl who simply wants more excitement will not be satisfied with a career of labour when earning her living is not a real necessity of her life. There have been people of wealth and leisure before now, and women of wealth and leisure, who have lived useful and noble lives without abandoning their station. There is plenty to do for such people still, within their native field of action, if they will only set themselves to do it. The truth is, that society all the way through, in almost every class, has been abandoning the only ideals that can save it; has been giving itself up to a ruinous but, according to the prevailing lack of creed, quite logical selfishness, which seeks to gratify itself with the ideals of pure materialism.

No one who knows Society can fail to be aware that especially in the upper ranks there is something very rotten in its state just now. There is a terrible deterioration of the social conscience. Things are condoned, winked at, copied; things have even become the special mark of *bon ton*, or it is now called "smartness," which would have earned ostracism fifty years ago. Of course, we know such things were done always, but formerly the *conventions* were against them. Convention is one of the great misunderstood forces. Convention we have always with us, for man is a creature of convention, as he is a social being. Even revolution has its conventions. There is such a thing, too, as the convention of defying convention, and it is that which now largely rules in Society. What is wanted instead is the reassertion of certain old conventions which have fallen into neglect; in one word, the Christian conventions: amongst them those of duty, self-denial, purity: the duty of parents towards children, of children towards parents, of husbands towards wives and *vice versa*, of the rich towards the poor, of each to his neighbour, to his brother—of whom he can now no more than ever plead that he is not his keeper. These sound very trite and platitudinous things, but just because they do sound so foolish on the ear we think that the true cure of the social mischiefs is to be found in their revivification.

DINNER PARTIES.

LADY JEUNE descants upon a profoundly interesting theme—to wit, the Dinner—in this month's *North American Review*. It is a vast and great subject upon which, treating it respectfully in all its aspects, following its vicissitudes as an institution, its decline and fall and rise again—for we are given to understand it is on the rise—we should like to see the pen of some gastronomical Gibbon monumentally occupied. Perhaps the only persons whose opinions are entitled to weight in this matter are the inveterate diner-out—a type, notwithstanding what Horace and Thackeray have done, that remains imperfectly classified—and the inveterate dinner-giver. A frank and unconstrained exchange of views between these two would be worth having. We may be sure we should hear nothing disrespectful of the institution, for they love it for its own sake, whereas their devotion and their wide experience give them authority to speak pointedly of its attributes and its votaries. If each would confide to a third party his or her (for there are female diners-out as

inveterate as the males) private opinions of the other the "document" would be complete. Their mutual opinion, when they were put to it, would probably be loyal enough. For, however freely he may talk when off his guard, the man who dines out every night of the week because he really enjoys it, and who, on the rare occasions when he is driven to dine in, severely "trains" on a cutlet and water-cresses, that he may be in the better condition for further exploits, must in his heart feel grateful to the woman who presides at the institution; and she, in her spirit of dinner-giver, no doubt warmly appreciates the agreeable being who is one of its staunchest props.

The plain, average man of weak digestion and scant leisure, who does not and cannot share these enthusiasms, who can give but little of his week's life to society, and likes that little to refresh him, is apt, we fancy, to vote the typical London dinner-party—the sort of thing Lady Jeune describes, and with the extension of which she threatens us—as more or less of a "sell." It is, at best, a lottery. He may be amused. He may meet some most interesting and congenial people. But, on the other hand, after leaving his house, where, at least, he was at rest, and avoiding the theatre, where he would certainly have enjoyed himself, he may find himself imprisoned for the evening at a vast table between an old lady, whose only flow of talk is on the subject of homœopathy, and a young girl who has read "Keynotes" and "The Heavenly Twins," but whose capacity for forming intelligent opinions is (perhaps happily for herself) limited to the more innocent world of millinery. After boring himself and his companions by an exchange of the most abject twaddle, it may be his luck, when the ladies withdraw, to be seized on, for a cigarette companion, by a hopeless politician who had been lying in wait to overwhelm him with an avalanche of shop. These are perils to which no man should be subjected when he is lured into a friend's house by the proffer of entertainment; yet these are some of the perils which are inevitable to the big London dinner which is apparently threatening to extend its magnitude in proportion with the magnitude of London itself. The man who respects himself will end by avoiding these gatherings altogether, and confine himself to such small feasts as kind friends of an old-fashioned turn may now and then provide for him. A reaction may come, but Lady Jeune does not seem to think it will. If it does not, it will be a pity. These big hostings are the very denial of the idea of what Society ought to be. They may be demonstrations of one's wealth and popularity; they may be menageries of lions and tigers exhibited at the interesting time of feeding; but they are not what the dinner-party might be and ought to be as a function of that finest and most perfect organism of civilisation which we mean by Society when we speak of it in this connection. They really do not bring people together, but keep them apart. They do not draw them out of their shells, but are more likely to shut them up in them. This dulling influence often extends to the entire company. There may be great and famous personages present, and one's soul may be solaced by the thought that, at least, one is sitting down to supper with the gods—with the rulers of the world, whose thoughts sway the minds of men, whose wills determine their fate. But the chances are many that the greatest personages, under the conditions of such an entertainment, will prove the severest disappointment. Lady Jeune tells us she has a vivid recollection of a dinner at which, amongst other guests, there were "a Prime Minister, two Cabinet Ministers, a distinguished soldier, one of the greatest ecclesiastics of the day, a brilliant scientific man, a great journalist, a distinguished lawyer." It certainly, on the face of it, seemed to promise "a rare feast of intellectual delight"; but one of the guests declared afterwards, says Lady Jeune, that it was "the dulllest dinner he had ever sat down to." We are not the least surprised to hear it.

London is certainly too big for the most perfect conditions of Society in a city; but then it splits up into coteries and sets, and, when all is said and done, perhaps the dinner of the set is the most enjoyable of any. The set may be narrow, but it has the essential principle for the most perfect enjoyment of social intercourse—intimacy. The people of the set know each other thoroughly, they understand each other's little weaknesses; mystic allusions, nick-names, chaff, unintelligible to the outsider—are charged with significance, and have the power of playing upon the distinctive chords of each personality as if it were an instrument: so that when the people of a set dine they probably extract from each other and give to each other the utmost amount of social enjoyment of which they happen to be capable. Next to the esoteric delights of the set is the enjoyment of small gatherings of congenial people who know each other, too, but keep an open place amongst them for the congenial or brilliant stranger. We hope we may disagree with Lady Jeune when she says that "the traditionally ideal dinner which ought to consist of eight or ten people, well known to one another, and all good talkers, at a round table, so that the conversation may become general, is a thing of the past." Some specimens of this type of dinner still linger on, even in London; and we believe the type will always linger on so long as there are enough of intelligent people left who have not lost all sense of the value of Society—for Society in the general sense has nothing better to give than this. Of course, the size of London does militate against this class of dinner-party, and to see it under the most favourable conditions it would be necessary to go to smaller cities—to Edinburgh, Dublin, Boston. A Boston dinner-party, with somebody like the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table as presiding genius, is one of the most delightful functions imaginable. But we shall not be saying more than any man who has had the experience will endorse, when we say that the typical dinner-party of Dublin is not to be beaten anywhere. There you will see the Irishman at his best. The Irish have social charm and the genius for hospitality, and there is a spirit and *entrain* about their entertainments which are irresistible. Whatever Irish society may have been in the old days of Grattan's Parliament, we venture to think that for wit, humour, gaiety, intellectual brilliancy, and "go," it had nothing better to offer than you will meet in many a Dublin house to-day. To see sometimes an Irish judge over here, at one of those great melancholy gatherings which Lady Jeune describes, retailing stale jokes which he would scorn to offer at a Dublin table, is a curious instance of exiled talent turned to inferior uses. It reminds one of Samson grinding corn for the Philistines at Gaza.

THE DRAMA.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT DALY'S.

SCENE: *The Moonlight Club, on the first night of Mr. Augustin Daly's revival of Twelfth Night. Characters, from Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, An Old Jew:—*

BERTIE BURNSIDE, blackmailing paragrapher, debauchee, and dramatic critic.
 WILLIE WANDLE, mere fool, wanton liar, and dramatic critic.
 JAMES BREWSTER, financial editor, fraudulent trustee, and dramatic critic.
 JOHN SLATER, M.A., LL.D., third wrangler, seducer, dipsomaniac, and dramatic critic.
 MR. POLAK, unacted dramatist, and "newest" dramatic critic.
 HON. AND REV. ADOLPHUS FINUCANE, reader of very French novels.
 AN OLD ACTOR.

They are discovered seated at little tables in the smoking-room. The critics are preparing to write their notices, and drinking brandy, neat.

Polak: Well, boys, a success for Daly at last! It was high time! And a bit of a success for Shakespeare, too. Good old Shakespeare!

Burnside: Yah! Bad old Shakespeare! Pars. about the Earl of Southampton and the second-best bed are a drug in the market. I'm not going to praise the show, for one.

Polak: Of course not. *Le vieux Will* is *le vieux jeu*; besides, he knew nothing of *l'homme sensuel moyen*. And then this fellow Daly won't take my plays, except "on approval."

Brewster: Don't be an ass, Polak. He gave us a half-page ad. last week. And, after all, it strikes me Shakespeare wrote the play on your own principles. "No nonsense about plot." Look at his silly, involved story.

Wandle: And "no rubbish about morality." Look at the shameless character of Olivia—falls in love with a girl, or girl-boy.

Finucane: Ah, yes! One of dear Péladan's *gynandres*. How very French! Do you remember the same thing in "Mlle. de Maupin," where—

Wandle: —at first sight, and then transfers her affections, in a jiffy, to the girl's brother, whom she practically forces to elope with her. This is at once epicene and—

Burnside: —and obscene. Good! I see a warm par. in that (*writes*).

Wandle: And look at the unblushing immorality of the Duke's Court. Court! Why, it's a harem! For all the world like one of the posters of Constantinople at Olympia!

Brewster: Oh, hang it! you mustn't print that, you know. Bolossy Kiralfy is one of our best advertisers.

Slater: Tha'sh alrigh', ole f'ler. But what I can't undershtan' is how Sir Toby and Sir Andrew manage to get so doosid sherewed without any drink. They ask Maria for a stoop of wine, but she doesn't bring it. There isn't a drop of liquor to be seen on Daly's sh-shtage. And yet they are both as drunk as fid-fiddlers. Now, that may be Daly's econ'my, but wha'sh I say ish, ish not Shakespeare.

Burnside: Shakespeare, forsooth! I call it knock-about farce—when it isn't comic opera. Songs which have nothing to do with *Twelfth Night*, sung by the ladies of the Constantinopolitan-Olympian harem, sandwiched between "turns" by Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, as the Two Macs.

Polak: But, between ourselves, boys—I know you won't publish it—there's no harm in admitting that the music is good music, and that Lloyd Daubigny sings, "Then come, kiss me, sweet and twenty," very prettily, and that "Who is Sylvia?" makes a charming serenade. And, after all, James Lewis as Sir Toby, and Herbert Gresham as Sir Andrew, do what Shakespeare intended they should—they make you laugh.

Old Actor: Laugh, sir? When I played with Char-r-les Kean, nobody presumed to laugh at Shakespeare. No, sir; George Clarke's the actor for my money. There's a massive and concrete Malvolio for you: straight from the chest, sir, with all the "r's" sounded. Nobody ventures to laugh at that!

Burnside: Well, I grant you, Polak, that Daubigny has a pretty voice, but why should a Shakespearean singing clown go about with practically "nodings on"—*vax et præterea nihil*—at least, nothing in the way of breach—

Finucane: The Shakespearean clown, in fact, as Sansculotte. How very French!

Polak: Oh, stow your French, Fin. And what the deuce do you mean by calling Ada Rehan's Viola a *gynandre*? In the first place, I don't like anybody's Gallicisms but my own. And in the second, I don't see anything gynandrous, or androgynous either, about Ada Rehan. She is

a very woman, a womanly woman, the Eternal Feminine—

Burnside: Oh yes, I know! In capital letters. A cliché, dear boy; a worn-out, battered, defaced, and discredited old cliché! And can anyone tell me what it means?

Polak: I don't know what it means; but, whatever it means, I feel that Ada Rehan exactly expresses it. Here, I swear, is the most lovely, the tenderest, the most natural, the most persuasive—

Burnside (sneers): You mean "convincing."

Polak: Very well; the most convincing Viola I have ever seen.

Old Actor: Natural! Bah! In my time a natural Viola would have been hissed off the boards, sir. When I played with Char-r-les Kean, the—

Polak: I grant you that Ada—(checks himself with a parade of confusion; the rest wink and dig each other in the ribs)—I mean Miss Rehan, rather drags the pace. She is too fond of recitation to slow music by the band, and delivers "she never told her love" as though it were a funeral oration. It makes me feel like Sam Weller when he wanted to get behind the mulberry-faced man with a bradawl.

Wandle: No Dickens in this club, please! This is not the Savile, and you are not dear Andrew, with the brindled hair.

Polak: All the same, she is a woman of genius, and the whole play—I must say it, even though Daly, hang him, won't take my pieces—is joyously done, roughly but joyously. In short, as Finucane, I know, is dying to say, it is full of the *joie de vivre*, ohé, ohé. And, whatever you fellows may print, the public like it.

Burnside: We certainly don't intend to print that. Besides, the public's an ass. I tell you what, boys. We'll get Grundy to re-write this piece. He's just the fellow to do it. Think how he would bring in all the dramatic critics. Sir Toby would be a dramatic critic.

Slater: Because he's a drunkard.

Wandle: And Sir Andrew, because he's a fool.

Brewster: And Viola, because she's a fraud.

Omnès: And now, boys, let us give Shakespeare beans! (They all fall to writing malevolent and dishonest notices.)

A. B. W.

THE NEW GALLERY—II.

THE constitutional inability of the nineteenth century to appreciate fine art enables "the experts" to push their impertinences almost to any extent; and strange names ending in *bach* are affixed to the mediocre paintings which the enterprise of dealers extracts from the apparently inexhaustible mine of Dutch lumber-rooms; and fortunes and high positions are acquired by the invention of preposterous theories regarding Botticelli's finger-nails. For a certain number of years he turned the finger-nails of his Madonnas this way, but after a certain date he turned them the other way. I remember meeting an expert at an exhibition of old masters. We met in front of a full-length Venus by Velasquez. I had written in praise of this picture, my article had gone to press, and as the expert assured me that the picture was not a genuine Velasquez I was for a few moments seriously alarmed. But my alarm began to subside when the expert told me that the picture was unquestionably designed by Velasquez; only the picture had been laid in by a pupil. Velasquez had painted on it here and there. Further conversation with the expert elicited the fact that the head of Philip in the National Gallery was not by Velasquez; the full-length was; but the head was glazed, and Velasquez never glazed.

An amusing article might be written on the imposture of the expert. But I have to write about the pictures at the New Gallery. . . One story, however, I must tell. A rather handsome picture of two child-

ren caught my eye in the shop of a West End dealer. I examined the picture and wondered who had painted it. I asked the dealer. "Opie," he answered. "I don't think that possible," I replied. His face darkened. "I don't think Opie ever painted so good a picture." His face brightened. "That is the kind of criticism I like to hear," he said. "We believe it to be by Opie, but, of course, if the purchaser would like a better name, we shall be most happy to suggest one." The dealer then told me that he had some Dutch pictures upstairs which he was in doubt about—no serious doubt, "nothing that a little earnestness and good-will cannot remove." He asked me if I would like to come upstairs and suggest. I said I should be happy to look at the pictures, but did not think I should be able to suggest. We went upstairs. I shall always regret that a reporter was not hidden behind the curtain; the world has lost some remarkable dialogue. I might recall some fragments if space permitted, but I have said enough for my purpose, which is to clear myself of all suspicion of knowledge of trademarks—of the up-turned and the down-turned finger-nail. But though quite ignorant of these things I am not troubled with doubt before great works: it does not require expert knowledge to know that the last number of *Tit Bits* is not a Chaucerian manuscript. So, when I read "Botticelli" under the four panels representing the four seasons, which Lord Rosebery sends, I think merely of the painters who decorated the grill-room of the South Kensington Museum, and pass on. Between these absurd seasons there hangs a very fine picture (156), lent by Mr. G. Donaldson. I do not know that I should have at once thought of Botticelli; the elaborate architecture might have suggested another name, but I do not for a moment question the authenticity of this picture.

But let us take the Botticellis in their order. 96, "Virgin and Child," lent by Mr. Charles Butler, is a very feeble work, and it seems quite impossible that it can be by Botticelli. 103, "Virgin and Child with St. John," lent by Mr. Henry Willett. A nice picture; the head of St. John copied from Botticelli, but surely not a genuine work by the master. 110, "Portrait of Esmeralda Bandinelli." A most interesting picture. The face is full of a strange intensity which bespeaks genius; but the face is wanting in the grandeur of design which is so special a characteristic of Botticelli, and the fact that it is a portrait no way affects this argument. But who except Botticelli could have endowed the face with that strange intensity? above all, who could have painted that pink gown showing through the white gauze? Here we have the exquisite handicraft of the master, and the expressive drawing of the hand laid across the stomach could hardly be by another. 108, Holy Family and St. John the Baptist. Within a ruin, the Virgin kneeling adores the Infant Saviour who lies on the ground; on the left St. Joseph, seated; in the background stands St. John the Baptist in an attitude of adoration. Lent by Mr. Wickham Flower.

The merits of the design are incontestable, and so much is the design in advance of the execution, that I cannot but believe the picture to have been executed by an inferior hand. True that it has been obviously retouched. The streak of white paint along the Virgin's nose has been added; the eyes and eyebrows are sadly lacking in drawing; they look as if they had been painted in; the head of St. Joseph is almost formless, and could not possibly have been painted by Botticelli, of that I am quite sure. Then examine the head-dress of the Virgin: how dull and heavy the touch, how unlike the exquisite subtlety of the inspired touch which we never miss in a head-dress painted by the Master. If you are in doubt, compare the painting of this head-dress with the head-dress of the great Botticelli at the end of the room—the picture I spoke of last week. There is so much merit in 111—"Virgin and Child," lent by Lord Battersea—the face of the

Virgin is conceived so vigorously, that we hesitate and ask ourselves if it be really authentic. I should not like to offer an opinion either way—Botticelli was not always Botticelli. Still, I do not believe this picture to have been painted by him. . . . But we have had enough of spurious work and doubtful work. Come and let us look at a genuine work, a work about which there can be no possibility of doubt, a work which convinces at the first glance by the extraordinary expressiveness of the drawing, by the originality of the design, by the miraculous handicraft; come let us look at 134, "Virgin and Child and St. John," lent by Messrs. Colnaghi.

A panel some 36 by 25 inches, almost filled by a life-size three-quarter-length figure of the Virgin. She is seated on the right, and holds the Infant Saviour in her arms. In the foreground on the left there is a book and cushion, behind which St. John stands, his hands clasped, bearing a cross. Never was a head designed with more genius than that strange Virgin—ecstatic, mysterious, sphinx-like; with half-closed eyes, she bends her face to meet her God's kiss. Those pagans, Raphael and Del Sarto, merely desired to display the human form in all its attributes and all its perfections, and the Holy Family was treated by them from this point of view to their purpose; but in this picture at least Botticelli sought to realise the awfulness of the Christian mystery—the Mother leans to the kiss of her Son—her Son, who is likewise her God. Therefore her brain is dim with ecstasy. She is perturbed and overcome; the kiss is in her brain, and it trembles on her lips. You who have not seen the picture think that this description is but the tale of the writer who reads his fancies into the panel or canvas before him. Not so. The intention of the painter did not outstrip the power of expression which his fingers held. He expressed what I say he expressed, and more perfectly, more suggestively, than any words. It will be imagined that it was by means of some illusive line that Botticelli rendered the very soul and breath of this extraordinary kiss—by that illusive line which Degas employs in his expressions of the fugitive and the evanescent. When we look into the picture we find that the mystery and ecstasy of this kiss are expressed by a hard, firm, dark line.

And the sensation of this strange ecstatic kiss pervades the entire composition; it is embodied in the hand placed so reverently on the thigh of the Infant God and in the eyes of St. John, who watches the divine mystery which is being accomplished. On St. John's face there is earthly reverence and awe; on Christ's face, though it be drawn in rigid outline, though it looks as if it were stamped out of iron, there is universal love, cloudlike and ineffable; and Christ's knees are drawn close, and the hand of the Virgin holds them close; and through the hand come bits of draperies exquisitely designed. Indeed, the distribution of line through the picture is as perfect as the distribution of colour—the form of the blue cloak is as perfect as the colour, and the green cape falls from the shoulder satisfying both senses; the crimson vesture which she wears underneath her cloak is extraordinarily pure, and balances the crimson cloak which St. John wears. But these beauties are subordinate to the beauty of the Virgin's head. How grand it is in style! How strange and enigmatic! And in the design of that head Botticelli has displayed all his skill. The fair hair is covered with delicate gauze edged with lace, and overcoming the difficulties of that most rebellious of all mediums—temper!—his brush worked over the surface, fulfilling his slightest thought, realising all the transparency of gauze, the intricacy of lace, the brightness of crimson of silk, gravity of the embossed binding of the book, the sway and texture of every drapery, the gold of the tall cross, and the darker gold of the aureola high up in the picture, set against a strip of Florentine sky.

Before a great picture no questions are asked; vexatious conjecturing only happens before inferior work that might have been done by any sufficiently practised hand. To pretend to distinguish between the very minor masters were vain. Inferior work may be by anybody except the great master. So when we read that 187, a half-length figure of St. John the Baptist, lent by Mr. W. B. Hewetson, is by Leonardo da Vinci, we all know that that was as impossible as that Botticelli painted Lord Rosebery's Four Seasons. Not if you were to resurrect the painter and he were to affirm in all the solemnity of his grave-clothes that he painted it; not if time were put back three hundred years and we were by some miracle vouchsafed sight of Leonardo painting it we should say, "Our eyes deceive us," or else, "This is a day when Leonardo is not Leonardo." The hanging committee seemed to have had some pretty inkling of the absurdity of this attribution, for between 187 and 198, another half-length of St. John the Baptist, lent by Mr. D. G. Waters, and likewise attributed to Leonardo, they have hung a real Leonardo (189), a study of a head, and he who would still further inquire into Leonardo's manner I will recommend to a drawing on the screen opposite a Study for the Head of St. Anne, 281, lent by Her Majesty the Queen. The most casual glance tells us at once that this is Leonardo, that no one before or since ever thought or felt or executed like that. Some very feeble pictures in bright colours are set down to Luini, but we have only to stand for a moment before his beautiful portrait of a lady (202) to see that they are not by him. Mr. Charles Butler believes the 254 to be a replica of the picture by Raphael in the Berlin Gallery. It may be; but there is nothing in heaven or earth that I should find more difficulty in believing—and so on, and so on.

But although we cannot believe that all those pictures are by the painters they have been attributed to, we do not mean that they are bad pictures. There is not a bad picture in the Gallery. Everything bears, in a greater or less degree, some of that sense of beauty which seems to have been the common lot of all who lived in Italy in the fifteenth century. And we think as we leave the Gallery how little of this national inspiration is with us to-day. Only by force of extraordinary and unnatural separation of our mind from the mind of our century may we achieve anything. But Botticelli's mind was concentric with the mind of his time. To-day everyone can read and write, and yet the general intelligence is lower than it was. G. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS.

SIR,—Mr. Robert Buchanan has long ago warned us that the emancipation of women (I have tried vainly to find an equally expressive and less unpopular phrase), which history will perhaps record as the most striking feature of the present century, must bring about one of two results—either the elevation of the masculine or the degradation of the feminine standard of moral conduct. We have serenely countenanced a contemptible standard of morals for our lads; we have acquiesced without protest in the doctrine that they must pass through a slough of corruption (sow their wild oats!) before they settle down into respectability and model parenthood; and we have fatuously tried to make the virtue of our women atone for the want of a pure manhood.

Judgment is overtaking us.

Having tasted the possibilities of freedom, our young women will no longer be content to be mated with men of whose nature and experiences they know nothing. They are demanding the power to judge men's characters for themselves. The motive may not formulate itself in the minds of our girls, but it is at the root of the impulse to know and see what their brothers (and their brothers' friends) do. That this knowledge should be so

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extremely undesirable that we look with dismay on our girls' attempts to share it, is the fault of parents and of Society; and if the difficulties of our present state of transition shall arouse us to any fresh effort to establish and maintain a *higher standard for men*, the gain may even be worth the sacrifice of a little of that perhaps desirable girlish ignorance which is so constantly made to do duty for innocence.

To the introspective and psychological romances of the present day we have the reflection of the prevailing cult of Society. In an age when girls were more secluded and less individually developed, they might have escaped the contagion; but as things now are, they have received it as the South Sea Islanders the measles, and taken it very violently. The question is, What result will all the introspection yield? The heroine of a clever and typical sketch in the modern style answers it thus:—"I am a creature of moments. It is your moment now; it may be someone else's to-morrow." The "moments" are interesting and exciting, no doubt; but an hour or two of such may pall, and life consists of many hours!

It is a commonplace question, perhaps, But have we nineteenth-century parents bred in our sons and daughters a purpose in life noble and powerful enough to subordinate to its own ends the youthful love of pleasure and excitement? Have we set steadily before them from childhood the guiding principle of duty as opposed to pleasure-seeking? The writer of your first article says that our young folks "have been encouraged to think far too much about themselves, to become self-centred, pre-occupied with the idea of realising themselves;" and this is true, not of the young folks only. As John Sterling said, "the worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything and not that." But we need to realise that both the diagnosis and the remedy for our complaint must be applied to our sons as well as to our daughters.—Yours, etc.,

January 16th.

C. C. O.

DEAR SIR,—Will you grant me space for a short letter, in your next issue, on this much vexed question of "Girls' Rights and Mothers' Wrongs"? I think I am in a position to know both sides, for both sides have a way of coming to me with their disputes.

With much in your articles—especially in the last—I am in full agreement, but it seems to me that you, and certainly one of your correspondents—E. S. V.—have somewhat confounded principles with "expediencies." E. S. V. asks, "Would the girl who is denied a visit to a music-hall be aggrieved because, unlike her married sister, she has not got a baby?"

This is smartly put, but it betrays, I think, a wonderful confusion of the moral sense. Purity is, let us hope, a principle with most women. Going to music-halls can hardly fall into this category, seeing that the lady who writes states, earlier in her letter, that her married daughters may, so far as she is concerned, visit them if their husbands choose to take them.

"Prudentia's" picture of the evil a girl must come in contact with when visiting at a smart country house is under the mark. Many of us could, if we would, fill in her outline with facts that would be a little startling to a good many readers.

But, as it seems to me, these letters do not go below the mere surface. They leave the real evil untouched. It is this. A girl is brought up according to the methods advocated by E. S. V. To do her justice they are nearly universal. Her purity and her ignorance are equal to one another. So she is kept until the moment comes for her to marry. What happens then? She quickly exchanges these treasures for that more or less valuable commodity, "knowledge of the world," which her husband bestows upon her in return. If he is a good and decent man she may escape unharmed. If he is not, deterioration, more or less rapid, follows, and the greater her love for him, the more certain this process. The mind of the wife being corrupted by the influence of the husband's "standard" is by no means a rare spectacle. It is complete when women whose own garments have never been so much as "dusty at the hem" accept unreservedly, as a "necessity," the existence of a class of women upon whose marred lives is laid the superstructure of their own immaculate respectability.

I am not a "social reformer"—only an old woman now—but I confess, when I hear, as I often do, women of the world discoursing on the "rights of men," in this matter—for that is what it comes to, put plainly—I feel that the ideals with which they started have dwindled wofully by the way.

The upper working class, to my mind, set us a bright example. For they give their daughters work and liberty in equal parts. And the result is admirable, as anyone knows who has friends amongst them. I beg you will excuse me for the length of this letter.—I am, yours very faithfully,

MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER.

Belgravia, January 17th.

DEAR SIR,—I make so bold to write to you these few lines about girls for though but wife to a working man I have girls and we see plenty newspapers and read them so we know pretty well what is going on. I think I would like to say how we do

in our class with our girls. My husband is foreman engineer (hot water apparatus). He has worked for 31 years for same firm and my two sons are in same employ. My husband has very good wages and the boys not bad so we have a comfortable home. I have four daughters and they are all young (under 30). Two are in service, one is cook in a first class family and the other is a lady's maid to a young married lady. The two other girls live at home. One is an upholder's and the other a tailoress. They are clever at their business and they both take good money, the youngest who upholsters takes most. They live at home with Father and me and so do the boys. The girls each give me eight shillings weekly for their keep, the boys give me a little more. The girls belong to their Club (the Honor) and go to it or to some other place most evenings after they get back and dressed. They have their full liberty to come and go (ages 24—26) and they never think to abuse it. They get home by eleven at latest; have to; for working people keep early hours nights and mornings. They go through the streets alone and I'd like to see the man or woman as would stop them and I can trust my girls anywhere. They have their friends on Sundays and glad we are to see them.

My two other girls, them that are in service, tell us queer tales of what's done in their families, especially the one that's lady's maid, and I think that if upper class people were to treat their girls as we do ours and to give them the chance of making their own living they would find the benefit. Our girls respect themselves and make other people respect them too and from what I hear the gentry's girls have less chance to. They don't seem to do much but dress themselves and go about. I am sure girls are all alike whether gentry or working class and its when girls work and take their money that they are best off. Working girls have to be told pretty early that it is a wicked world and they must take care; but that don't make them less fit to be a good man's wife but rather more. When they marry they know the world is a bad place and they aint eager to learn all about what no one has thought fit to tell them before. I am sure theres hundreds like me, mothers of working girls and proud to be. More liberty a girl has and more trusted she is (if she has been well brought up) the better repaid is her parents.

I have wrote a very long letter. Please excuse me. Perhaps you will put this in your paper and oblige, yours truly,

HANNAH BROWN.

Charlotte Street, W.C., January 16th, 1894.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE POEM ON MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

SIR,—The verses referred to by "A Student of Milton" were written by Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quakeress, of Philadelphia, cousin of Charles Lloyd, the friend of Coleridge and Charles Lamb. They first appeared, anonymously, in the *Friends' Review* of January, 1848. The authorship was avowed in a volume of poems, published in America somewhere about the year 1853, the joint production of Miss Elizabeth Lloyd and her sister, Hannah Lloyd, who was also the authoress of "Cardiphonia" and "Faithfulness." The original title of the verses was "Lines supposed to have been written by Milton in his Old Age."

Manchester.

JOHN H. NODAL.

[We have received other letters giving this information.—
ED. SPEAKER.]

APPLES.

O CHEERLY grinds the cider-mill
In Devonshire, that was my home!
All day its grinding pipes me still
Across the weary foam:
A fortn't now
Beneath the bough
They heaped the mawns in Abbotswell,—
Home, home in Devon:
And O, that pomace might I smell!

By Montreal the ships go down,
And will return, like birds, with Spring;
They take our fruit Canadian-grown,
But none from England bring—
No Gilly flow'r
No Sweet-an'-Sour,
No Rathe-ripe, Ribstone, Dumelow—
Fruit, fruit of Devon:
I think our apples taste not so.

'Would then I were where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not;
For where I am I would not be,
And where I would, cannot.'

With apple-pips
On happy lips
I sang it once, but now with pain—
Far, far from Devon :
And I would be that child again.

The year draws on to His birthday
Who shall at length my soul set free.
Dear Lord, with scent of cider stay,
Of Codlins comfort me !
In East afar
There yearns a star
For Bethlehem that gave Thee birth :
So I for Devon,
Her orchards and her rare, red earth !

Q.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF DANTE.

WHETHER Dante was ever in England in the flesh must probably always remain a matter of ingenious conjecture or somewhat violent inference, but that of late years he has come amongst us in the spirit of his gigantic poem cannot be disputed, or that having come he has come to stay. Great poets demand great audiences to maintain their state and acknowledge their sway. As a king in his sitting-room is but a meagre object, so a poet who has never got quit of the society of the learned is but, as it were, on half-pay; the growing popularity of Dante is, therefore, cause for rejoicing. About the fact, we repeat, there can be no doubt. The University Extension lecturer has marked Dante for his own. The National Home Union Reading Association has, appropriately enough, "a circle" devoted to Dante. No provincial town, of the first or even the second order, is without at least one Dante Society. Mr. Longfellow's excellent translation has had a very large sale in a cheap edition. The Anglican clergy, who naturally have a turn for symbolism, speak of Dante in those undertones which they believe to be the true accents of devotion; whilst the austerer Unitarian is often glad to turn from the writers of his own sect and plunge into the mighty waters of the "Commedia." Popular, in the cheap sense of the word, Dante can never be, or indeed, in any real sense. His object was not to give pleasure; the cant which prates about "art for art's sake" had never tarnished his erect spirit; "the seed of the 'Commedia,'" says Dean Church, that true disciple, "was sown in tears, reaped in misery, and the consolations which it offers are awful as they are real." The revived study of Dante in this country is a good thing; nor is it anybody's business to inquire, since it is within no one's power to ascertain, how many of the thousands now engaged in this task will ever either acquire a real knowledge of their author or reap true wisdom by their labour.

We have now before us an interesting book called "Dante's Pilgrim's Progress, with Notes by the Way," by Mrs. Russell Gurney (Elliot Stock), which well illustrates how many-sided, how helpful, how educative a patient study of Dante may prove. Neither man nor woman can be permitted to narrow the scheme or limit the scope of the great poem of the Middle Ages, which, again to quote the late Dean of St. Paul's, "shadows forth under the figure of the poet's own conversion and purification not merely how a single soul rises to its perfection, but how this visible world, in all its phases of nature, life, and society, is one with the invisible which borders on it, actuates, accomplishes, and explains it. It is this vast plan—to take into his scope not the soul only in its struggles and triumph, but all that the soul finds itself engaged with in its course: the accidents of the hour and of ages past; the real persons, great and small, apart from and without whom it cannot think or act; the material world, its theatre

and home—it is this which gives so many various sides to the 'Commedia,' which makes it so novel and strange." But it is permissible, and sometimes it is wise, for the English student to whom mediæval thought is as puzzling as Milton's geography of the nether world, at some period of his study of Dante to strip the poem of much of its human interest, of its passion and hatreds, and even of its tenderness and sympathy and love of earthly sights and sounds, in order to concentrate the attention, for a season at all events, upon its record of the passage of the soul to perfection.

This at all events is the point upon which Mrs. Russell Gurney has seized, and to which she clings throughout her whole book with admirable tenacity. In her short and lucid address to the reader Mrs. Gurney says:—

"The human heart, then, is the arena of the Divine Comedy, whether in the conditions of the flesh or freed from the restraints and sheltering concealments the flesh provides. The three realms of the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso should, it is believed, be studied as three pictures of the human heart, or of three attitudes of the will of man in relation to the central source of his being and of the universe. . . . In the foreground of the 'Commedia' Dante describes . . . the three places of habitation appointed to spirits who leave the mortal condition in the three attitudes of will described above. He sees such spirits stripped of all that hinders and hides in this world, manifesting in corresponding environment the outcome of essential character. No doubt these habitations are pictured in most respects in accordance with his contemporaries' belief, and probably his own; yet his deeper vision evidently led him within the arena of the human heart rather than into its arbitrary and more external surroundings."

We quote these words to make Mrs. Gurney's meaning plain. She seeks to trace the pilgrimage from one realm to another—each being as real as the other—of the soul; and in order to keep the thread unbroken, she has selected only those passages from the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso (and they are numerous) which record as it were the movement of the piece. On these passages she comments with much feeling and grace. There is nothing fanciful in this plan—nothing repugnant with the omitted parts. On the contrary, it assists the mind, and is a true aid to the profitable study by the English student of the great poet.

Mrs. Gurney's own reflections are—so at least we have found them—worthy of her subject. An honest and patient student of a great poet is usually rewarded for his pains. By such studies men do add inches to their moral stature. We could, indeed, have wished Mrs. Gurney a little more courage to tell us her own thoughts and to suppress those of her favourite authors. Many of her quotations are apt enough; but when we are dealing with a poet of such almost desperate sincerity as Dante, and when our sole anxiety is to get at the very heart of his meaning, we can only afford to do business with commentators at first-hand, and are disposed to treat all quotations as mere foppery and fringe, vanity and vexation. Mrs. Gurney's short introductory chapters to the three poems are full of grave and thoughtful matter—

"Not as a future Torture Chamber for souls after death do we propose to study the following extracts from the 'Inferno.' Rather, as Dante's own words instruct us, we seek here his portrayal of man endowed with free-will, placing himself either through ignorance or through wilful pride in antagonism to the laws of his own being. . . . We have in the 'Inferno' studied the picture of the human heart with both ignorant and wilful antagonism to its Divine Centre and to right reason. In the 'Purgatorio' we have seen the human heart in its true filial relationship to the Divine Centre, yet trammelled with the consequences of the false conceptions that had dominated it. How shall we follow the pilgrim along this almost unbeaten path to the fully-developed spiritual consciousness generated in complete union with God and with His Universe?"

The "Divina Commedia" is more than a Pilgrim's Progress; it cannot be compressed into a creed or expounded in a sermon. Dante was no ascetic priest, nor was his view of life a Church procession; his poem

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—visionary, symbolical, pious—is also full of human life, character, and passion. It repels as well as attracts; it breathes hatred as well as love. It can never be handled as a book of devotion save by mutilation. But in treating the poem as Mrs. Gurney has done, she has put nothing into it which is not there, and her method, whilst it does not pretend to expound the whole, falsifies no part. We warmly commend the book to all students of Dante.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

SOCIAL GREECE.

THE HOME LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. Translated from the German of Professor H. Blümner by Alice Zimmern, late Scholar of Girton College, Cambridge. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE GREEK GENIUS. By S. H. Butcher. Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

HERE are two books upon Greece, both characteristically modern, which in some sort illustrate and help each other; one deals with the Greece that is immortal, and one with the long-perished conditions which made possible that immortality. "The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks" is still too little realised—indeed, the care for such things as the home life of a people is a growth of recent date. Mr. Green popularly, Mr. Traill and his collaborators scientifically, tell us about "Social England": we begin to have a true realism in our history, to be zealous in vitalising the past. But the supreme Greek genius has been especially isolated from its local and social surroundings, and treated as a thing almost miraculous: as unique and beyond investigation. Not long ago attempts to throw historical or scientific light upon the people of Israel were thought a blasphemy and a scepticism—"the Chosen People" were excluded from the provinces of the ethnologist and the anthropologist. Much the same thing has befallen the Greeks: "Moses and the Muses," as Mr. Thompson sings, Sinai and Parnassus, have ranked together, twin shrines of spiritual and intellectual perfection. In truth, the mystery that is upon all things is in double measure upon Greeks and Jews: no science will ever avail to explain the secret of their pre-eminences. But a study of the facts does not lessen the wonder of the whole story; and while the excavator and the epigraphist and their brethren upon one side, the critic and essayist and poet upon the other, are busily lighting up for us the wonders of the ancient world, they do not profess to reduce them to first elements, nor to disclose with certainty their methods of combination.

Mr. Goschen has asked, in reference to those familiar and tedious friends, Becker's "Gallus" and "Charicles," "Can these dry bones live?" It is rather an unkind criticism, for it is almost impossible to unite light reading with heavy writing, when the heaviness is inevitable. Nothing can enliven a treatise upon dress and similar domestic details but a scientific or artistic theory: the facts themselves, unless presented with a picturesque and careless freedom, cannot but be dull, apart from the help either of science or of art. The under garment, or *chiton*, the upper garment, or *himation*; the *pentathlon*, and the lesser *dionysia*—how dreary are these, when dissociated from the life of history and of imagination, whence they sprang. Accuracy alone justifies these forbidding books; otherwise, one prefers them old and slightly quaint, like the famous works of Archbishop Potter, and of Scott's master, Dr. Adams. Dr. Blümner appears, at least in this version, to be very accurate; he is fairly concise, perfectly methodical, and not so depressing as he might easily have been. The plentiful illustrations are most useful, and the translation reads like an original. It is a book to study, which simple phrase is an high and rare commendation. The

"unclassical" side of Greek life is well brought forward: the primitive superstitions and rites, the savage survivals, the feminine trivialities, the children's games, the uncomely and unseemly aspects of Athenian revellings, all the strangeness, or "modernity," or vulgarity, or brutality, which distresses the worshipper of Attic purity and beauty. Athenian *bourgeois*, Athenian leaders of fashion, Athenian fast persons, and snobs and bores—it is good to remember sometimes that they existed. Paris and London are more tolerable when we cease to believe too absolutely in a "city of the violet crown," all stately and bright and without blemish. For the fair side is unforgettable; the unique genius, found equally in Olympian games, and Dionysian festivals, and Platonic schools, and Pheidias images; the genius which, as Mr. Butcher writes, shows "how the love of beauty may be united with the love of truth, art with science, how reason may be made imaginative." The book in which the learned Edinburgh professor so speaks is no new one; it was among the most delightful books published in 1891. From the present edition, the essay on Aristotle's Poetics has been withdrawn for expansion into a separate treatise, and its place is taken by an essay upon the "Dawn of Romanticism in Greek Poetry." This is no less timely than fascinating; it may help to induce in the lover of large statements a greater precision in his use of language. That from Homer and Hesiod downwards there was always a romantic strain in Greek literature, touches of strangeness and of wonderment, is a trite fact; but the late romanticism, of which Mr. Butcher writes, is a less recognised fact. He finds for it these among other causes: the dissolution of the ancient polytheistic creed, foreign travel and scientific research, the growth of great cities and of crowded city life, in the Alexandrian age. How like a state to ours!—we, too, with our vanishing faiths, our world-wide roamings, our physical studies, our urban civilisation, know the "world-weariness," the cosmopolitanism, the sentimental craving for Nature, which the last Greeks knew. Not that their views were so scientific, nor so pantheistic, so cosmic and cosmopolitan, as are ours; yet in the subtleties of natural observation and of human passion, in the love of self-scrutiny and self-reflection, revealed by the anthologists, to name but them, we find prophecies of the not wholly silly sadness of modern days. It is an amusement, half melancholy and half consoling, to read of daily life in classic Athens, with its "fair humanities of old religion," its petty follies or fashions, and also to find the Greek genius, so full of the bright morning in Homer, so radiant with noon in the friends of Pericles, passing into the grey twilight, where elegists play their dainty melodies of regret, now elegantly artificial, now piercingly true. There is no sadness in the fate of Latin literature: the laws of Church and State, the wisdom of theologians, and of all science, the international converse of scholarship, the daily offices of religion, gave to the Roman tongue a second immortality. Greek, but for the Greek Fathers, died and was buried: Theocritus and Plotinus, with their several fellows, said or sang for it the *verba novissima*. Hellenistic is the phrase, not Hellenic; and we can watch the Hellenist, no longer Hellene, till he loses all fellowship with the Periclean men, and becomes the *Graculus esuriens* of Juvenal. Yet the late epic and elegy, the pastoral idyll, of Greek poetry, are full of charm: it is pleasant enough to find Virgil foreshadowed in Apollonius Rhodius, and a presage or promise of Dante to come. Perhaps no book about Greece is ever quite worthless: it can suggest, when it cannot explain, and Greece is infinitely suggestive. But books are much wanted which shall help to rid us of foolish and fantastic prepossessions about things Greek; of chatter about the Greek ideals, the Greek blitheness and serenity and grace, the Greek theories of friendship and of love, the Greek freedom from mysticism and superstition and gloom, the Greek adoration of art for its

own sake—the Greek perfection, in short, of beautiful living. Much of what is said at second-hand upon these matters is true enough, and much is prattle and preciousness. It is possible to think that we emphasise too strongly the difference between the strength and seriousness of Israel and Rome, upon this side, and the bright cheerfulness, the sane moderation, the charm and grace of Hellas. There was, as Mr. Butcher knows, no lack of austerity, of melancholy, of excessive emotion, of staid dignity in the Greeks; they could be ugly too, coarse and vulgar; nor was “insolent Greece” always more enlightened by right reason than was “haughty Rome.” However these things be, let us learn the facts, and consider the best theories, and ponder the best criticism; here are two books which will be of use to us.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT RODOLPH SUFFIELD. London: Williams & Norgate.

It is evident that we have the soul's tragedy still with us, and now, as ever, the saintlier the soul the sterner the tragedy. Here is a most simple biography made pathetic by the letters which reveal the struggles of a soul in the very moment of its supreme crisis, and all the more that the tale is so simple is it significant. There are no dramatic situations, no skilful literary analysis of his own states by the victim, but the sufferer discloses his sufferings to the man he had called in as his confidential spiritual adviser.

The brothers Newman told each his tale to a public which loves nothing so much as to watch brilliant operations in spiritual anatomy. In the hands of Cardinal Newman the anatomical demonstration was even more artful in what it concealed than in what it revealed. His brother, the professor, with his as intense spiritual feeling, but less mastery of literary form, exhibited the sorrows and the aspirations of the soul and described the phases of his faith. But here the man who was once known as Father Suffield speaks to us in letters that were torn from him by his spiritual agony, and meant for no eye but that of the man whose sympathy and advice he sought. The biographer has done his duty with rare simplicity. We see much, but not enough to understand all; we know his emotions and his motives for certain modes of action rather than the ultimate reasons for his acting at all. And so he remains to us very much an enigma, yet an enigma that is all the more significant for the measure in which it is left unexplained. We see him in his strange and vagrant home, son of a father nominally Catholic, really free-thinking, and of a mother, evangelical but not too aggressive or insistent. We see him an undergraduate at Cambridge, a Christian unattached, making it possible to argue either that he was an Anglican or that he was a Catholic, feeling the growing mystery of mind and life. Then we see him a priest, active, eloquent, full of the greatness of his Church, with no ambition but to deliver its gracious message to the world. Then he appears as the Dominican monk, the missionary, the confessor and adviser of the perplexed, trusted, loved, consulted by the noble and the devout, of attractive and winsome ways with boys, and exercising a kindly yet persuasive influence over men and women. Then comes his brief work as a parish priest, made tragic by the birth and growth of the doubt that finally grows so strong as to drive him out of the Church that he had so served and loved. The real significance of the book lies in its revelation of this conflict made by the author in the letters written while he was passing through it. Yet these letters hardly tell us what we most wish to know. What we should have liked would have been to see the steps by which he came to the crisis that is here so fully detailed. The Vatican Decrees were its occasion rather than its cause. They forced

him to compare the claim of his Church with the facts of its history, and he recoiled from professing to believe a power infallible that he knew to have so often failed. The trouble the decree caused within Catholicism is here once more vividly recalled. Newman's letter upon the “aggressive insolent faction” who were forcing on the definition, is given and his words quoted. “As to myself personally, please God I do not expect any trial at all; but I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my own private judgment, *but may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of historic facts.*” Where Newman found the logic difficult, Suffield saw the contradiction to be absolute; so he was faced with the alternative of doing violence to his own conscience by remaining within the Church, or wounding his heart by withdrawing from it.

We have here a few extracts from his diary:—“The Roman Catholic Church satisfies every desire, if only it can induce the mind to accept its credentials unproved.” “Christianity has been tried and failed; the religion of Christ remains to be tried.” “As Horne Tooke says, ‘The London Tavern is open to everyone who can afford to pay the bill,’ so the Catholic Church is open to everyone who can recite the Creeds.” It was because the Roman position had grown incredible to his reason that he was compelled to change; but his heart was so unchanged to the Church he had served that the struggle it cost him to leave it was the tragedy of his soul. The saintliness of the men he had known, the pathetic yet silent appeal of the men he had comforted, the invisible faces of those who had sought his counsel, the fascination and charm of the worship he had been wont to celebrate, exercised over him a spell almost irresistible. He makes one feel how love of the Church may well be stronger than the love of the truth. Dr. Martineau in one of his letters speaks of “veracity” as the peculiar Protestant virtue, and it is here made evident that only the categorical imperative in its most imperious form could have forced a man so moved by sentiment to change his Church. Yet reason prevailed over emotion, and he went forth from the Church of Rome a pauper, leaving behind all he had loved save what he had felt at last to be the most commanding love of all—that of the truth. And so he began, when well advanced in middle life, a new career amid new and most dissimilar surroundings. And here we find at once one of the great defects and one of the most significant features of the autobiography. It is a story of a crisis, as we have said, and it deals too little with what preceded and especially with what followed it. The interest of the book virtually ends with the “apostasy,” save for one significant thing. In his last weakness the Church he had left attempted to regain her hold upon him, and it was even insinuated that if he had lived this would have been done. But though this is most strongly denied by the biographer, yet it well represents the reluctance with which the Church of Rome loses hold of any man who ever in any way belonged to her. And this loyalty of the system to its sons has its counterpart in the loyalty of the sons to the system.

We never knew Father Suffield—indeed, all we know of him we have gathered from this biography. Yet he was evidently a man of fine sympathies, delicate, sensitive, keen in all his susceptibilities, but stronger on the emotional than on the intellectual side.

His change was a victory, marvellous in such a man, of reason and conscience over emotion and affection. In this lies its significance. It is well when the faculties made to rule are allowed to command. Possibly in the long run he may be even more symptomatic of the tendency of modern mind than John Henry Newman. Certainly the last thing we can afford to lose is the example of a man who can do and suffer as Father Suffield did for conscience and for truth's sake.

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HISTORICAL TEXT-BOOKS.

THE STUDENTS' ROMAN EMPIRE. A HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE FROM ITS FOUNDATION TO THE DEATH OF MARCUS AURELIUS (27 B.C.—180 A.D.). By J. B. Bury, M.A., Professor of Modern History, Trinity College, Dublin. London: John Murray.

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. EUROPE, 476—918. By Charles Oman, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College and Lecturer at New College, Oxford. London: Rivington, Percival & Co.

THESE two volumes bear significant witness to the improvement which is taking place in the historical text-books now being published. Professor S. R. Gardiner has not thought it derogatory to his position as the greatest living English historian to compile an English history for the use of elementary schools, and now Professor Bury and Mr. Oman, both of them recognised authorities on their respective periods, have taken the trouble to write text-books avowedly for the use of students at public schools and the universities. It is as text-books that their new volumes are valuable; it is from the teacher's point of view rather than the historian's that they ought to be criticised, and since they have deliberately chosen to cater for an educational want, the authors cannot complain if their books are here examined primarily as educational text-books. Nevertheless, they are something more, and they deserve to be treated as they have been treated elsewhere, as works of definite historical as apart from educational value. Both authors have shown themselves capable of doing original historical work. Mr. Bury's "History of the Later Roman Empire," and Mr. Oman's "Art of War in the Middle Ages" and "Life of the Earl of Warwick," have won them a high reputation, and prove that though they have now condescended to compile historical text-books, it is not because they cannot do more solid historical work, but rather because they have showed themselves experts in historical research. Both are themselves teachers. Professor Bury is not only Professor at Trinity College, Dublin, but has also been selected recently as one of the examiners in the Modern History School at Oxford, and Mr. Oman is well known as one of the most popular and efficient tutors at the University to which he belongs. They both belong to the scientific school of historians, as their former works have shown, though it is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Oman should have spent so much of his time in contributing to various series, instead of undertaking some more exhaustive work. They have deliberately in their last volumes taken up a position as writers of text-books, and therefore it is, as has been said before, as writers of historical text-books, and not as historians, that they will be considered in this article.

Professor Bury's "Students' Roman Empire" is one of the late Sir William Smith's series of "Students' Histories." Many generations of English schoolboys have been made familiar, generally to their sorrow, with the black covers and red edges of the "Smaller Histories" and the "Students' Histories" which were produced under the editorship of Sir William Smith, and published by the famous house of John Murray. Of the series the best known volumes are undoubtedly Sir William Smith's "Students' Greece," Dean Liddell's "Students' Rome," and Professor Brewer's "Students' Hume." In many public schools the changes are rung in tireless iteration between these three books, and their contents form the staple of knowledge which ordinary public-school boys take with them to the Universities, or into the active work of life. Occasionally a daring head-master introduces the "Students' Gibbon" to his sixth form, and boys have been known on their own account sometimes to attempt the hopeless task of learning some French history from Mr. Jervis' "Students' France." At the Universities Mr. Lodge's "Students' Modern Europe" and the "Students' Hallam's Middle Ages" are generally used as text-books for undergraduates when they first resolve to read modern history for

their degrees. Now there has hitherto been one great and serious omission in the concatenation of historical knowledge imparted by the familiar books with the red edges. In Professor Bury's own words, "It is well known that for the period of Roman history, which is of all its periods perhaps the most important—the first two centuries of the Empire—there exists no English handbook suitable for use in Universities and schools. The consequence of this want in our educational course is that the knowledge of Roman history possessed by students, who are otherwise men of considerable attainments in classical literature, comes to a sudden end at the battle of Actium. At least, their systematic knowledge ends there; of the subsequent history they know only isolated facts gathered at haphazard from Horace, Juvenal, and Tacitus." This is perfectly true, and Mr. John Murray and the late Sir William Smith are to be congratulated for their resolve to fill the gap. Indeed, most students will go a step further, and say that the heyday of the Roman Empire is not "perhaps," but "most certainly," the most important period in Roman history. Looking at European history in its widest sense, the history of the Roman Republic is only important because the Republic culminated in the Roman Empire. It is from the Roman Empire that the history of civilised Europe springs, and a knowledge of its extent, its administration, its principles, and its political conceptions, is absolutely indispensable to all who would understand the course and the meaning of mediæval and modern European history. It is sincerely to be hoped that headmasters of public schools will improve their course of rotation of studies, and will allow the "Students' Roman Empire" a recognised place with the other Students' Histories. It certainly has a better chance of acceptance than a volume in any new series would have. The mere fact that it appears in the most universally accepted collection of historical text-books gives it an excellent introduction. As to Professor Bury's book itself, it possesses most of the faults and virtues of its sister-volumes. It is splendidly accurate, crammed full of useful information, and undeniably exceedingly stiff reading. In the hands of a competent teacher it would be an admirable text-book. In short, it is not, and is not intended to be, a book for the general reader; it is intended to be a text-book for teaching from, and its excellence in this respect depends upon the qualities of the teachers who use it. One exception may be made. The chapters on literature will be found interesting reading by everybody. Occasionally, also, in a few pithy sentences, Professor Bury brings out with force the character of an individual or a period, as in his admirable pages on Marcus Aurelius (pp. 534—536). We must protest, however, against the use of the word "principate" and the spelling of the word "sovranty," but we cannot here give the reason for our objections.

Mr. Oman's book belongs to a different series, and is written after a different fashion. John Murray's "Students' Histories" are intended for—or, at any rate, are generally used in—the higher forms of public schools. They are, therefore, text-books written with one eye on the schoolboy who has to get them up and the other on the teacher who has to expound them. They are not intended for general reading, but for class instruction. Messrs. Rivington's series, on the other hand, is essentially intended for undergraduates at the Universities, who may be recommended to read them before attending lectures, in order to have a certain basis of knowledge for the right understanding of the lecturer's words. Books written for schoolboys and for undergraduates have hitherto been written on entirely different plans. Schoolboys can be compelled to read their text-books, though they cannot be compelled to like or remember them; while undergraduates can only be induced to read a text-book by its being made interesting. It does not much matter whether Professor Bury is interesting or not,

as schoolboys in the forms where his book is adopted will be forced to read his pages; but it matters very much to Mr. Oman whether his book is interesting or not, as in the latter case undergraduates will simply decline to read his pages at all. Professor Bury leaves off in the year A.D. 180; Mr. Oman does not begin till A.D. 476, so that there is a considerable gap between the two books. Mr. Oman also goes down to A.D. 918, so that he covers a period of four centuries and a half, as against Professor Bury's two centuries. The period treated by the Dublin professor is of far greater importance in the history of Europe than that treated by the Oxford lecturer—the former has to study a period of civilisation, and, on the whole, of peace and prosperity; the latter a time of darkness, war and anarchy. It is enough to say here that they both show themselves masters of their subjects. They recognise the different character of the readers to whom they specially appeal, and undergraduates ought to be as grateful to Mr. Oman as schoolboys, with competent teachers, should be to Professor Bury.

But, in conclusion, is it necessary to draw such a distinct line as these two volumes show is actually drawn between the teaching of upper forms in public schools and the teaching of undergraduates at the universities? Is it absolutely necessary that text-books for schools should be dull and dry, and depend on the knowledge of the instructor for making the subject interesting? There are masters at public schools who take no interest in teaching history to their forms; to the boys under them history becomes a dull subject because of the dryness of the text-book. Undergraduates are more independent beings than schoolboys; they possess a certain power of choosing what text-books they shall read, and, therefore, in books intended for them information is conveyed in as palatable a form as possible. Might not head-masters of public schools, where, owing to the absence of an enthusiast or an expert, history lessons are unpopular, try the effect of using one of the volumes of Messrs. Rivington's series in the place of the time-honoured "Students' Histories"? For, while admitting that the text-books in Professor Bury's series are excellent in the hands of a good teacher, they are somewhat repellent if read by themselves. After all, the line of distinction between the public-school boy in the highest forms and the undergraduate is very slight, and the type of historical text-book suitable for the one might with advantage be tried with the other.

A GREAT TEMPERAMENT.

THE ROMANCE OF AN EMPRESS. Catherine II. of Russia. From the French of R. Waliszewski. In 2 vols. London: Heinemann.

SOME critics have said in their haste that this is a wonderful book. Well, so it is in some ways. It was confusedly commenced as a private Life or "portrait" of Catherine as far as the 259th page and her thirty-third year; but then, finding materials (chiefly her own fragment of an autobiography) insufficient, the author threw up this plan, and filled his remaining 340 pages with miscellaneous detached chapters treating, in the manner of ravelled essays, of the private events—mainly dissolute—of her life and reign. The book would have been categorized among *chroniques galantes* in the eighteenth century. The confusion constantly courted by anticipations, reversions, and introversions in the various parts of the volumes is embarrassing to a reader; and the repetitions and enlargements, and the serving-up over and over again of the stimulating matter, end by palling.

The claim put forth as to the employment of "materials and documents quite out of ordinary reach" is not borne out. The long series of some six dozen volumes of the Russian Historical Society are open to general industry, and if any others less accessible are used, the fact is too modestly con-

cealed. The author does, however, constantly name a number of ancient publications well known to all historians and memoirists. Such are the works of Frederick the Great, Grimm's and Diderot's "Correspondence" (1813, 1830), the writings of the Prince de Ligne, the Comte de Ségur, and the Chevalier d'Éon; Rulhière's "Anecdotes" (1797), Masson's "Mémoires Secrets" (1802), Mme. Vigée-Lebrun's "Souvenirs" (1837), and so forth. On these M. Waliszewski draws continuously, and he also uses largely (as above) Catherine's own narrative, which does not bear examination, and her friend the Princess Dashkoff's (Vol. XXI. of the Worontzof Collection), which, in Mrs. Siddons's famous phrase, will not wash.

With all this, the author managed to get delivered of a valuable, but not an invaluable, quantum of print; and as he evidently devoted much labour to the period, 'tis pity he should be deficient in historical aptitude. But he is neither afraid nor ashamed to spell spade with five letters, and that was the *clou* of his book and is the clue to its vogue. He very properly, because necessarily, devoted a large share of his space to "the most colossal and most cynical display of imperial licence known to modern history." Just so; but there was nothing unexampled in it except its colossality. Catherine's close predecessor, Elizabeth, had numerous favourites. Razumovski, whom she married, was a peasant; his forerunner, Shubin, was a common soldier; and then there was Count Shuvalof. Anne, another near predecessor, made her groom, Bieren (here only Bühren and Biron), a Duke of Courland. The difference is that Catherine "had them by dozens." (By all accounts, our own Lady Boobies and Lady Bellastons one hundred and fifty years ago were not much different; and Catherine, who mentioned "Jonathan Wild," had, no doubt, read "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews.")

But it is also visible that polyandry and matriarchy must have come down to these empresses in Russia from not too far-distant savage times. The precocious civilisation of the Russian was then—and still is—all frontage, a veneer, a painted scene. Savages they still were, in private. Peter III. "has a devil," is a grimacing mad ape, and a drunkard from the age of eleven; he beats his courtiers, and lives like a pig. Elizabeth was as cruel to an extreme, habitually drank to stupefaction and swooning, which turned to fits and frights. The English ambassador, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (Fielding's Eton schoolfellow and friend), diplomatically called her a Bacchante, and said licence was the courtly order of the day. But Elizabeth was a Romonof, and so was Anne; the one being daughter, the other niece, to Peter the Great. "Catherine" (her assumed name) was merely an obscure little Princess "Fighchen" of Anhalt-Zerbst; but she took at once and kindly to the licence; and as she was sober, ambitious, compact of strong will, and wilful and capricious to boot (like an English Elizabeth), she did not suffer it to interfere with her determination "to reign or perish," and became for seven-and-twenty years Catherine the Great.

She displayed much policy, and heart too, in her mode of being off with the old lovers—indeed, several took themselves off—before she was on with the new, of whom there can be picked out just a score of "named sorts"; and none of them mere Beau Didappers. She began in this polyandrous family with the first, by order of the Tzarina Elizabeth (or so she said), when she was twenty-three, and she chose her last forty years afterwards. If Elizabeth made a Duke of Courland, she made Poniatovski a king, who thirty-one years later played into her hands in the partition of his Poland. Gregory Orlof, helped as in some fairy tale by his four brothers and their regiments, placed her on the throne, in uniform, just as Elizabeth's crown had been usurped for her, in top-boots and a sword, at the head of a regiment. Out of hand, then, the five Orlofs—Alexis foremost here—put

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away Catherine's baboon of a husband Peter III., who, although a Holstein-Gottorper on the father's side, was still grandson to Peter the Great. They deposed and murdered him "as a child is put to bed" (said Frederick the Great), just as his cousin Ivan VI. had been ousted, without murder, by Elizabeth a score years earlier. But two years after Peter had been poisoned in his drink, this Ivan was murdered also, so that Catherine could reign secure with a freer hand. All this, so far, seems to have been done for her—she let it be done more than she did it; it was her *likho*, her luck. Or take another favourite, the savage Patiomin, who turned up by chance, and turned out an able and masterful and steadfast public Minister for thirteen years after he had been supplanted by many others in the private apartments. None of them all was injured by her, and she spent some sixteen millions sterling on them from first to last, as our ambassador Harris calculated; the total national debt which she created, with all her wars and the universal corruption she perpetuated, having been only forty millions. On an average, they were as costly as ironclads.

She was rough and coarse in her other personal tastes. An incorrigible consumer of home-grown snuff, her favourite dish was boiled beef and gherkins; and the enormous strength of her constitution may be judged from her constant use—strictly sober as she was—of violently strong coffee: a pound went to make five cups, and to men it gave palpitations. As M. Waliszewski happily says, if she was not a great intellect, she was a great temperament. She is ever an early riser and, being matriarchal with her servants, lights her own fire. She gardens spasmodically; writes much, and always with her own hand, for she cannot dictate; aspires to literature, as she let the world know; wrote plays, and such plays! And perhaps the greatest stroke of policy she ever dealt was her keeping in pay and confidence—so far as she took and gave it—three of the loudest trumpeters then in Europe—F. M. Grimm, Diderot, and Voltaire. To them, especially to Grimm, she did write well, in the letters now fully accessible in vols. xxiii. and xli. of the "Recueil de la Société impériale historique Russe."

Her defiant eyes were glassy like a wild beast's, said d'Eon the nondescript, whom she frightened; her deep voice was mannish, and her hard smiling face had heavy, half-masculine features. The front-faced portrait prefixed to these volumes is not the best, not the most tell-tale. The engraving by Auguste de Saint-Aubin (not here referred to) is much more valuable, much "great"-er, too. It gives the majesty of the high brow, full of a future, which d'Eon and de Ligne both distinguished, and also the great chin which (like Fielding's, as we have mentioned him) looked always in the way. Her chestnut hair was vast and heavy above the forehead, and underneath it she rouged highly, finding the scrubbing of her cheeks with ice unavailing. But to give us the whole man-woman, this head must be put on to a short, squab body, a very stout body, which she instinctively sought to magnify by ever raising and asserting that chin; "she had early adopted the habit of holding her head very high in public." Pride, that forehead, that chin, the rouge, and those eyes made the face, and the personage.

That she was great outwardly, the world had to know; and this book's aim—not unsuccessful—is unsparingly to exhibit the seamy side of that grandeur. Much of it was due to indomitableness, a great deal to her considerable command of a raging temper, to her hard, dry mind, to an infallible good sense, and an unscrupulous instinct of the situation. Over and above all she had a diabolical good-luck in a land where, as Caracciolo said, the throne was neither hereditary nor elective, but occupational. "I am good for nothing out of Russia," she would very truly say; and de Ségur added that it was easy to be great on such a throne. But she had a great temperament; or, in plainer English, a splendid constitution.

THE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

THE CITIZEN: HIS RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES. By Oscar Browning. London: Blackie & Son.

THE CITIZEN. By C. H. Wyatt. London: Macmillan.

THE LIFE AND DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN. By J. E. Parrott, B.A., LL.B. London: W. H. Allen.

THE CITIZEN READER. THE LAWS OF EVERYDAY-LIFE. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. London: Cassell & Co.

ROUND THE EMPIRE. By G. R. Parkin. London: Cassell & Co.

LESSONS IN OUR LAWS. By H. F. Lester. London: Cassell & Co.

THE TEMPERANCE READER. By J. D. Hird. London: Cassell & Co.

THE social ideal is rapidly supplanting the philanthropic in our educational system, and every day the programme of the elementary school becomes more really what Matthew Arnold thought it should be, "a course of training for the law-makers of England," an "organised and scientific initiation of the young into the duties of civilised life." To Mr. Acland belongs the supreme credit of writing boldly across the pages of the Code the word "Citizenship." The scheme itself is an inspiration, and perhaps the best thing we can say for the publishers is that they have so quickly and fully appreciated the opportunity it gave them.

Of the numerous manuals which have now been issued under these high auspices, several show marks not only of the difficulties and dangers inherent in the subject, but of the hurry with which they were produced. Mr. Parrott's primer has apparently been designed both for a class-book and for a teacher's hand-book, two quite different purposes, for neither of which is it what might have been desired. The Code has been interpreted in a rigid and unimaginative fashion; and the cyclopædic account of the ramifications of Governmental machinery is like to prove tedious both to teachers and taught. It is late in the day to be stepping backward to the pernicious system of cram when it is so easy to go forward to that of suggestion, analogy, and illustration. The little book written by Mr. Wyatt, clerk to the Manchester School Board, is, on the other hand, as entertaining a presentation of the subject as is well possible, although some of the "illustrations" illustrate nothing particular, and others are quite superfluous. The idea of presenting a crib or cram-book of a couple of a hundred pages to teachers (many of whom will themselves turn their thoughts in this direction for the first time) as a sufficient basis for their teaching of the citizen's duties is pernicious and not to be any way encouraged. So far as a small volume can give such a basis, Mr. Oscar Browning's does so. It is not illustrated, and there is nothing of the merely picturesque about it. But it is compact and complete without being fatally dull. If he occasionally sails a little close to the wind of controversy, on the question of the hours of labour to wit, the advantage of a fuller treatment of social and industrial relationships than the other writers give is preponderating. It cannot be said too often, however, that cram is not culture; and the wise teacher will fortify himself with older authorities, such as Mr. Raleigh's valuable but by no means infallible "Elementary Politics" (Frowde), Sir F. Pollock's "History of the Science of Politics" (Macmillan), Fonblanque's "How We are Governed," and Fiske's "Civil Government in the United States."

Where greater simplicity and less elaboration are desired Messrs. Cassell continue to offer various attractive little volumes. Mr. Arnold-Forster's "Citizen Reader" has had such an enormous circulation and is already so well known that it is unnecessary here to dwell on its virtues as a popular educator. The same author's "Laws of Everyday Life," under a somewhat ambiguous title, aims at conveying political knowledge to some of the voters who have recently been admitted to political power. It is a sketch of the great laws underlying national life, including those of political economy. Very timely and wise

are the chapters on Trades Unions and Co-operative Societies. The writer excels in broad views, and there is plenty of nicely balanced information here for the newly enfranchised rulers of the British Empire. "Round the Empire," a book for school use, is from the pen of Mr. George Parkin, the apologist for Imperial Federation. Lord Rosebery contributes a short preface, in which the glorious trust and high responsibility to which our sons are born are set forth. The book does not aim at forwarding any theory or plan of imperial unity, but seeks to convey to our young scholars an idea of the influence on the world's history which every British citizen is capable of wielding. In "Lessons in our Laws," Mr. Lester pleads for an intelligent interest in our English institutions, and regrets the real neglect of the subject in all our schools. Instinct and mere environment will not teach us law any more than they will give us style in writing. The French understand the systematic teaching of this subject, as the works of M. Huillée and M. Jules Simon testify. It is in imitation of a school book by the latter that Mr. Lester hangs his instruction round a personal narrative by way of holding the interest of his young readers. "The Temperance Reader" is a good specimen of a type of book which should be read wherever there are School Boards and souls to save. The duty of temperance is one of the earliest civic obligations which should be impressed on the young mind. The book, like the rest of this series of Messrs. Cassell, is cheap, illustrated, and strongly bound, and its contents are sufficiently simple and forcible to appeal to the youngest intelligence.

FICTION.

LADY WILLIAM. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

A GRAY EYE OR SO. By Frank Frankfort Moore. In 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.

THE WHITE ISLAND. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. London: Fisher Unwin.

No novel from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant is without a charm of its own, and "Lady William" is no exception to the rule. It has that touch of natural simplicity which is the hall-mark of Mrs. Oliphant's work. It has also those delightful social silhouettes of which she is the master—the tiniest, daintiest peeps into the social life of some little community, dwelling apart from the roar and bustle of the great world. The tragedy and the comedy of life are both to be found in "Lady William," and there are one or two passages in the book which are equal to anything Mrs. Oliphant has done before. Yet it must be pronounced a curious book, after all; curious, and to a certain extent disappointing. Not that any reasonable reader can be disappointed by the recital of the fortunes of Lady William herself. They are as absorbing as one need wish them to be. But side by side with the story of Lady William's marriage, and the mystery attaching thereto, we have another story of social life in a village which strikes us as being, for a work of Mrs. Oliphant's, remarkably commonplace. We are interested in all that concerns Lady William, the impoverished widow of the younger son of a marquis, who has to maintain her precedence in the village, and does so nobly on a bare two hundred a year. We delight in her daughter, too simple and sweet in nature to be called a hoyden, and yet of the hoydenish age and frankness. We are moved with anxiety when the great lady of the village, the mother of the squire, returns, after long absence, to pursue poor Lady William with unceasing persecutions, and to hint, not obscurely, at some flaw in the marriage ceremonial which makes her claim to rank of no avail. All this every admirer of Mrs. Oliphant can delight in, and appreciate as work worthy of the author whom he loves; but it cannot be said that we delight equally in the love affairs of the curate and the rector's daughter, or

that we are greatly entertained by the gossip of the many old ladies of both sexes who cast a protecting care over the morals and manners of Watcham. In short, there are chapters in "Lady William" which the reader, however conscientious, feels bound to skip; and this is not what we are accustomed to in novels by Mrs. Oliphant.

The author of "I Forbid the Banns" has followed up his first success with another story equally original and daring. It is all about the loves of the impecunious son of a selfish peer and a delightful creature in whose inventory of charms "a gray eye or so" figures conspicuously, the daughter of a self-absorbed bookworm. Harold Wynne meets Beatrice Avon under romantic circumstances on the wild West coast of Ireland. He is the guest of a fashionable hostess in a country house, having been invited to join Lady Innisfail's party, chiefly in order that he may propose to Miss Craven, the heiress, who is more than willing to bestow her wealth upon the impecunious son and heir of Lord Fotheringay. Beatrice Avon is staying with her father, who is studying some remote point of Irish history in a neighbouring village. The first meeting between her and Wynne practically settles their fate, and Miss Craven finds herself a disappointed woman. But there are many obstacles to the union of hero and heroine. Lord Fotheringay himself will not hear of an alliance between his son and the penniless beauty, and, in order to prevent it, not only threatens to withdraw his son's somewhat scanty allowance, but endeavours to marry Miss Avon himself. There are other persons more eligible than this broken-down *roué*, who are anxious to steal the grey-eyed beauty from Harold Wynne, and the latter is, in consequence, involved in a good deal of misery and misunderstanding. How to secure the woman he loves as his future wife without breaking openly with his father and friends is the problem he has to solve. In an opportune moment he meets an unfrocked clergyman, who has lost his position in the Church owing to his heretical views on the subject of marriage. His mania—for it amounts to one—is not, however, what the reader may be inclined to suppose. It consists in a belief that he is empowered to join any particular couple in lawful wedlock by the simple process of reading the marriage service over them, without the slightest regard to such stale formalities as banns, licences, and church-registers. Harold Wynne knows perfectly well that marriages of this description, though they may be registered in Heaven, are not taken into account in the returns of the Registrar-General. Yet so fearful is he of losing the woman he loves, that he takes advantage of the parson's mania and Miss Avon's ignorance, and persuades the latter to go through a form of marriage with him which he knows to be a mockery. It is meant by him to be a form merely. He has no thought of inflicting any serious wrong upon Beatrice. All he wishes is to induce her to suppose that she is irrevocably bound to him, and that consequently she cannot listen to the addresses of others. It must be confessed that it is a mean trick which Harold thus plays upon the woman he loves; yet it is just possible that even a high-minded man, such as Wynne is supposed to be, might succumb to the temptation of securing a woman in this underhand fashion. Of course, things do not go so smoothly as he had expected, and the climax is reached when the lady finds herself, through a series of accidents, unexpectedly doomed to pass the night in a country inn, in which the man she believes to be her husband is also staying. The situation is a striking one, obviously intended to be a companion picture to a certain chapter in "I Forbid the Banns"—a companion picture, and yet with a difference. Harold Wynne's conscience forces him to fly from the woman who trusts him utterly; and, wandering forth into the night, after successfully passing through an ordeal not unlike St. Anthony's, he finds himself, to his own great surprise, arrested by a

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rural policeman on the charge of murdering his own father. There is nothing in the charge, so far as Harold is concerned, and he is quickly released; but his father's murder by a melodramatic Italian husband removes the last impediment to lawful matrimony in his case. The only difficulty that remains in his way is that of explaining to Beatrice Avon that he, whom she regards as the soul of honour, had tricked her by means of a mock ceremony. It is a very serious difficulty—so serious that we must decline to say how it is solved, preferring to leave our readers to find out for themselves by a reference to the pages of a brilliant and striking story.

"The White Island" is a pleasant little story of life in the backwoods of America, before the name of George Washington was known, and when New York was still an English town. There are Indians, bad and good, traders, priests, and, above all, a delightful white girl living in an Indian's lodge, and destined to become his wife, in the little tale. We have massacres, treachery, jealousy, and hair-breadth escapes thrown in to season the plot, which of itself is of the slightest. The young trader, who escapes from the destruction of the fort, and is hidden by a friendly Indian on the island where he has fixed his lodge, loves the young French girl who is the Indian's destined wife, and in due time marries her, despite a good deal of the kind of opposition which might be expected under the circumstances. The story is pleasantly written, showing distinct traces of real literary skill on the part of the author. Slight and unpretending as it is, it deserves perusal.

TWO FIRST HISTORIES.

A FIRST HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Louise Creighton. With Illustrations and Maps. London: Macmillan & Co.
LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. London: John Murray.

THESE histories are good representatives respectively of what may be called the high-school type and the home-teaching type of education. Mrs. Creighton's name is a sufficient guarantee of the accuracy and adequacy of her book. It is the better arranged of the two, and the more scholastic in appearance; it brings out leading and essential facts much better, and its illustrations (mostly taken from contemporary prints) are more numerous and more artistic, though not necessarily more attractive to the uncultivated taste of a child of twelve than those which diversify more sparingly the pages of its rival. The latter is fuller, more chatty, more anecdotic, and, we are afraid we must say, decidedly less accurate. Indeed, in the last chapter in particular we notice some extraordinary slips, including the confusion of the Paris Commune and Communism, which has misled so many worthy British Philistines, and a statement that the Army of the Loire was driven into Switzerland in the Franco-German War. Nor is sufficient prominence given to Turgot, nor to the services rendered to France by Colbert. But both contain an immense amount of information without the dryness which is so apt to beset short histories.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"KEEP to your bank and your bank will keep you," was Charles Lamb's counsel to the prim young Quaker poet whose memory is recalled by the appearance of a slim volume devoted to a gossiping account of "Bernard Barton" and his Friends." There is not very much to tell about Bernard Barton beyond the surprising fact that he took Elia's advice and remained to the end of his placid days a banker's clerk in the sleepy town of Woodbridge—a place beloved of Edward Fitzgerald, who,

though a lover of the contemplative life, was assuredly not a Quaker. He was, however, a friend of Bernard Barton, and not merely wrote a memoir of the poet, but had the good taste to marry his daughter. That sketch—it forms the introduction to a selection of Bernard Barton's poems and letters that appeared immediately after his death in 1849—has grown scarce and difficult of access. In its scanty pages, and in Charles Lamb's letters—like a fly in amber—the good man's memory is enshrined. The truth is, Bernard Barton was merely a minor poet of a quality not difficult to match, and in spite of "wise cheerfulness, wholesome sweetness," and much else with which he is credited by his latest biographer, he would long ago have been forgotten—at least, outside the little Suffolk town in which he spent his blameless life—except for the gentle art which he unquestionably possessed of making friends. He was a diffident, engaging, open-minded man, this Woodbridge poet—transparently honest and quite as clearly vain. Even Byron's saturnine mood was not proof against unsought confidences and artless appeals, and so he joined William Roscoe, Robert Southey, Charles Lamb, and doubtless many less distinguished men, in giving Bernard Barton good advice. With John Linnell our poet had much in common beyond an enthusiasm for art, for both men led serene lives, untroubled by ambition and almost unruffled by care. Sometimes Edward Fitzgerald used to persuade Bernard Barton to sail down the River Deben to the sea in that boat of his called *Scandal*—silly so-called after the "staple product of Woodbridge"—a craft which always carried plenty of books for the beguilement of its master's leisure. During his annual visits to London Fitzgerald did not forget to keep the old poet in touch with his movements. Here is a snatch or two:—"Oh, Barton, man! but I am grilled here. Oh, for to sit upon the banks of the dear old Deben, with the worthy collier going forth into the wide world, as the sun sinks! I went all over Westminster Abbey yesterday with a party of country folks to see the tombs. I did this to vindicate my way of life." Again, and in another mood:—"I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself and wish myself away talking to any Suffolk old woman in her cottage, while the trees murmured without." London had its compensations, however, even to so resolute a lover of the country as Fitzgerald:—"We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very droll and very wayward. Much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning with pipes in our mouths, at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking—and so to bed." There are other passages in this book over which we might linger, but we have said enough to indicate its scope and its quality.

Mr. Dale has been forestalled by so many other globe-trotters with literary ambition that he must forgive us for saying at once that there is nothing in the least degree remarkable about the genial book of travel-talk to which he has given the title of "Round the World by Doctors' Orders." We are assured at the outset that the volume was written without any idea of publication, and that its contents did duty as a series of circular letters to fireside friends at home. It is, in fact, a diary filled with the author's hasty impressions of places and people. It opens with an account of the voyage to Ceylon, and life on board the Orient steamship *Ophir* is described in the usual prosaic fashion. Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, China, Japan, California, Alaska, Canada—these are the chief landmarks in Mr. Dale's narrative. He writes briskly and pleasantly, but there is scarcely a touch of imagination in the book from beginning to end, and with most of its facts we are already familiar, for the author seldom wanders from the beaten track in his method of describing what he saw, and we who follow him from chapter to chapter are, alas! on the beaten track also—both of thought and expression. No doubt Mr. Dale's friends appreciated his travel-notes when they received them in the shape of letters from abroad, for they are written with abundant common sense, genial candour, and an average amount of observation. At the same time there is nothing in them to warrant the appeal to the world at large, for books, big and little, good, bad, and indifferent, on the same subject already abound, and the majority of them are a drag in the market. The illustrations in the present instance are many, and in some cases striking.

In spite of all that has been written on "The Principles of Chess," there was still room for a manual as practical and explicit as Mr. Mason's exposition of the "Game of Kings." Chess he rightly regards as a science as well as an art, and he does not exaggerate its increasing value—amid the strain and competition of modern life—as a mental recreation. The aim of the present treatise is to give, in brief compass, a comprehensive view of the principles underlying the art of chess, as illustrated by the foremost players of the day. Since in chess it is the first step that costs, Mr. Mason carefully explains the elements of the game, and afterwards its more intricate problems. The book is one which appeals not merely to the beginner, but to advanced students of the most fascinating of all intellectual pastimes.

A playful fancy, a sense of leisure, and considerable distinction of style, render Mr. Hamilton Mabie's dainty little volumes, "My Study Fire" and "Under the Trees," welcome, at least, to all lovers of the quiet life. The author is a young American,

* BERNARD BARTON AND HIS FRIENDS: A RECORD OF QUIET LIVES. By Edward Verrall Lucas. Portrait. (London: Edward Hicks, Jun.) Demy 8vo.

ROUND THE WORLD BY DOCTORS' ORDERS. By John Dale, J.P. Illustrated. (London: Elliot Stock.) Demy 8vo.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CHESS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By James Mason. Portrait and Illustrations. (London: Horace Cox.) Crown 8vo.

MY STUDY FIRE. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) 12mo.

UNDER THE TREES. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) 12mo.

THE HEBREW TWINS—A VINDICATION OF GOD'S WAYS WITH JACOB AND ESAU. By the late Samuel Cox, D.D. With Prefatory Memoir by his Wife. Portrait. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo.

and these collected essays in praise of the country and the fellowship of books are marked by true healthy insight and pervaded with healthy sentiment. Some of them are rather mannered, and leave the impression of self-consciousness on the part of the writer, but none of them are mawkish, and most of them show considerable freshness and delicacy of treatment.

After the retirement from pulpit work of the Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D., many of his friends expressed a wish that he would publish a group of sermons which he had delivered in the ordinary course of his ministry on the moral problems bound up with the story of Esau and Jacob. During the closing months of his life Dr. Cox busied himself with revising these discourses for the press, and they now appear, with a touching biographical sketch by his wife, in a volume called "The Hebrew Twins." Readers of "The Quest of the Chief Good," "Salvator Mundi," and "An Expositor's Notebook" do not need to be assured that this final work from the same pen is a profoundly suggestive as well as courageous treatment of a theme which has perplexed not a few honest and reverent seekers after truth. If Dr. Cox does not solve all the difficulties of the passages in Genesis with which he deals, he at least throws unexpected light upon them, and his book is a notable and welcome contribution to the higher criticism in its most practical and spiritual aspects. As an expositor Samuel Cox had much in common with James Hinton, F. D. Maurice, Alfred Morris, T. T. Lynch, and Baldwin Brown; and of one or another of these prophets of the New Reformation we have again and again been reminded whilst reading this thought-compelling, soul-satisfying book. The prefatory memoir, though slight, throws into passing relief the characteristics of Dr. Cox alike as a Christian gentleman and scholar.

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS RECEIVED.

- ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY. By W. J. Johnston, M.A. (H. Frowde.)
 PURE GEOMETRY. By J. W. Russell, M.A. (H. Frowde.)
 SCOTT—LORD OF THE ISLES. Edited by Thomas Bayne. (H. Frowde.)
 KINETIC THEORY OF GASES. By H. W. Watson, D.Sc., F.R.S. Second Edition. (H. Frowde.)
 ELEMENTARY GERMAN PROSE COMPOSITION. Selected by E. H. Buchheim. (H. Frowde.)
 HISTORICAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By H. Sweet, M.A. (H. Frowde.)
 PRACTICAL WORK IN HEAT. By W. G. Woollecombe, M.A., B.Sc. (H. Frowde.)
 A GREEK TESTAMENT PRIMER. By the Rev. E. Miller, M.A. (H. Frowde.)
 ARISTOPHANES. With Introduction by W. W. Merry, D.D. (H. Frowde.)
 T. MACCI PLAUTI EPIDICUS. By J. H. Gray, M.A. (Clay & Sons.)
 DIE DEUTSCHEN HELDEN SAGEN. Von Gotthold Klee. (Clay & Sons.)
 T. MACCI PLAUTI STICHUS. Edited by C. A. M. Fennell, Litt.D. (Clay & Sons.)
 THE CHURCH CATECHISM EXPLAINED. By the Rev. A. W. Robinson, M.A. (Clay and Sons.)
 THE SCHOOL CALENDAR—1894. With Preface by F. Storr, B.A. (Whittaker.)
 CALENDAR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART—1894. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
 CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES—1667-1668. Edited by M. A. E. Green. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

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Winter Sleepers. By J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., F.R.S.E., Author of "The Study of Animal Life," and Joint Author of "The Evolution of Sex."

The Manchester Ship Canal. Illustrated. By RICHARD BENYON, F.R.G.S.

No Cowards in Heaven. By REV. W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE, M.A., Author of "The Ethics of Gambling."

The Story of Canada. (Making of the Empire.) By P. A. HURD.

A Beautiful Full-Coloured Plate, entitled, "THE CRY THAT SAVED ROME," is presented with the January number. Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.

TWO SPLENDID SERIAL STORIES.

The Secret of the Fire Mountains. By K. M. EADY, Author of "A Long Chase," "Heir of Sandyscombe," etc.

A Gentleman Adventurer. A Story of Panama, 1693. By BLOUNDIE BURTON, Author of "The Desert Ship," etc.

Short Stories and Articles by HAROLD AVERY, ROBERT LEIGHTON and other well-known writers, and a stirring Poem by HORACE GROSER, Author of "Atlantes" and other Poems, entitled—

"TO ENGLISH BOYS."

London: SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill.

THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

AN excellent little book on the great public schools has been recently published by Mr. Edward Arnold. It is compact, authentic, full of pleasant anecdote and tasteful illustrations, and deserves—as, no doubt, it will attract—a number of eager readers. There seems to be a perennial demand for this class of literature. The public schools are always with us in magazine, leading article, and review. And perhaps it is not altogether surprising, for they are unique and intensely national institutions. There is nothing quite like them anywhere else. You may find cathedrals more beautiful and venerable, Universities more ancient and famous than ours, but where will you find the equal of our public schools?

The American sight-seer and the German professor visit and study them with unaffected enthusiasm, our Parisian neighbours are making gallant attempts to import the mysteries of their games, and Oriental potentates send their sons from Hindostan and Siam. In part, no doubt, this is due to the spacious beauty of their surroundings, to the charm of the Eton playing-fields, the terrace at Harrow, Winchester meads, and Rugby close; partly to their atmosphere of health and freedom, of buoyant and infectious vitality; partly also to the antiquity of their buildings, but even more perhaps to their romantic associations with great and historic names. They resemble noble families with lofty traditions and distinguished ancestors. And one, like Eton, loves to point to Chatham and Canning, to Gray and Shelley; another, like Harrow, to her five Prime Ministers; to Byron and Shaftesbury; a third, like Westminster, to her five Field-Marsbals, to Cowper and Dryden. All these consecrations tend to invest them with a peculiar fascination. They awake a jealous loyalty, and often a lifelong devotion, and even a Parliamentary report on them is devoured with the interest of a popular novel.

If we may judge by their present prosperity, it would seem that they were never so popular as now; for, in spite of commercial depression, all our greater schools are full to overflowing. They have certainly made immense improvements during the last fifty years. Boys are lodged and fed better; more account is taken of individual tastes; there is more sympathy and fellowship between boy and master; excessive punishments are discouraged; games are organised with elaborate care; pension funds enable masters who have done their work to retire; cruelty is dying, and fights are dead. With all this gain there is sure to be some loss, and there are many who deplore that if there are fewer fights there are fewer friendships; that the growth of athleticism has dwarfed the love of scholarship and literary finish; that there is a certain lack of fibre and independence in the modern schoolboy. It is true that the scholarships at our Universities fall less and less to our older schools, and it seems probable that the colleges will not be officered—as they have been in the past—mainly by public-school men. It is true also that the monitorial system, for a variety of reasons, has largely broken down. School magazines, again, are not what they were when Praed wrote in the *Etonian*, Canning in the *Microcosm*, and Southey in the *Trifler*. There is less *esprit*, less intellectuality. The fact is, schools are now conducted mainly in the interest of the average boy, and there is a real danger that they may become material in their aims and mechanical in their organisation.

Of late years, owing to the action of the Press, the scholarship test has assumed undue importance. The public cannot apparently understand that it is unjust and delusive—what is more, that it is positively injurious, for it alloys the love of learning with mercenary motives, and fosters a craving for competition which is in sore need of restraint. In

our entrance scholarships there is urgent need of reform. By a strange irony they go largely to the rich, to those who are best able to afford the preliminary training. Eton Collegers, for instance, are very frequently the sons of affluent parents, and this was apparently contemplated with equanimity by the statutes of 1872.

Is it treason to say that the teaching at our public schools is less efficient than it should be, less efficient than it is at much humbler schools? This is partly due, no doubt, to the counter-attractions of public-school life, but far more, I believe, to the unwieldy size of the forms, which are still much larger than they ought to be. The form-system is a fine nursery for character and discipline, but it may be purchased too dearly; and though it is not easy to prescribe the exact limits of an ideal form, yet it is certain that the existing numbers are in excess of their proper limit. Moreover, the average public-school master, with his many excellent qualities, has received no definite training for the work of his life. Teaching forms only a moiety of his duties, and he is apt to resent the appellation of teacher. He regards theories with suspicion and distrust. Unlike other professional men—the parson, the lawyer, the physician—his bookshelves show little evidence that he studies the literature and science of his profession; and many masters are looking forward to the time when the teaching profession will realise its true greatness and possibilities, unified and organised from top to bottom by a system of training and registration. Then, and not till then, will the world at large regard schoolmasters as seriously as they do themselves.

The religious question is one which is certain to press for solution here, as elsewhere. It is already being asked whether our public boarding-schools are to continue Anglican, as they have hitherto been, or whether they are to open their gates and follow the lead of the Universities (which, after all, are only boarding-schools on a larger scale) by according facilities to the members of other denominations? Such facilities have already been conceded at some schools to the Jewish community. Shall they be extended to the Roman Catholic and Nonconformist, to the Mohammedan and Buddhist? If intrusion is permitted at one point, it is difficult and illogical to resist it at others. Such a change would, of course, modify the present prepossession in favour of clerical headmasters: but the present system has worked well, and wise men will think twice before they break up the religious unity of the school, and sacrifice for a specious toleration the immeasurable advantage of attendance at a common school chapel. There are many minor reforms which are familiar to those who are acquainted with the inner working of our public schools. Parental opinion is, for instance, too little considered. By this I do not mean that every anxious whim should be gratified. But in questions which concern the school as a whole the parents are entitled to some share in the decision. Anything that can keep up the tie between home and school is to the good, for in our upper classes the severance is often deplorable. There seems no good reason, for example, why the whole body of parents should not be consulted in reference to such subjects as the time and change of holidays, the desirability of *exeat*s and holiday tasks, the break-up of the school in case of illness. Then, again, more might be done to teach English composition. Magic-lantern lectures might be organised on a large scale for the teaching of history and geography; the regulation of confectioners' shops is the temperance question of school politics, and deserves greater attention than it receives. The rifle corps might be made a valuable and effective instrument by the inclusion of the whole school. Something more might be done to encourage a colloquial knowledge of French and German.

But, after all, the main question is, Are the public schools doing satisfactorily the work required of them? We are undoubtedly on the eve of important

changes in our higher education. The endowment of technical education and the Oxford conference on secondary education have raised questions which may lead to momentous results, and the great public schools, which form what I may call the tertiary stratum, are not likely to remain unaffected by all this stir and movement. Visions of pragmatism haunt the County Councils begin to haunt the magisterial mind, and behind them looms the minitnant spectre of a Minister of Education. We are promised an era of meddlesome interference, cast-iron uniformity, red tape, and irreligion. I cannot share these apprehensions. The education of the richest, as well as the poorest, is essentially a national concern. But so long as the public schools continue to discharge their duties with efficiency and intelligence, they have little need to fear that their liberty will be fettered or their character destroyed.

E. W. HOWSON.

HISTORY TEACHING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THERE can be no doubt that undergraduates, speaking broadly, come up to the Universities worse equipped with knowledge which might enable them to take a degree in honours in the Modern History School at Oxford or the Historical Tripos at Cambridge, than in honours in Classics, Mathematics, or even in Natural Science. This is due to the fact that the teaching of history in public schools is not nearly so efficient as teaching in other branches of knowledge. This is natural enough, for masters in public schools are selected rather from those who have taken their degrees in classics or mathematics than in history. Such masters as there are who have developed a taste for history and become competent in teaching it, naturally drift to modern sides, where the learning of history pays better for candidates for the army and similar examinations than it does for pupils on classical sides. The teaching of history is, therefore, in the classical departments—that is to say, in the larger portions of the great public schools—carried on by teachers who are classical scholars by preference, and who only take a limited interest in the study of history. But little time is generally devoted to history lessons, and owing to this fact and the want of interest of the teacher, history is regarded by most public-school boys as a dull and tiresome subject. Little care is taken to arouse the learner's interest; the text-books are in too many cases antiquated or badly chosen, and the teacher has not sufficient knowledge of his own to check misstatements in the text-books or to arouse a lively interest in the subject. This neglect to provide for competent and intelligent teaching of history in most great public schools, except upon the modern side, seems to be a great error. Not only does it deprive boys who would otherwise take high honours in history at the Universities from getting a thorough grounding; but it gives a distaste for the study of history to the great mass of public-school boys, who in after-years feel on that account but little desire to understand the history of their own and other nations. The establishment of scholarships and exhibitions in history in most of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge has produced a limited class of competitors, who sacrifice other branches of their school work in order to be crammed or coached by an expert, generally the principal teacher of history to the modern side, specially for these scholarships. There is something radically wrong in this, the usual system pursued in public schools. It is a fact that the boys who have been educated at middle-class schools and higher-grade Board Schools are as a rule better acquainted with history and more interested in its study than public-school boys. There is no reason why this should be the case, and I propose in this article to describe a method of history-teaching which I had the pleasure

of observing recently at one great public school, in the hope that it may be of interest to others.

Before describing my experiences at Haileybury, I wish to defend myself against the charge of making too sweeping assertions. History may be, for all I know, as well taught in other public schools as at Haileybury; the same method may be observed in them; possibly masters whose interests are mainly classical may not be forced to teach history, or, if compelled to teach it, may prove themselves in all cases most competent teachers; and perhaps I am building on insufficient knowledge, for I do not profess to be acquainted with the methods of history-teaching pursued in all English public schools. But the fact remains that the old Haileybury boys whom I come across have a better general knowledge of history than those from any other school, and I have had a pretty considerable acquaintance among young men from most public schools. The great qualifications for a teacher of history, whether to school-boys, or to undergraduates, or to University Extension classes, are a thorough knowledge of the subject taught, in order to avoid being led into error by text-books, a hearty enthusiasm which shall arouse a real interest, and a power of attracting and retaining attention. Granted these qualifications, it matters little whether a class be large or small, and at Haileybury it has been found possible to merge several forms together for history lectures. Experience has shown, with regard to University Extension teaching, that the use of lantern slides is a potent aid for enchaining the attention of an audience. This idea has been borrowed by the Haileybury masters who have charge of the teaching of history there. It may, for all I know, be adopted in other public schools likewise. But it is only at Haileybury that I have seen the lantern at work as a recognised aid in history teaching. By its use history lessons are made specially attractive, and boys, even those at the most troublesome age, look forward to the history lesson as a sort of pastime, instead of as the dreary ordeal which it invariably is when the teaching is carried on solely from a dull text-book by an uninterested teacher. It is all very well to sneer at the use of lantern slides, as is done by some of the "superior" people whose delight is to decry any attempt to make instruction more palatable to the younger generation than it was to themselves. But the fact remains that where the eye is catered for, as well as the ear and the imagination, learning becomes more of a pleasure and less of a task. The practice of lecturing with lantern illustrations demands considerable capacity in the teacher alike as a historian and a disciplinarian. He cannot be constantly referring to a text-book when he has to manipulate a lantern. Mere text-book knowledge serves him little in explaining his slides; he must therefore have a wider, deeper, and fuller knowledge than can be expected of anyone who has not made history a special study. Further, he must have a firm hand over his class. Anyone who knows boys will be perfectly certain that some of the *mauvais sujets* will be only too ready to take advantage of the darkness necessitated by the use of the lantern to riot or to sleep. I had the pleasure of witnessing a Haileybury master lecture to a large class of boys of about fifteen for a whole hour, in which they were more orderly and quiet than they generally are in the full light of day. The rapid succession of the illustrations on the screen seemed to keep their faculties on the alert, in spite of the delightful opportunity for making a disturbance in the dark. But the master who lectured informed me that he kept close to his hand the spring of a blind which he could let up in a second in case of any disorder, though he seldom had occasion to use this means of throwing a sudden light upon the scene. I suggested the possibility that lazy or wearied boys might take advantage of the gloom to snatch an hour's repose, even in the form-room. For reply, I was shown the papers written by the class as a summary of the lecture, and I was perfectly

astonished to see how well the majority had carried away the purport of most that they had heard. I was further told that a regular system had grown up by which boys made notes of the lecture in the dark, writing in a bold hand with large blue pencils. It need hardly be added that the lecturer whom I heard was exactly the right man for the work. I really forget how many thousand slides he has made with his own hands, including tracings of maps, pictures of historic relics, and so on. He was an enthusiast alike for the scientific study of history, the teaching of history, and the use of the lantern in education. Out of the fulness of his knowledge he illustrated dry facts and dates with such abundant anecdote and description that the boy must have been a dull one indeed who did not enjoy his history lesson.

I was only personally present at one lecture, given, as I have said, to a very large class of boys of about fifteen; but the same system is pursued in higher forms at Haileybury. In these higher forms much broader and wider history-teaching is indulged in than I have ever heard of in any other public school. Recently the history of the French Revolution was the subject of a course of lectures to the Sixth Form, and I first heard of the new departure in history-teaching at Haileybury when my own collection of Revolutionary portraits and caricatures was laid under contribution for lantern slides. It is hardly necessary to point out the good effect which such a method of teaching must produce. The fact that history is not merely a record of past events, but a revelation of the manners and customs of past ages, by this system is made manifest. As the pictures of historic sites, of ancient customs, of bygone dress, pass rapidly before the eye vividly explained, and interspersed with useful maps and occasional comparative tables of dates and names, a knowledge of the living reality of the study of history is given to the learners of all ages and grades of intellect. Boys taught after this fashion will never in their after-lives look upon history as dull and wearisome; they will, and they do, recognise its fascination, for all who study it aright, and the taste for the reading of history never will and never does leave them. As I have already said, there may be other schools beside Haileybury which have adopted this rational method of teaching history; if there are, I congratulate the boys being educated there. In the case of Haileybury itself, I cannot but feel that something of the success of the new departure must be due to the traditions bequeathed by that great and wide-minded headmaster, Dr. Bradby, whose recent death is so deeply deplored by all who had the inexpressible advantage of coming under the influence of his magnetic personality.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

PIONEER AGENCIES IN INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION.

THE urgency of the educational problem is patent to all. But the stream has been much obscured owing to the stirring up of a multiplicity of detail, and no clear water can now be expected until the filtering beds of a Royal Commission have been passed. It may safely be said that the two ends of the ladder, the higher-grade public and the elementary schools, *per se* do not call for legislation at the present moment. Co-ordination is the problem of the hour, and to subject all the varied agencies which range between the second-grade public and higher-grade Board School to the strongest light of publicity is doing a public service. In this article it is proposed to deal with a special type of such agencies, and we shall clear the way best by starting *ab ovo*. Some four or five millions of children are to-day being educated in our public elementary schools. Educationally speaking, what becomes of them afterwards? The Headmasters' Association on January 9th recognised the importance of this

question, and discussed some of the difficulties involved. At present some few gain School Board scholarships, a few more, under new schemes like those of Christ's Hospital and St. Paul's School, find their way into secondary schools, and so the way to the University is here and there opened to exceptional ability. But last year for the few scholarships offered by the School Board for London there were no less than 1,705 candidates, and the successful scholars mostly owe their success to special preparation denied to the really needy. And whatever machinery may shortly be brought to bear in the way of classical preparatory schools or scholarships, providing, in addition to tuition fees, maintenance and compensation to parents for loss of wages, the climbing of the ladder will still be very exceptional; and, though the "unclassing" bogey has no terrors for us, it must be admitted that the aim of further effort should be rather to make children efficient and enlightened members of their own class than struggling and unhappy in a higher social grade. Leaving aside, then, the direct highway of education, let us try to grasp some of those elusive and scattered Protean agencies which cater for the higher education of the ex-primary. What helping hand is there for the boy who has finished his education proper at the age of thirteen, and who must make any further advances in knowledge at odd times and as subsidiary to his day's wage-earning? How do we catch recruits, how do we awaken interest?

I. In the higher-grade Board Schools a few picked ex-primaries get a couple of extra years and some further training in a literary or scientific direction. The extension is not a long one, but it is naturally graded, and Mr. Llewellyn Smith's recommendation in his report that one thousand such scholarships a year should be given was worth more serious consideration than it seems to have met with at the hands of the London County Council and Mr. Benn. This higher education may be commercial or of a more disinterested order. For those who like, there is shorthand, mensuration, elementary chemistry, or the use of tools, while others get a higher instruction with no special aim. The balance, however, which is at present strongly on the side of technical instruction, wants redressing.

II. A much more important factor is constituted by the evening continuation schools as recently developed. Mr. Acland's new code, issued in May, grants fresh facilities for instruction both in literary and scientific subjects. The irksome and unnecessary previous examination in the three R's is abolished, and the recreative element receives adequate recognition. Managers are allowed greater freedom in the organisation of their schools, and pupils are offered a wider choice of subjects. As the result of past experience, grants are paid for the instruction of the school as a whole and not for the attainments of individual scholars, and examination by an inspector on a fixed day is replaced by visits of inspection without notice. In the practical working-out of the new code difficulties have naturally occurred. Is it advisable, in view of possible overwork, to employ elementary teachers in these night-schools? Some forty hours of extra instruction scattered over a session need not be a serious drudgery if the subjects are attractive and sufficiently removed in character from the three R's. The difficulty of serving overlapping authorities is more troublesome. Grants may come from the Education Department, the Science and Art Department (for drawing), and the County Councils. How to secure the full advantage of all three must be a perplexing enigma to many village teachers. The subjects taught, as we have seen, may be various, but here, as in the Upper-Grade Board Schools, Mr. Goschen's plea that literary as well as technical study should be endowed is worth attention. Science and technical instruction are having a wonderful innings in the counties, but there are many reasons why history and literature should not be forgotten, not the least

being the need for broadening the training of elementary teachers. Humanistic studies should be the special object of Extension lecturers, the more so as they cannot hope to compete successfully with the teaching and methods and low fees of special technical institutions. It is a good sign when we find the West Riding Committee demanding attention not only to the development of continuation schools, but also to a proposal for granting Universities and other bodies assistance for literary apart from purely technical teaching. The summer meetings, too, at the different Universities are useful in introducing a little academic leaven among the village teachers. Up till now the subjects most supplied have been in the villages sick-nursing, hygiene, and domestic economy, and in the towns chemistry, mensuration, drawing, book-keeping, and manual instruction, especially in wood-work. Let us not forget to supply the wants of those "ex-primaries" whose desire is to attain truer, though slower, culture, with less regard for immediate gains.

III. How far-reaching is the work of the County Council Committees is clear when we hear that counties like Surrey, Somerset, and Northumberland have each an average for a session of about 12,000 persons under instruction. The County Council work undertaken by Extension lecturers, however, is in most cases too advanced for the ex-primary straight from school, although here and there it is found to reach a low-enough level. The County Councils will do well to further develop the more elementary side of their work. Lectures organised for the mere recreation of lecture-lovers are not so important in the scheme of national education as those the object of which is to begin and continue a thorough course of instruction. The Gilchrist Trust has already turned its attention to this want, and we hear that the Oxford delegacy intends working in the same direction. If Cambridge Extension could provide, besides its staff, general and junior lecturers, yet a fourth class of pioneers lecturing from syllabuses of continuation-school standard, the result would be invaluable work. With London and Victoria doing the same, and help coming, as recent publications promise, in the shape of good textbooks, a necessary wheel or two in the machinery will be provided. Again, the Extension lectures are too costly, and cost is an all-important point. Mission lectures are wanted, and the County Councils should bestow some of their grants on some agency between the continuation schools and the ordinary Extension lecture. We should like to see the Councils making themselves responsible for a four-years course immediately following after the elementary school. For the first two years such instruction should be given at the night-school by the local teachers, themselves improved by Extension lectures, summer meetings, and Saturday courses. Several County Councils which have already devoted grants to continuation schools have been unreasonably attacked for so doing. It is urged that these schools are really doing elementary work, and so stand outside the Technical Education Act. But, though some of the work done in them is supplementary to education dropped at the fourth or fifth standard, many more advanced subjects may be and are taught, and these the Councils are justified in helping, thus providing a necessary link in the chain. The Devon Council aided 161 schools with grants and special grants for apparatus, and their money could not have been more wisely spent. But beside the continuation schools there is another institution of which the Councils might avail themselves—the women teachers organised by Miss Bradley early last year. The educational abilities of women render them peculiarly fitted for this kind of work, which requires sympathy, perhaps, more than erudition. At fifteen the ex-primary would be ripe for a further two years and a higher course of study, still superintended by the Council, under peripatetic teachers. At this point should come into operation the numerous scholarships which give

rise to such keen competition. Scholarships in languages for business purposes, scholarships to technical day-schools, like those of the West Riding, which in the second year drew 1,130 candidates for 252 awards, technical exhibitions for special day and evening classes, and county scholarships to colleges like those of Manchester and Leeds, which cover part of the holder's maintenance as well as tuition fees—all these will help the able and industrious over another gulf.

IV. There are many other bodies doing good work in the same field, but, owing to their scattered or partial character, they are difficult to enumerate. The working men's colleges and metropolitan polytechnics play their part, as well as bodies like the National Society, which has instituted an admirable training school at Lambeth. Through the stages we have traced, even a busy working youth or girl might in a few years acquire a large measure of culture. But this great variety of agencies and enormous amount of isolated energy needs much organisation to bring the proper amount of fruit to perfection. Given a local authority, whether County Council or School Board, or council elected for educational purposes, the teachings of different bodies may be made to dovetail, and much waste of energy be prevented. The quantity of teaching to be had is plentiful, but the quality must be raised, the machinery must be simplified, and several gaps filled.

We have followed the course of a pupil from the infant-class, not to the University, but to the cultured and enlightened workshop or trade, convinced that the promise of such students is the promise of a sturdy, self-respecting nation. The poor boy, after his University career, has to face anxiety as a member of the "academic proletariat." The recipients of such help as we here demand will not be apt to think that handicrafts are incompatible with culture. By concentrating our attention on these pioneer agencies, we shall be more justified in boasting that as a nation we English φιλοσοφούμεν ἀνευ μαλακίας.

HIGH SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

ENGLISH High Schools for girls differ in the extent of the education which they give; but the idea of all High Schools is to provide education, except perhaps the most elementary, in all standards below the level of the Universities. In the typical High School there are little girls of ten still in the uncertain stage as to spellings and the elements of arithmetic, and there are big girls of eighteen reading Greek plays and conic sections, either or both. This suggests identity of type with the public schools for boys. But there are great differences—differences all dictated by common sense. Girls with the intellectual destiny of University study form a small and uncertain minority even in High Schools. The large majority require not a training preparatory to a scholarly career, but a good all-round educational start for any career requiring mental and physical efficiency.

It is not, therefore, part of the idea of a girls' High School that infants of ten and eleven should make Latin verses and "learn Euclid" by way of expediting after-progress in "scholarship." A school-girl is not, as a rule, taught mathematics till her mind is mature enough to understand it; nor does she take up classics unless she is likely to continue the study up to the level of the London University matriculation at least. In many schools both beginnings are no doubt at present much too late. Mathematical studies especially are not always taken up early enough to catch the first impetus of dawning rational powers. As for science, it is part of the idea; but the public does not spend enough on its girls to pay for adequate science teaching. In two schools under the same endowment, it appeared that the boys cost £10 each and the girls only £8. "Why this difference?" asked an inquiring friend; and it

turned out that the girls' school could not afford to teach science efficiently.

Such are some of the defects due to the still somewhat chaotic state of the public mind on the education of girls; but the idea itself is plain enough. Provision is made for a certain minority of future University students, and provision is also made for the ordinary girl who goes home from school or out in the world to some kind of work. On this account the middle standards of the High School are dominated by the idea of a sound education in English, modern languages, and arithmetic, with some training in mathematics and science. The upper standards are governed by Latin, mathematics, and more science; but in them there is also a "modern side." But no girl's education is complete without the acquisition of some handicraft—the feminine handicraft of sewing more especially. This is not neglected altogether in the High Schools, but much less is done than our ideal requires. For this defect parents are chiefly responsible. Many of them are not willing to pay fees "to have their girls taught needlework which can be learnt at home." It is not learnt at home, as a matter of fact, and parents, as well as teachers, are beginning to see that the High School, like the Elementary School, must make itself responsible for this most gracious and necessary element in a woman's culture. A woman who cannot use her hands is not a very efficient or quite a womanly woman. More, however, is required than the efficient teaching of needlework in schools. After the school period all the non-University girls at least should spend a year or six months in some direct training for their after-work in life. Technical commercial classes are needed for some, and domestic training colleges for those whose immediate destiny is the home. The provision of such institutions for all classes should be considered an essential part of a complete system of national education.

The Royal Commission on Secondary Education will have to consider whether our present provision of Girls' High Schools is sufficient. There are seventy public endowed schools for girls; but only a small number of these are High Schools, the others being middle schools with low fees and a low cost of education. The expenditure on education in the oldest and most costly of these Public Schools is £17.5 per head; and this is not too much for the value given. A low cost means crowded classes, inadequate provision for science teaching, and, above all, badly paid teachers. Many of the girls' schools have a finance which is impossible without "sweating" the teachers, in order that parents may get a great deal for little or nothing. Governing bodies should take strict account with their consciences in this matter. It is less reasonable to offer a High School education at £6 per head than to contract for coals in London at 10s. per ton.

The Girls' Public Day Schools Company has done the great work of establishing under good management thirty-five girls' schools at an average cost of education of £13.25, and the Church Schools Company has twenty-eight schools at an average cost of £12.25. The former, like the Public Endowed Schools, are unsectarian; the latter work on Church-of-England lines. There are also a number of excellent proprietary schools of more or less importance, the greatest being the well-known Ladies' College of Cheltenham.

With many divergences, there is nevertheless much unity in the ideal of method and curriculum in all these schools. When the Girls' Public Day Schools Company was established, the North London Collegiate School for Girls was taken as the type, and for some years every head-mistress appointed by the company was requested to visit and inspect this older school, which, with its record of fifty-three years, makes with Cheltenham the pair of veteran girls' schools. At an early date, too, the mistresses of all these public schools, headed by Miss Buss, of the North London Collegiate School,

formed themselves into an association, the annual meetings of which have made for unity in the development of the new ideas. Women during these fifty years have co-operated with rare zeal and sympathy to work out the practical ideal of the Girls' High School.

SOPHIE BRYANT.

REVIEWS.

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PLUTARCH'S LIFE OF DEMOSTHENES. By Rev. Hubert A. Holden. Cambridge University Press.

EURIPIDES, BACCHÆ. By A. H. Cruickshank, M.A. The Clarendon Press.

WE have received from Messrs. Bell the first instalment of their new "Corpus Poetarum Latinorum," which is being produced under the able editorship of Prof. J. P. Postgate. There will be two volumes, each in two parts, and the second part, completing the Augustan period, is promised, *navata opera*, early this year. This first part (price 9s. net) contains 285 pages, and comprises Ennius, Lucretius, Catullus, Vergil, Horace, and Tibullus. There are several changes from the "Corpus" of '84, edited by G. S. Walker of Cambridge. The text has been carefully purified, the Fragments of Ennius are incorporated, giving us twenty extra pages; a brief but full *apparatus criticus* appears at the foot of each page, and a liberal margin is allowed, which the present writer, at any rate, does not find in his own earlier edition. As to the text, it goes far to say that for Ennius Lucian Müller, and for Lucretius H. A. J. Munro are responsible. Prof. Postgate himself undertakes Catullus, while Vergil stands as revised by the late Prof. Nettleship, Horace by James Gow, and Tibullus by Edward Hiller. The preface, a sparkling specimen of humorous and pathetic latinity, defers the explanation of the general scope and design of the work till it is completed, and contents itself with giving the necessary account of the antecedents of the text in each case, and explaining the symbols employed in the foot-notes. For Ennius Lucian Müller has given with a few alterations his text of '85, in which the orthography is practically that which obtained in the first century A.D.: one asterisk means that the name of either book or author is wanting; two, that both are wanting. The fragments which are connected in sense are numbered with Roman type, and when similarity of subject or style seems to make it convenient, fragments are grouped and numbered with Greek type. The text of Lucretius is that of H. A. J. Munro of 1886, except that *u* is used both as consonant and vowel, and the use of italics has been made more consistent. The critical notes, however, testify to the conscientious accuracy of the editor. The text of Catullus is that of Postgate, issued at the end of 1889. Of the notes on the text of Vergil, part have a melancholy interest as having come from the lingering death-bed of Professor Nettleship. Jacobus Gow explains his textual signs for Horace in his own words, but for the Tibullus of Hiller, who has also died before the publication of the work, the editor has to speak; it is the Tauchnitz edition of 1885, with the addition of the best recent conjectures. Of these texts we have looked closely only into that of Catullus. In most cases, where the reading differs from that of Ellis, Professor Postgate's suggestions first appeared in the *Journal of Philology* (here recognised as *Diarium Philologicum*), but in many cases these conjectures have been further refined upon (*e.g.*, ii. 9, xxxviii. 2,

lxii. 53 and 59, lxiv. 355, lxvi. 59, lxxxiii. 6, and cii. 1). The readings of Scaliger at xxxvi. 9, and xxxix. 11, have been finally adopted. Perhaps a minute investigation of the work is better postponed till the editor has expounded the principles which have guided him, and by which he claims to be judged. Meanwhile, scholars have every reason to be proud of what has been performed, and sanguine as to what is promised. The result of Prof. Postgate's enthusiastic labour should find a place on the shelves of every classical master.

The aim of Mr. Sugden's translation is to introduce Plautus to the general English public. To us he appears to fall into two errors, the first of supposing that there is any real merit in reproducing Latin forms in English, whether they are the elaborate hendecasyllabics of Catullus as turned by Robinson Ellis, or the comic metres of Plautus as rendered by Mr. Sugden's model, Professor Strong. It is impossible to do justice to the variety and rapidity of the original, and therefore prose is the best medium. The accelerated rhythms which so successfully convey an impression of excitement in Latin often border on the ludicrous in English. The second mistake is that of expurgation; not so much in the suppression of gross words and phrases which are happily on the whole rare in Plautus, but in the "slight modification of the plot in almost all the plays." Surely Mr. Sugden outbowdler Bowdler. The attempt to raise the plots to the level required by our current morality is an unwarrantable pandering to Mrs. Grundy. Sensible readers of Zola or admirers of Mr. Pinero will not thank the translator for this prudery, and if all the girls in the plays of Plautus are professional courtesans, let them remain so for those who want the picture of Plautine times. If Mr. Sugden continues to translate Plautus and Terence, may he alter his general plan. To do the writer justice, he seems to fully appreciate humour, and he has spared us discussions of readings. There is a general introduction covering the usual ground—Plautus, the theatre, and metre—and each of the five plays is preceded by an argument. In the *Stichus* the editor of Pindar gives us a school edition of a typical play of Plautus, characterised by little plot, but plenty of incidental humour. In an introduction there is a sketch of the action, and a tolerably complete account of the prosody of the play. The editor tells us he is indebted to the work of others in this department, but one feels that familiarity with Pindar has made him an adept at Greek metres, and his own suggestions carry weight. The licences adopted by Plautus are recounted, syllables abnormally shortened classified, and cautions given against accepting certain arbitrary rules of Plautine prosody. The text is not overdone with notes, and consequently the play is readable. Mr. Gray's, like Mr. Fennell's, is quite another case to that of Mr. Sugden. The two former are selecting for schools, and do well to choose the least objectionable plays, while the other is rendering Plautus for the general public. The notes to the *Epidicus* are intended for the novice at Plautus, and are consequently on a larger scale, as is also the introduction. For his notes the editor uses Dr. Brix, for whom he has a profound admiration. In the introduction is an interesting section pointing the contrast between Greek and Roman comedy, and tracing the survival of the chorus in the Latin form.

Mr. Keene's book of "Tales from Xenophon" is prepared on the admirable plan pursued in the edition in the same series of Eutropius I. and II., by Messrs. Welch and Duffield—i.e., exercises based on sections of the text using the words there found, no English-Greek vocabulary, and very brief notes. The book, a very judicious one, is based on Holden's edition of the *Cyropaedia*.

Mr. Adam, the editor of the "Apologia," "Crito," and "Euthyphro," now gives us an edition of the "Protagoras," a dialogue recently elucidated by the scholarship of Wayte and Turner. An introduction of twenty-eight pages analyses the dialogue, its

general scope and purpose, and discusses the myth of the Protagoras, and its identification of the pleasant and the good. The commentary is most copious, and that the whole is a model of good printing goes without saying.

The abounding vigour and inexorable industry of Dr. Holden are patent to all who use his elucidations of the classics. Last year we had "Plutarch's Life of Themistocles," published by Messrs. Macmillan in the most copious form, and now the Pitt Press issues another monument of unflagging zeal. Islanded in the middle of the volume stand the thirty-seven modest pages of Greek text, preceded by eighty pages of introduction, and succeeded by one hundred of commentary, fifteen of critical notes to the text, and thirty of valuable indexes to matters, authors, and Greek. We view such a work with mixed feelings. On the one hand it is an admirable reference book. In the literature, grammar, and textual criticism of the subject no stone is left unturned, and the *index graecitatis* which unhappily has been compressed in deference to the publishers—if the commentary had been limited instead, one could have checked a sigh—is most useful for the student of later Greek. But at the same time we feel that such a work is best stowed safely out of sight on the teacher's or lecturer's shelves, lest our students lose self-reliance by the use of any more help than that with which the Glasgow texts are soon to supply them. This Life is certainly a novel addition to Greek text-books, but, though Plutarch's Greek is questionable reading for schools, Dr. Holden's mastery of later Greek makes him a perfectly safe guide. The commentary seems to us to err on the side of voluminous and somewhat indiscriminating compilation. Arnold Schäffer's thesaurus of all that is known of the age of Demosthenes is naturally laid under contribution. The edition, the bulk of which was written three or four years ago, has been brought up to date by a section of *addenda et corrigenda*, among recent factors worthy of notice as bearing on this Life being Mr. Kenyon's edition of *Hypereides*.

Tyrrell's edition of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides developed its æsthetic side, and was interesting and valuable for its contributions to pure scholarship. Mr. Cruickshank is fortunate in being able to fall back on English editors like Sandys and Tyrrell, as well as Dr. Wecklein, whom Professor Tyrrell so soundly castigated for rash emendation. The introduction of the book takes the now received view that the "Bacchæ," calm with the *ἡρεμία* of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, is the palinode of Euripides due to the mellowing influence of age. The storm of early scepticism has subsided. With its subtle psychology and modern problems it is a play which may well be popularised to-day. In dealing with the text, the editor is wise in keeping before sixth-form boys "one or two main principles of textual criticism," and introducing to them the few scholia and glosses preserved. The principle of the proposed Glasgow texts here receives welcome recognition. A feature of this edition is the exceptionally bold and legible Greek type.

ENGLISH.

STUDENTS' MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By T. B. Shaw. Edited by Sir William Smith. London: John Murray.

SMALLER SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. With Notes. Edited by William Smith, D.C.L. and LL.D. London: John Murray.

BELL'S ENGLISH CLASSICS, WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF ADDISON. Ed. by P. Ryland. MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. Ed. by P. Hordern. London: George Bell & Sons.

THE SATIRES OF DRYDEN, WITH MEMOIR, INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES. By J. Churton Collins. London: Macmillan. AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND ANALYSIS, by F. Bond. London: Arnold.

A BOOK of the proportions of Mr. Shaw's, something between Stopford Brooke's Primer and Henry

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Morley's Materials, is a desideratum for students preparing for examinations like the Indian Civil Service. Mr. Shaw was for some twenty years a public teacher of English literature at St. Petersburg, first in the Alexander Lyceum, and afterwards at the University, and the teacher's power of seizing salient points, and bringing out into due prominence important subjects, is here so well exemplified that the book invites a continuous perusal as much as it suggests occasional reference. The work has from time to time been brought up to date, and is very complete with chronological lists; an account of the poet-laureateship; a chapter on Shakespeare, partly from the pen of Edward Dowden; and lives of distinguished writers recently dead, from Charles Dickens to E. A. Freeman, these latter contributed by Professor Rowley, of Bristol. Needless to say, there is an excellent index. In view of the opinion of the Headmasters' Conference in favour of a more systematic teaching of English literature, a good history of the subject is really the kind of book to put into the hands of boys. A feeling for literature springs from perception, not from argument: it is an ultimate æsthetic faculty as much as an ear for music; and if it is present, the specially prepared editions of particular authors over-noted with the intent to teach only help to check it. A good history such as the one before us, with just a sufficiency of detailed notes to stimulate interest, is the best means of inspiring students to read for themselves, and to wean public-school boys from what is purely ephemeral and worthless.

This feeling can hardly be obtained from short "specimens"; but they may at least tempt the learner to go further; and it is fair to say that the specimens in the companion volume to the "Students' Manual," are, to some extent, philological. We have the Saxon Chronicle (it is disappointing not to find the story of Cynewulf), the Brut and the Ormulum, the "Owl and the Nightingale," Barbour and Wiclif, not to speak of the greater names of later periods, down to De Quincey and Lamb. But we should like to see an extract or two from Beowulf and rather more of Piers Plowman.

Youth is, after all, the time to read English literature, and the two volumes of "Bell's English Classics" before us are valuable members of an excellent series, which is less over-noted than some others we could name. The difference between eighteenth-century criticism with its legal spirit, and modern criticism with its scientific and philosophic spirit, could hardly be better expressed than it is in Mr. Ryland's Introduction; and there is an instructive comparison of the styles of Johnson and Macaulay, and a neat phrase as to the former—"His more elaborate sentences are carefully constructed with what musicians would call suspended resolutions." The notes seem to elucidate satisfactorily the historical and biographical allusions.

Mr. Hordern's edition of Macaulay's "Lays" seems, from one of the footnotes, to be mainly intended for Indian students—an inference suggested also by some of the explanations in the notes. But we do not see why good teaching should be exclusively directed to the Baboo mind; and we hope that the book will be extensively used in English schools. It is not easy to devise a method of teaching "English literature" in class. Mr. Hordern's introduction, with its remarks on ballad poetry, affords plenty of suggestions to teachers of the kind of thing they ought to aim at—though it will come better, we think, after private work, or through essay-writing, than in the ordinary routine. There is not much bowdlerising about Mr. Churton Collins' presentation of Dryden; but there is a useful historical introduction and appropriate notes. It is to be hoped that the book will always be used in close connection with the study of the history of the Restoration period.

As it stands, it suffers inevitably from over-compression.

All attempts to consider English Grammar independently from an English point of view are valuable, and such an attempt Mr. Francis Bond, of the Hull and East Riding College, presents to us in this book. Thus in dealing with changes of form to express changes of meaning, we are for a moment surprised to see prefixes and different words classed before inflexions of the Latin order—"tight affixes" as D'Arcy Thompson calls them. Another sample of fresh and vigorous treatment is the way in which Mr. Bond leads up to an inductive definition of Prepositions (pp. 10, 11). It is perhaps to be regretted that the author restricts himself so rigidly to the logical side of grammar: historical and philological, and even philosophical knowledge, when interspersed judiciously, as in Dr. Morris' book, help to relieve the subject and add fresh interest. Appendix C is a handy and well-timed summary on a subject too often neglected—punctuation. Mr. Bond's bold bid for an unconventional treatment of his subject deserves success.

SCIENCE.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION MANUALS:—STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE—T. Arthur Thomson. INTRODUCTION TO MODERN GEOLOGY—R. D. Roberts. THE REALM OF NATURE—H. R. Mill. London: (John Murray.)
INTRODUCTORY SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS:—GEOLOGY—Dr. Edward Aveling. AMPHIOXUS—Dr. B. H. Hatschek. (London: Sonnenschein.)
VERTEBRATE EMBRYOLOGY—A. Milnes Marshall, M.D. (London: Smith, Elder.)
INORGANIC CHEMISTRY FOR BEGINNERS—Sir Henry Roscoe, assisted by Joseph Lunt. (London: Macmillan.)
GEOGRAPHY:—THIS WORLD OF OURS—H. O. Arnold-Forster. (London: Cassell.) HOME GEOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND AND WALES—Phillips Bevan. (London: Sonnenschein.)
THE OUT-DOOR WORLD—W. Furneaux. (London: Longmans.)

PUBLISHERS are fully alive to the demand for scientific manuals. The admirable aims of Murray's Extension Manuals are now well known—education rather than information, and the combination of simplicity with thoroughness. "The Study of Animal Life," is the work of J. A. Thomson of Edinburgh. The plan of the book is to treat, first, the every-day life of animals; next, their internal activities; third, their forms and structures; and finally, the theory of animal life. In this last division, according to the plan of the series, the philosophy of the subject is handled in an interesting chapter on the evolution of evolution theories.—Dr. Hugh Robert Mill writes on a more speculative subject, that of physiography, under the title of "The Realm of Nature," his object being to illustrate scientific principles by application to the world around us, to explain the methods by which we have probed Nature, and to show the inter-relation of the special sciences. The very sensible plan has been adopted of numbering the paragraphs so as to facilitate reference. Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's nineteen maps are triumphs of science and art. "An Introduction to Modern Geology" is a new title to Dr. R. D. Roberts' work, the original title, "The Earth's History," having been appropriated some generation ago. Unlike Dr. Aveling's volume (noticed below), this does not specially aim at edifying candidates for examinations. The history of the subject, too, is more carefully worked out, and there are more maps, some of them having already appeared in "The Realm of Nature." Both geologists, however, recognise the value of the privilege of living in England for the purposes of their science. This book, taken along with such practical work in the field as is now becoming more frequent (e.g., the Edinburgh University Summer Meeting), should make many sound students of the evolution of the earth.

Dr. Aveling's introduction to the study of Geology is adapted for the London B.Sc. and Science and Art Examinations. There is an excellent coloured map of England and Wales, and at the end a glossary of geological terms and an index. The work is also brightened by numerous careful illustrations, and the author's genius for stating results in tabular form gives us thirty tables of the different systems. The syllabus of the Science and Art Department is taken for a basis, and the book will be useful to teachers. The account of the early stages of the development of Amphioxus given by Professor Marshall, in the work noticed below, is taken from the well-known works of Kowalevsky and Dr. Hatschek, of Prague, the

former of whom may be styled the founder of the new school of comparative embryology. The work of the latter has hitherto been inaccessible to scientists who know no German, but Messrs. Sonnenschein have now published a translation by Mr. J. Tuckey, a lecturer in Durham University. Dr. Hatschek, in his short preface, claims to have brought some fresh facts to light by his own personal investigations. In the course of the work differences, possibly specific, between his amphioxus of Faro in Sicily and that of Naples, examined by Kowalevsky, are carefully noted. The numerous illustrative plates (not very clear) and their explanations are reserved till the end of the volume.

The manual of "Vertebrate Embryology" is evidently the last work of Professor Marshall, who unhappily met his death only a few weeks ago by a mountaineering casualty. At Cambridge and at Owens College he was popular, and his writings are as voluminous as they are finished in style. In all of them he paid special personal attention to the diagrams and illustrations, and the present book in this respect will challenge comparison with Quain's "Human Embryology," the coloured diagrams of which are, in our opinion, inferior to the engravings before us. Though embryology has been much in the air of late years, no complete account has been given of the development of the common frog or rabbit. Such an account is here provided, together with a description of a few other selected types, such as the amphioxus and the chick. The final chapter deals with the human embryo, and sums up the present state of knowledge in a manner which will be equally valuable to the student of medicine and the practitioner. Yet the aim is to be useful rather than encyclopædic, and clearness is the result. Among the sources drawn from are the researches of Professor Lankester, Messrs. Willey, Duval, and Assheton, and Professor His. A bibliographical summary is given at the end of each chapter, and an exhaustive index is provided.

Sir H. Roscoe's "Inorganic Chemistry" is more elementary than the so-called elementary lessons. Its purpose is to treat more fully the elementary principles, and to restrict the description of the elements and their compounds to a few well-chosen examples. The selection made by the Science and Art Department has been adopted, and a large amount of detail is given in each case. The printing and illustrations are all that could be desired. This is the kind of text-book which should be multiplied, in view of the extending operations of continuation schools and elementary County Council lectures. At the end of each of the twenty-one lessons will be found a concise recapitulation of points treated, and exercises testing knowledge. The little book is full of matter and full of teaching power.

Mr. Arnold-Forster is a prolific and versatile writer. He has most recently been fascinated by the study of geography, happily to the advantage of the public as well as himself. A paper of Mr. Ravenstein was the source of inspiration; but that gentleman's comprehensive views of what the study of geography ought to be are perhaps not so original as his imitator is inclined to think. The connection of physical with political geography, and of climatic conditions with commercial geography, was fully realised and worked out by Strabo some 1,900 years ago. It is easy to extend the bearings of a science; the difficulty experienced by teachers is to limit them. Geographers, like geologists, are in clover with England as a source of illustration; and Mr. Arnold-Forster is a good patriot in this respect. The book closes with a series of suggestions for teachers, for whom, indeed, the character of the entire work seems best adapted.—The "Home Geography of England and Wales," by Phillips Bevan, is a less ambitious, but certainly not less valuable treatise. A dozen maps, very clearly worded, and a sterling index are provided. It is pleasant reading, owing to the skilful blending of historical, engineering, and other information with the facts of topography.

"The Out-door World," a young collector's handbook, is a handsome and interesting volume for the amateur investigator of the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds in the shape of butterflies, moths, shells, birds' eggs, seaweeds, mosses, ferns, grasses, and wild flowers. If a boy does not collect one at least of these many things, he misses both the thrills of the hunter and the quiet pleasures of observation. There are sixteen coloured plates, the colouring of which is both exquisite and accurate, and a wealth of illustrations beside. Providing, as it does, in a popular but scientific way, guidance to interesting and profitable employment, this volume should be an unfailing remedy for the mischievous spontaneity of most boys. Here is indoor and outdoor occupation for every season of the year—an occupation which our secondary schools would do well to encourage, not merely by way of voluntary societies like that of Marlborough, but as a part of the curriculum. The book is what it claims to be, "a thoroughly practical guide to the young collector," and an excellent volume for presentation.

AN ELEMENTARY ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

THE OBJECT LESSON READERS. Edited by William J. Pope, F.G.S., President of the National Union of Teachers in 1888. Books I. to IV. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

POPE'S SCHOOL READERS. Standards I. and II. Same Publishers.

A DISTINGUISHED anthropologist was once lecturing to a highly cultivated audience on the arts of prehistoric man. He found it

necessary to diverge into a brief elementary account of weaving. "For it is astonishing," he said, "how highly educated people manage to escape knowing the simple facts of common life." The Board School children for whom the admirable little Object-Lesson Readers before us are designed should escape this reproach. The readers deal in a pleasant, clear, concise style with the various processes and products that go to make up civilisation; with the preparation of food, the manufacture of clothes and household goods, roads, railways, steamers, language, the press, and, even in a very elementary way, with education and scientific research. They treat of all sorts of production, from bread-making, steam-ploughing, and fruit-grafting, to glove-making and ship-building, of mining and smelting, of locomotives and ocean steamers, and, in very brief outline, of some part of the moral and intellectual outcome of it all. Any adult may pass a pleasant and highly instructive half-hour over them; and if the fortunate children in whose hands they are placed remember a tenth part of what they read, they will know a great deal more than most highly educated people. Sometimes the readers set up rather a high standard of material comfort—as when we learn that there are usually five meals a day, and that breakfast includes "tea and coffee sweetened with cream." But this is a fault in the right direction, and the remarks on the value and use of machinery, and the economics generally, are sound enough.

The elementary readers by the same editor, now before us, deal with elementary facts of common life, such as boats and coals, and chalk and slates; and of society, such as the post-office and the navy, and houses and money. The style is clear and pleasant, and the form more or less that of a story. In all six books there are capital illustrations, and the type and general appearance leave nothing to be desired.

MATHEMATICS.

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY. By S. L. Loney, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

ELEMENTARY TRIGONOMETRY. By Hall and Knight. London: Macmillan.

ELEMENTS OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS. By C. M. Jessop. London: Deighton, Bell & Co.

SOLID OR DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY. By A. Dobbie. London: Blackie.

MECHANICS AND HYDROSTATICS. By S. L. Loney, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

MERCANTILE ARITHMETIC. By Dr. Wormell. London: Edward Arnold.

MR. LONEY, as a writer of elementary mathematical treatises, maintains a high standard. His "Elementary Dynamics" is marked by its brevity and clearness, and deserves its success. Here we have a text-book of "Plane Trigonometry" of some 500 pages. Many teachers will approve of the list of seventeen principal formulæ given at the start for committal to memory. Good mathematical books may often be differentiated from bad by the printing. The Cambridge Press has every reason to be proud of this achievement.—Messrs. Hall and Knight have been very successful collaborators, and the reason is that they speak that they do know and write what they have taught. They here present Elementary Trigonometry so far as it can well be treated without infinite series and imaginary quantities. The authors lay a solid foundation by insisting on the thorough comprehension of trigonometrical ratios before passing on to other subjects. Logarithms and heights and distances have been treated with special care. Exception is taken to Mr. Loney's plan of prefixing formulæ, but it is recognised that different views on this subject are possible. The full table of contents is a useful feature of the book.—"The Elements of Applied Mathematics" includes Kinetics, Statics, and Hydrostatics. Principles have been explained in detail and with great care. Chap. xiv. on Graphical Statics is a new and valuable feature.—The fourth book on our list is "An Elementary Course of Descriptive Geometry," by Alex. Dobbie. Special features are section ii., giving the definitions of solid geometry in a masterly way, the reduction of the number of problems to a minimum, and the clever and elaborate diagrams which have been designed by the writer himself. Sections v. and vi. give introductions to the subjects of Plane Geometry and Graphic Arithmetic.—"Mechanics and Hydrostatics for Beginners" is the best elementary text-book we remember to have seen. Mechanics is a subject by no means easy to communicate; but Mr. Loney's touch is illuminating. Chaps. xiii. and xiv., on the Laws of Motion, are good samples of uniformly excellent work.—Commercial education will not long be wanting in good machinery. Dr. Wormell's "Mercantile Arithmetic" is intended to supply the requirements of clerks and others employed in trade. Speedy processes, in which the writing of many figures is avoided, and those which are best adapted to later application, are specially provided with examples for practice, and when there is doubt, consideration of teaching purposes decides the order of subjects rather than logical fitness. It is useful as a book of reference, not least by reason of the chapters on the fineness of gold and the principal currencies of the world. No English text-book has hitherto treated with such completeness the philosophy of exchanges and the customs and influences affecting them. A useful book for schools, it shows unmistakable originality, and is full of suggestions to teachers.

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TECHNICAL MANUALS.

MANUAL TRAINING EXERCISES. By Hewitt. London: Longmans.
DOMESTIC ECONOMY. By F. T. Paul. London: Longmans.
THE MAKING OF THE HOME. By Mrs. S. A. Barnett. London: Cassell.
THE TEACHING OF DRAWING. By T. H. Morris. London: Longmans.

MESSRS LONGMANS send us three, and Messrs. Cassell one useful manual for technical education purposes. Mr. Hewitt, of Liverpool, publishes a method for forming brain through the medium of hand and eye, consisting of four series of exercises, each meant to occupy a year, and to carry on in a more advanced form the Kindergarten work learnt in infant schools. The exercises are practically applied drawing, and along with that subject form the best possible groundwork for a subsequent technical course. At Newcastle-on-Tyne was founded last October a new school of domestic economy which should help to give direction to the technical education of women. Liverpool is again to the fore in providing a text-book, in which Mr. Paul, a lecturer of the Edge Hill Training College, gives the result of his experiences as a teacher. The book covers a wide area, starting with a sketch of physiology, and going on to food and clothing. As health is regarded as the first principle of domestic economy, sanitation, under its various headings, has been fully treated. "Home-makers," we believe, is an expressive Americanism for wives, and to these Mrs. Barnett appeals in a delightfully motherly little book. It covers, in a more confidential tone, similar ground to Mr. Paul's book. If used in the way which the writer suggests in her introduction, addressed to the lady teachers in elementary schools, it should go far to make many homes more wholesome and more moral. Drawing has recently been made practically compulsory for boys in schools, for older scholars. Mr. Norris, of Sheffield, brings his experience to bear on the improvement of the method of teaching so important a subject. Freehand, scale, and model drawing, and solid geometry, are here amply illustrated. Elementary teachers will find valuable assistance in the large number of specimen lessons introduced.

ELEMENTARY LANGUAGE-TEACHING,

EXERCISES IN LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION. F. Ritchie. Longmans.
COLOMBA, MERIMÉE. A. R. Ropes, M.A. LOUIS XI., DELAVIGNE. H. W. Eve, M.A. London: The Pitt Press.
GRAMMATICAL READINGS. By A. Sonnenschein. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
ELEMENTARY GERMAN PROSE COMPOSITION. By E. S. Buchheim. The Clarendon Press.
DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S YOUNG BEGINNERS' FIRST LATIN BOOK. SECOND LATIN BOOK. ITALIAN PRINCIPIA, I, II. London: John Murray.

WE have little but praise for Mr. Ritchie's sympathetic little book on Latin Prose. He takes the right point of view in arranging the order of dealing with the various constructions. His order is, of course, not a final one, but any teacher who has set himself to find out what is the best gradation will be grateful for the help here given. The practical is not the logical order, but, as the latter has some value, a compromise between the two is effected. From exercises on pure accident we go on to the simple sentence. A capital English-Latin Syntax is given, which is useful for reference, especially on the simple prepositions like *at, by, for, from, with*. Parts III. and IV. treat the compound sentence, exhibiting each clause first in its simple, and afterwards in its more difficult forms. Mr. Stedman's plan of giving a duplicate exercise where the ground will have to be covered more than once is pursued in Parts II. and III. We have tried the book, and feel confidence in recommending it.

Of the "Colomba" of Merimée we remember to have heard Mr. Walter Pater discourse delightfully some few years back. The tale has been abridged, in order to bring it to the same por-

portions as the other volumes of the series, by omitting certain descriptive passages and conversations. The notes are adapted to the widely used Wellington French Grammar. Delavigne's "Louis XI." is edited by the Head-Master of University College School. Mr. Eve recognises the difficulty under which the teaching of French or German labours, as compared with the ancient classics. Modern novels and plays are not as suitable for boys' reading as the naïve tale of the Odyssey. This, however, is a play with plenty of life and variety, "and the few love-scenes are of an innocent type," and, moreover, the Lyceum stage has helped many an imagination to realise the action. The introduction is lengthy, but the notes are commendably short.

It is now generally recognised that language ought to be learnt by experience rather than by rule. Mr. Sonnenschein's "Grammatical Readings" in German is an attempt to arrange the material for learning German grammar so as to facilitate induction of the rules, and is not loaded with irregularities or grammatical "tips." Only actual experience with a class can really test a book; but we think teachers who do not know this volume can make the experiment with confidence. It can be used with any German grammar, but is specially adapted to Mr. Eve's. Mr. Sonnenschein draws from classical sources—largely from proverbs, and, to some extent, from literature—and does not, like so many writers of elementary books, from the celebrated Ollendorff onwards, insult the intelligence of his readers with the trivial and the fatuous. Remembering the wearisome and (literally) unprincipled grammars of our own childhood, we cannot but envy the modern child, whose grammar is so prepared for him that it is sure to stick in his memory.

The principle is recognised, in Miss Buchheim's volume, that detached sentences are deficient in interest and wearying to the student, and that connected passages are of greater practical value. The notes contain (i) idiomatic translations where such help is necessary, and indirect aid in the form of paraphrases of the original text; (ii) a number of syntactical rules accompanied by examples. There is also a full vocabulary.

The present generation owe the late Dr William Smith a larger debt of gratitude than they would probably care to own for the effective way in which he guided their youthful steps through the preliminary stages of Latin and Greek. The first two of the books before us are respectively in their tenth and fourth editions, and are "adapted for the use of young children"; and if young children are to learn Latin at all, they can certainly learn it very well here. The First Book contains the elements of grammar (reduced to their lowest terms) and some very simple exercises; the Second is a reader containing fables which are resolved into their elementary factors, the simple sentences which compose them, and then gradually rebuilt. The plan seems to us a good one. Of course, it implies the strictly logical view of the sentence rather than the actual psychological process that goes to build it up. Both books contain adequate vocabularies, and are well adapted for home teaching or preparatory school use. A good teacher should, of course, do this kind of work for himself; but many teachers are not good, and those who are may be glad of the suggestions which the method of the Second Book affords. We notice, by the way, that the "new pronunciation," in other words, the real pronunciation of Cicero and Cæsar is given at the outset.

The "Principia," Greek, Latin, and French, are very well known; but we had not previously seen the Italian exercise books on the same lines. Most English learners of Italian, we imagine, now teach themselves, chiefly by reading; but those who want to be accurate will do well to use the grammar and reader before us. They are drawn up by Signor Ricci, who has followed the leading modern authorities, and seem all that a beginner can want. Copious vocabularies are given.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE House of Lords met on Thursday evening, and after a four-and-a-half hours' debate passed without a division the Second Reading of the Local Government Bill, which had been moved by Lord Ripon. The debate furnished but obscure hints as to the intentions of the majority with regard to the measure; still it is possible to gather from the speeches of Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Devonshire that the compromise ratified by the Opposition in the House of Commons will not be entirely thrown overboard. Lord Salisbury's speech was highly characteristic, exhibiting a striking mixture of the qualities of the statesman who jibes at every reform he is going to pass and explains why he is willing to pass them by his belief that modern political parties, his own included, are started down a "toboggan-slide," and there is no use in trying to stop them. The speech was a prolonged jeer at those institutions which he has already likened to village circuses. Some of the powers given to the Parish Councils would not only do mischief locally, but would lead to corruption in the Local Government Board, and perhaps land us one day in an English Panama. Lord Salisbury made no attempt whatsoever to conceal his scorn and dislike for the measure whose leading provisions he summed up as "careless, heedless, headlong legislation, dictated by a small Radical clique and enforced by the Irish janissaries of the Government." However, things have gone too far, he thinks, for downright opposition; and with some amendments—but amendments only—directed to the provisions relating to the Poor Law, to charities, and to the compulsory hiring of land, he is ready to allow the Bill to pass more or less in the "headlong" state in which it has left the House of Commons.

THERE has been much political speech-making during the week. Mr. Balfour has played the chief part among the orators of the Opposition, and has delivered a series of addresses to his constituents in Manchester. The most notable was his speech on Monday, dealing with the question of the national defences. There was much in it with which men of all parties will agree, especially his protest against the importation of party feeling into the discussion of military and naval questions. But it is amusing to see that he blamed Ministers for treating Lord George Hamilton's recent attack upon them as a vote of censure, forgetful of the fact that the manner in

which that attack was supported on the Tory benches made it impossible for the Government to do anything else. In another portion of his speech he made a mistake. This was in his outspoken declaration regarding the hostility of the French official classes towards this country. It may be quite true that this hostility exists, and yet it may be very unwise for a statesman in the responsible position of Mr. Balfour to draw public attention to it.

MR. BRYCE, who made an excellent speech at Aberdeen on Tuesday, drew attention to this blunder on the part of Mr. Balfour; but the greater part of the speech of the Chancellor of the Duchy was taken up with a review of the work already accomplished by the Government, and with a firm re-affirmation of the principles professed by Ministers when they took office. Mr. Acland, addressing his constituents at Rotherham, practically followed the same lines as Mr. Bryce, though he naturally devoted his attention specially to the work of his own department—work which was never more important in its character than it is to-day.

THE most suggestive portion of Sir William Harcourt's admirable and inspiring speech to his constituents on Wednesday was his references to the House of Lords. He did not indulge in the empty declamation—how empty it was the result has proved—with which Mr. Chamberlain in his Jack Cade days used to delight the *sansculottes* of Birmingham, but confined himself to a dispassionate analysis of causes which speak the doom of the Lords without the aid of any rhetoric. Since the Reform Bill there has been an inevitable tendency to conflict between the two Houses. Far-seeing Conservative leaders like Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington devoted themselves to moderating that conflict, and conceived that this should be one of the duties of Conservatism. With the growth of democracy that latent antagonism has increased—the power of the Commons has grown enormously, the position of the Lords has become more anomalous and more purely obstructive—and at such a moment the Lords are led by a man whose very nature it is to seek and promote conflict: not a man who, as a calculated policy, selects the daring course, but one who is provocative and reckless without knowing why, and who the moment after leading a disastrous assault is ready for surrender—the type of man that has always brought causes to their doom. Such is the situation: it needs no very deep political insight to see what is its inevitable conclusion.

IF the Lords were guided again by a Peel or a Wellington, they might obtain a fairly long lease of harmless existence. But Lord Salisbury will not let the Lords be harmless; and he does not mend their case, when he surrenders, by making them ridiculous. The Whig Peers are no longer to be relied on as a "buffer state" between Liberalism and the stronghold of reaction. Sir William did well to remind us of the way in which the spirit of the Constitution has restricted the powers of the Peers. They have no effective power now but a power of veto on legislation. The Sovereign is a far more respectable institution than the Peers, and with the Sovereign this veto has long ago become obsolete. It is high time for the veto of the Peers to end.

A GRAVE incident has happened in Egypt during the week. The Khedive, as everybody knows, has been making his annual progress up the Nile. On reaching the frontier, he thought fit to give public expression to some very disparaging criticisms upon the condition of the Egyptian army. No report of his remarks has yet reached this country, but, apparently, he was specially severe upon the English officers, by whose labours the Egyptian army has been brought to its present state of efficiency. So strongly were his observations resented by General Kitchener, the Sirdar, that the latter at once tendered his resignation to his Highness. The Khedive saw that he had gone too far, and begged the Sirdar to withdraw his resignation. The incident has, however, caused a very unpleasant impression at Cairo, and cannot be allowed to rest where it is. It throws fresh light upon the difficulties of our position in Egypt, and also illustrates afresh the unwillingness of the youthful ruler of that country to work harmoniously with the Power to whom he is indebted for his throne. There have been, for some time past, grave rumours as to the character of the intrigues rife at Cairo, and this incident, undoubtedly, goes far to confirm them.

THE departure of Lord Lansdowne from Calcutta, and the arrival of the new Viceroy, Lord Elgin, mark a change in the Administration of India of a very important kind. Lord Lansdowne, though he has, happily, escaped the glaring blunders into which some of his predecessors, and notably Lord Lytton, fell, cannot be said to have been altogether fortunate in his tenure of office. The successive little wars on the frontier may not have been due directly to any action of his, but they have been a marked feature of his Viceregal reign. The cow-killing riots in some parts of India are a still more serious matter, and seem to betoken one of the growing dangers of our Eastern empire. In these days a Viceroy to be really successful ought to possess not only great strength of will and administrative capacity, but a real sympathy with the native population, its needs and aspirations. In this last quality Lord Lansdowne seems to have been lacking, and his departure from India has been hailed by the native organs of opinion as a welcome relief. His farewell speech on Tuesday night afforded evidence of one of his characteristic defects. He thought fit to protest against the "tendency to transfer the power of the Viceroy to the British Parliament." We agree entirely in his remarks as to the danger arising from the interference of irresponsible persons in Indian affairs. But the Parliament of the United Kingdom can hardly be called an irresponsible body, and it was neither a wise nor a seemly thing for the retiring Viceroy to complain of its interference in matters which lie strictly within its own province of work and responsibility.

THE arrest of Mr. Jabez Balfour in the Argentine is probably the event which has been most generally

discussed during the past week. There is no need to recapitulate the charges which have been brought against Mr. Balfour, or to speak of the intense and widespread misery caused by the collapse of the companies with which he was associated. His flight from justice more than twelve months ago must have prejudiced him greatly in the eyes of the public, but we trust that he will secure a fair trial. It is long since the exploits of any single man attracted so much attention. The part he played in the political, as well as the financial, world tended to make him still more notorious, and his sudden fall, some eighteen months ago, was one of the most dramatic incidents of the kind on record.

ON Thursday afternoon the London School Board definitely upset the compromise of 1871 by a resolution of which the significance lies in the application. The alteration of the words "morality and religion" of the compromise of 1871 to "Christian religion and morality" in the new regulations, has been accompanied by a circular defining the essentials of Christianity, and inviting those teachers who do not hold them as therein defined to apply for relief from the duty of giving Bible lessons. Now, the School Board is not the body to define the Christian Creed, nor should any application of religious tests be committed either to it or to school managers. Moreover, however great the devotion of the majority to a religious creed, it is grossly unfair to expend on teaching it the money of people who do not agree with it. The new compromise, in fact, is in practice far less workable than the old; and religious teaching given by the ordinary teachers in the ordinary way will almost always be colourless and ineffective, however much the Board may define its scope. If the old compromise is really to be upset, the only way out of the present miserable controversy will be the complete separation of religious and secular teaching, and the restriction of School Board machinery to the latter. Otherwise education will be starved, every election will be a sectarian conflict, and there will be another excellent reason for Disestablishment.

THE meeting of the Italian Parliament, which had been fixed by that body for Thursday last, has been adjourned by Royal Decree till Tuesday, February 20th. The adjournment was not wholly unexpected in political circles in Italy, but it is the gravest blow to the authority of Parliament that the present generation has seen, except, perhaps, in Prussia and Denmark. Probably the Treasury is not ready with its plans, which are said to include not only a progressive income-tax and an increase of the import duty on grain, but a division of the Debt into External and Internal, and a reduction of the interest on the latter to three and a half per cent. But more urgent motives are probably to be found in the financial panic; in the certainty that the Government would have had to face numerous interpellations, both on the increased note issue and the Sicilian disturbances; and in the strong probability of a coalition which would have made it difficult or impossible for Signor Crispi to obtain the full powers that he demands. The emphatic denial with which the Marquis di Rudini has met the charge of secret negotiation with Russia, brought through the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the *Times*, and noticed in our columns last week, would only have intensified this probability. The charge is, as we said, a mere political manoeuvre, which has injured only its authors.

IT is true that Sicily is outwardly quiet—though the dissolved Fasci are said to be reconstituting themselves under religious disguises, such as "The Society of Our Lady of Sorrows"—and the disarmament decreed by the new military governor (to

the great danger of the well-to-do classes) is proceeding with some grumbling, indeed, but peaceably enough. The outbreak in Carrara has been all but suppressed; the expected risings in the Romagna and Calabria have not taken place; the disturbances in Tuscany have not yet occasioned a proclamation of the state of siege. But the financial situation is growing steadily worse. Not only has the Banca Generale at Rome suspended payment, but the Banca Popolare at Alessandria, and that at Brescia, have also closed their doors—just at the season, be it noted, when the agriculturists, for whose benefit such banks chiefly exist, begin to draw out the working capital which they have deposited after the vintage to await the approach of spring. Even the State savings banks are feeling the panic. The Government has come to the rescue with a measure analogous to the suspension of the Bank Charter Act—an increase of the note circulation by some seven or eight per cent.—and has also authorised the banks to take an increased amount of deposits at interest. But how are the banks to earn the interest, and how many people will deposit in them in the present state of the public mind? Moreover, the unpopularity of the Royal family is assuredly on the increase. A leading newspaper has stated that the King has saved ten millions sterling from the Civil List and invested it in England. The statement may very likely be false, but its publication is none the less significant.

SUNDAY was a day of elections in France, all of them above the common run in interest. M. de Mun—Catholic Republican and Christian Socialist—was, of course, returned to the Chamber for Morlaix, in place of a Legitimist, deceased. His Ministerialist rival, however, got more votes than usual, probably from disaffected Monarchists, though the Monarchist candidate who had been announced did not put in an appearance. At Havre a Republican was returned to the Chamber—his Reactionary rival, however, obtaining more votes than at the General Election, but apparently only because the constituency was more thoroughly polled. At St. Denis a local election took place, in which the eccentric Socialist councillors, who have done so much to discredit their town and their party, were definitely defeated. At Roubaix Culine, the Socialist, who has been elected five times as a Town Councillor, despite his ineligibility, was at last defeated; and so ends an awkward deadlock.

FRANCE seems likely to have a little war on her hands—thanks, in part, to that partition of Africa which Lord Salisbury effected, with disastrous results to British missionary and commercial interests—in Madagascar. The French protectorate of that island, which was recognised by England under his arrangement in return for the recognition of our protectorate of Zanzibar, has never been accepted by the Hova Government, though England and Germany have loyally done their best to enforce its observance. The French official view is that the island is in a state of anarchy; that the lives and property of Europeans are unsafe; and that whatever energy the Government still retains is devoted to arming to overthrow the protectorate. The French Resident, who, in theory, is the Malagasy Minister of Foreign Affairs, is systematically ignored, and France is compelled to take steps to have the treaty observed—peacefully, if possible, but if not, then by warlike means. This is the tenor of the reply of the French Prime Minister on Monday, and unfortunately it opens a fresh area of dangerous friction between us and France. Madagascar, though not much attended to save by naturalists and readers of missionary reports,

is one of the best-cultivated of mission fields. It has been watered with the blood of martyrs hardly less heroic or devoted than those of the Primitive Church itself. There are thirteen hundred Congregational churches in it, founded by English missionary effort; and it need not be said that the colonising Frenchman is, for patriotic reasons, always pugnaciously Catholic, there is no love lost between those missionaries and the French. A French expedition could not but bring about in England exciting causes of popular feeling against the French action; and it is in friction between peoples, in these days, that the real danger lies. The French occupation of Timbuctoo, also, though it does not concern us immediately, undoubtedly increases the risk of future misunderstandings in the Niger region.

THE drift towards some sort of compromise in Germany—or, at any rate, the drift away from any violent collision between the majority of the Reichstag and the Government—has become more and more marked this week. The Bill imposing a tax on wine has been referred to the same Committee as that dealing with the tobacco tax, and will probably meet the same fate. The debate was notable for another instance of the Separatist feeling that has become so notable in South Germany of late. Not only the leader of the South German People's Party, but the representative of Würtemberg in the Federal Council, protested that the Bill violated a pledge given to Würtemberg on the foundation of the Empire; and the statement is not denied. The protest is significant in view of the recent difficulty between the Governments of Stuttgart and Berlin as to the organisation of the Würtemberg army. But it does not seem likely to have any direct effect. The Bills will be whittled down in Committee, however, to meet the views of South Germany; but how is the new military scheme to be paid for?

IN view of the possibility of an understanding between the Prussian Conservatives and the Ministry, the courtesies which have this week been passing between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck may possibly have more than a personal significance by-and-by. The reconciliation is practically complete; the Prince has done his best to minimise his inspiration of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*; Count Herbert Bismarck has been present at a Palace fête; the Prince is at this moment the guest of the Emperor at Berlin. It is only natural that people should suspect that if Prince Bismarck's health improves he may return to power for a while, the chosen Chancellor of that Prussian *Junkerthum* of whose spirit he was so long a conspicuous embodiment. His policy towards Russia in the past indicates, indeed, that the Russo-German treaty is safe in his hands; but means may be found of reconciling the Prussian landlords to that by an increased coinage of silver or some other economic nostrum; though their demand for a sliding scale of duty on corn, varying with the fluctuations of a silver currency, has been too much even for the reconciliatory dispositions of the Government. At any rate, their help is worth buying. The picturesqueness of such a close to the career of the greatest Continental statesman of the century must not blind us to its dangers for German liberties.

THE Servian crisis has resulted in the formation of a coalition Cabinet, headed by M. Simich, a distinguished but politically colourless diplomat, and containing Liberals, Progressists, and a purely military element. It is assured of the support of the two former parties, who together number about a twelfth of the Skupshtina; but the Radicals, though offered places in it, have held entirely aloof, and their attempt at a reconciliation with the King came too late. The Cabinet, there-

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

fore, has been received by the Skupshtina accordingly with every mark of hostility. Elsewhere will be found a very important article by a Servian ex-Minister dealing with the antecedents of the present crisis, and indicating that the present Cabinet, at any rate, is not likely to last. Servia, in short, seems again on the brink of a civil war, and the attitude of the vast majority of the population is of ill omen for the Obrenovich dynasty.

THE tariff debate drags on in the House of Representatives, and the Bill is threatened with a new danger in the Senate. President Cleveland has made another appointment to the Bench of the Supreme Court which irritates the Democratic politicians in his own State; on a local matter (the Hudson River Bridge Bill) he is also at loggerheads with them; and it is extremely likely that they will help to delay the Tariff Bill in the Senate, where there is, of course, no closure. Even the President's most faithful supporters are found lamenting his want of "magnetism," his injudicious independence, his neglect of the necessities of political life. Certainly this is not the time to neglect these matters—though there is some excuse for it when the matter in hand is the reputation of the purest of American institutions. The income-tax proposals, too, have caused much division among the Democrats, and will delay the Tariff Bill even in the House.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

THE third volume of the "New Irish Library," which has just appeared, is a collection of poems entitled "The New Spirit of the Nation" (Fisher Unwin). The "Spirit of the Nation," as most people know, was a volume of selected poems by the Young Irelanders, which was published in 1843, and made nearly as great a literary stir in this country and America as they did in Ireland. It received the praise of Sir Rupert—Macaulay and Jeffrey applauding it highly. The poems had appeared in the *Nation* newspaper; but the collection was by no means complete. The death of Thomas Davis and political circumstances prevented the editor of the *Nation* issuing a second series. The present little volume is intended to rectify the omission. It contains poems by Lady Wilde, Clarence Mangan, Thomas Darcy McGee, Davis, Gavan Duffy, and others. Some of these poems have already been embodied in other collections, but most of them appear now in a book for the first time. Like Mr. William O'Brien's "Irish Ideas," they give the English reader an insight into the sentimental side of Irish patriotism, and help him to understand how little that passion is dependent on merely material considerations.

THE photography of clouds is a branch of the art which seems to have a useful future before it. At present there is practically an open field. The significance of a minute study of the forms, heights, etc., of clouds has many years ago been pointed out. By the use of ordinary photographic plates one is only able to obtain pictures of the very common kinds of clouds, and even then they are generally flat and undistinguishable owing to the sensitiveness of the silver, with which the plate is coated, to the blue and violet rays. For clouds like the cirrus, or cirro-cumulus, some special method is requisite. The most simple and satisfactory is that in which coloured screens are used. In front of the camera is placed a screen which transmits only the yellow and green rays, the two colours which compose chiefly the light reflected from the clouds, and therefore are not hindered in their path to the sensitive film, while the action of the blue light from the sky is considerably reduced. M. Angot, who has got many fine pictures, recommends the use of

Edwards' isochromatic and the Lumière orthochromatic plates, and for a screen a cell containing an almost saturated solution of bichromate of potash, to which a few drops of hydrochloric or sulphuric acid have been previously added.

SIR GERALD PORTAL was a young but distinguished diplomat, who had had a brilliant career in Egypt, in Abyssinia, and in Zanzibar, and whose recent mission to Uganda had brought him into even greater prominence. He was an admirable traveller of some literary power, and his loss is serious. The Rev. T. J. Rowsell, Canon of Westminster and Chaplain to the Queen, was a well-known London clergyman and an eloquent preacher. He may be remembered for his spirited extempore sermon to a sort of overflow congregation of the unemployed on the occasion of their visit to Westminster Abbey in October, 1887. Mr. John F. Waller, LL.D., had some reputation as an author, and had for many years been editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*. Mr. John Gent was one of the founders of the Ragged School Union, and had taken a considerable part in philanthropic work in London.

THE UNIONIST PLAN OF HOME RULE.

WE publish, on another page, in the article entitled "This Morning's Paper," a statement which, if well founded, as we have reason to believe it to be, certainly deserves the attention both of Liberals and Conservatives. The writer of the article has received information, from a source which he regards as trustworthy, of the completion of a scheme of Home Rule which emanates from the active brain of one of the most prominent members of the Liberal Unionist party. There is nothing surprising in this story in itself. Every man of intelligence who has taken the trouble to study the political situation knows that the ultimate triumph of the principle of Home Rule is certain, and most persons feel that, after the passage of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons, that triumph cannot be long delayed. It is natural, in these circumstances, that the active members of an Opposition which lives from day to day in the hope of securing by some means or any means the overthrow of the present Government, and its own reinstatement in office, should already be speculating as to the possibility of devising a Home Rule plan of their own. Of course, we shall be met by an absolute denial of the fact that their plan is one of Home Rule. All the Tories and Liberal Unionists who have coquetted with the Irish party in the past, and who have formulated more or less fanciful schemes for satisfying Irish aspirations, have stoutly and persistently maintained that they were not Home Rulers. Even Mr. Chamberlain, we believe, still hugs the delusion that he never allowed himself to be classed in that category. Yet if we were to look, not at mere phrases or catchwords, but at the substance of things, we should easily be able to satisfy ourselves that in all essential details the plans proposed by those clever gentlemen who have tried to catch at the same time the Irish and the Unionist votes are nothing less than in the nature of schemes of Home Rule.

Certainly, it would be difficult to find any other name that could properly be applied to the ingenious scheme sketched by our contributor in another column—a scheme that has, he tells us, been drawn up by a leading member of the Unionist party, and that is now being submitted secretly and tentatively to some of those who are known to be in the

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confidence of the Irish people. Briefly stated, the Unionist plan of campaign would seem to consist of Home Rule all round—*plus* the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy and Dublin Castle, and the endowment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. Naturally enough, the authors of this scheme decline to call the bodies they propose to create Parliaments. That would be to give themselves away with a vengeance. They prefer the innocent name of Provincial Councils, though even they must see that National Councils would be nearer the mark. Scotland and Wales are each to be endowed with one of these bodies, whilst England is to have two, presumably for north and south. Ireland, like Scotland and Wales, will have one. In other words, she will get that “assembly on College Green” which has so long been the object of her national aspirations, and which the Tory party has vowed so loudly that she shall never obtain. Ireland, moreover, if our information may be trusted, is to have four subsidiary councils, one for each province, answering in some respects to the County Councils of England. This, in bare outline, is the plan that has reached our correspondent, and that, he is given to understand, has been evolved in the most secret recesses of high Unionist quarters. That it is a scheme cleverly devised for the purpose of enabling the Tory party to bridge over the chasm which now divides it from the ultimate and inevitable solution of the Irish question, we cannot deny. Indeed, the adroitness which distinguishes this conception as a trap for catching votes seems to indicate its authorship clearly enough to most students of their times. To abolish Dublin Castle, which even under a Liberal Government can hardly be described as a popular institution, and which Mr. Chamberlain has condemned so unreservedly, would, it is contended, do much to conciliate the more moderate section of the Home Rule party, whilst to endow a Roman Catholic University would, it is believed, be sufficient to win the support of the priests. The question is whether Lord Salisbury would ever have the courage to propose such a scheme as this. We believe that even those who, behind the scenes, are now trying to work this new Unionist “move,” are doubtful upon this point. But they do not despair on that account. Their hopes are fixed upon younger men than Lord Salisbury—upon Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, to wit.

We offer no apology for giving what its authors will doubtless regard as a premature publicity to this precious scheme. We shall, of course, be assailed with indignant denials of its authenticity; but the time to test the value of those denials will be at the next General Election, supposing the Liberal Home Rule Bill has not become law before that date. For it is with a view to the General Election that this scheme has evidently been prepared. Ardently hoping that a dissolution will not be long delayed, its authors appear to have made ready a plan which they wish to offer to the electors as an alternative to Mr. Gladstone's. All we can say is that such a scheme as that described by our correspondent is undoubtedly “in the air”; that it emanates from Unionist quarters, and that carefully guarded attempts have been made to sound some influential Irishmen as to its acceptableness. There is only one small point upon which we should like to offer a word of counsel to the authors of this new plan of Home Rule. Is it because they have forgotten Ulster altogether, that no special provision is made for the benefit of that “loyal and patriotic population” whose representatives last spring made the Albert Hall resound with their defiance of the Imperial authority and their threats against the laws of the land? Surely, when they were seeking

to make things pleasant all round, they might have given a sop to faithful Belfast and zealous Londonderry!

CAN EUROPE DISARM?

IT must have been startling to many readers of the *Times* last Saturday to learn from its Paris correspondent that the politicians of Europe had taken Mr. Gladstone's answer to a recent question in the House of Commons on the subject of a possible disarmament of the Great Powers much more seriously than we in England did. Here the impression prevails, well-nigh universally, that nothing can be done. We see the water rising higher and ever higher, and we know that in course of time it must overflow the banks and bring about a terrible catastrophe. Yet we sit still, with folded hands and hopeless hearts, and deem it impossible to take any steps to avert the imminent danger. Perhaps it is because we cling to the fond belief that, in any case, it is not we who will be overwhelmed in the approaching deluge. But on the Continent the feeling is a different one. There men know that, if the storm breaks, it must break upon their heads: and so they clutch eagerly at even such a straw of hope as that which is held out to them by Mr. Gladstone's answer to the question of Mr. Byles. We wish we could believe that this yearning after some mode of deliverance from a terrible and well-nigh intolerable position was in itself a hopeful sign. Unfortunately this is hardly the case. It seems rather to be the last despairing attempt to reach the shore on the part of those who find the current bearing them with irresistible force to the edge of the cataract. Mr. Gladstone, it will be remembered, made allusion to a former occasion when an English Foreign Minister made an attempt to induce the Great Powers to agree to a policy of disarmament. He referred to the action taken by the late Lord Clarendon in 1869. At that time the rulers of the Continent to whom the Foreign Secretary appealed listened to him with sympathy, and were not only willing, but even eager, to discuss the idea of disarmament. Why were they thus ready to entertain the proposal? Because they saw only too clearly that only two roads were open to them: one leading to disarmament, and the other to war. Within twelve months their judgment was confirmed by the breaking forth of one of the bloodiest and fiercest wars upon record. *Absit omen!* And yet there is only too much in the present condition of Europe to recall the time that immediately preceded the great Franco-German struggle of 1870. Now, as then, we see the States of Europe suffering from serious internal troubles which indicate the existence of grave mischief below the surface; we see also that whilst the respective Governments are cautious and pacific in their utterances and their policy, popular antipathies between different races are rising ever higher, and are only being accentuated by those instances in which—as in the present relations of France and Russia—a popular fraternisation takes the place of the antipathies that prevail elsewhere. Above all, we see, day by day, and week by week, the burden of colossal armaments steadily growing, growing until it crushes all elasticity out of the national revenues, saps the very strength of the people who have to pay this monstrous war-tax, and opens before all but the very richest of the Powers the imminent prospect of national bankruptcy.

How must this state of things end? Now, as in 1869, it must end in one of two ways. A great war, far more terrible in its character and extensive in its

ravages than that of 1870, will clear the political atmosphere as by a thunderstorm, and give Europe the peace which is the accompaniment of absolute exhaustion; or, if this catastrophe is to be averted, statesmen and rulers must have the courage to lighten the burdens which have been laid on the nations, and to embark upon a steady and thorough-going policy of disarmament. There is the alternative which lies before us, the two paths one of which Europe is bound to take. No escape by any by-way seems possible, and though the great calamity may be longer in coming than now seems likely, that it must come, if we fail to take the only mode of escape that is open to us, is painfully evident to all. We do not pretend to say which path is the more likely to be chosen. Yet it is impossible not to feel that merely to state the alternative presented to us *ought* to settle the question. If men are not wholly under the influence of their worst passions, if monarchs and statesmen are to-day something better and higher in the scale of civilisation than the bravoos and soldiers of fortune who once regarded the world as a place made wholly for their personal profit, then they cannot fail to see which is the course they ought to take. That they do see it is proved by the sympathy with which they have noted the chance reference to disarmament in the House of Commons. But alas! now, as in 1869, it is but too likely that the "practical" difficulties which attend the first steps towards a pacific solution of this terrible problem will block the way, until some trivial incident, like the Hohenzollern candidature, in a moment settles the question for us, by suddenly breaking down the last of the trivial barriers that still separate us from the field of war.

We dare not indulge in optimism in looking at this future of Europe. We dare not even indulge in any confident hope that when the great storm that has been so long a-gathering breaks, this country will be found again enjoying the happy immunity which fell to her lot in 1870. So certainly as the man who year by year spends more than he gets must end in the Bankruptcy Court, just as certainly the nations which over a long period exhaust themselves by an ever-increasing rivalry in armaments must end in war. But if we fear that journalists and ordinary politicians can do little to avert the catastrophe which looms before us, there is one thing at least that they can do. They can bring home to the people of Europe not only the inevitable consummation to which these colossal armaments are leading up, but the ruinous burden which, even in times of peace, they are laying upon the world. Does any one know how completely the Continent has now assumed the appearance of an armed camp? The ordinary stay-at-home newspaper reader has of course only the faintest notion of the true state of the case. Even the tourist who goes abroad every year, though he may be startled by being warned off the mountains of the Riviera, and some other spots where the frontiers of two "friendly" nations touch, does not know the reality. But if last November, say, an Englishman had taken the trouble to cut a figure of eight on the map of Europe, with the Channel at one extremity of that figure, the mouth of the Danube at the other, and Vienna as the point at which the two loops meet—if, in short, he had made a run through all the chief countries of Europe at a time when ordinary tourists are not much about, he would have been amazed at the spectacle presented to him. Here is an extract from a letter of a traveller who recently made such a journey as we have suggested:—"Everywhere in my journeyings, in Prussia, in Saxony, in Bavaria, in Württemberg, in Poland, in Russia, in all parts of Austria, in Servia, in Roumania, and lastly, in France, I was never

permitted to forget for a day, hardly indeed for an hour, that I was treading on a continent given up to the pursuit of military greatness. In every little town, almost in every little village, the drill-sergeant was at work, and apparently the whole youth of the population was learning the art of soldiering. It was a sad sight to see these hundreds of thousands of youths drawn from the plough and the workshop and doomed to a year of absolute unproductiveness, in which they become the lean kine whose business it is to eat up the fat kine." A sad sight indeed!—especially in a time of grave industrial depression like the present. The vast expenditure of the Great Powers upon their armies and navies, amounting in the case of six of them to an aggregate of one hundred and forty-six millions a year, is in itself appalling. But that is a small part of the cost the Continental States have to bear. The countries forming the Triple Alliance on the one side, and France and Russia on the other, maintain standing armies numbering more than two and a half millions of men, and have armies which on the war footing number thirteen millions. This tremendous blood-tax is the really intolerable thing. As the correspondent we have quoted justly remarks, these are the lean kine who eat up the fat kine and reduce the nations to poverty.

It is only by impressing the realities of the situation upon the peoples of Europe that there can be any hope of bringing about that general disarmament in which is to be found the only chance of escaping war. The sentiment in favour of such a measure must gain possession of the public mind before statesmen can attempt to take the step with any prospect of success. The practical difficulties in the way are very real and very formidable. No single nation can begin. On the contrary, even Great Britain, despite her unfeigned love of peace, is at this moment being forced to enter upon a heavy expenditure on her Navy, in order to meet the rivalry of France and Russia. But what cannot be done by one Power can certainly be done by the united efforts of all, and we have only to think of what would follow such a measure—the universal relief from the present maddening state of tension, the sudden lifting of the burden that weighs upon the industrial and commercial life of Europe, and the reduction of the expenditure which is now driving one, at least, of the Great Powers into bankruptcy—in order to feel that to attain such a consummation all things might be attempted and all things dared.

MR. BALFOUR AND HOME RULE.

IF Mr. Balfour at any time during his Chief Secretaryship had been able to boast of such an Ireland as he says is now existing under Mr. Morley he would have announced that the Irish Question was at last fairly settled. Why did he not announce that it was settled this week? Why, on the contrary, the strange anxiety pervading his speeches at Manchester to warn his sanguine hearers that it was *not* settled, that Home Rule was *not* dead, that the whole question was alive, tremendous, minatory, waiting "in the background of our political discussions," ready to "be upon us again" as soon as this spell of "temporary relief" is past, "the one great topic" which we "cannot put out of our thoughts even for a moment," whose "ultimate issues even yet seem doubtful," whose unsettlement is the "standing menace to our political future," the question of questions which was "still the strategic centre" of our politics? Why this

really astonishing effort to silence the cackle of the party geese who have been wearying the ears of sensible men with their little inane chorus of "Home Rule is dead—buried—cremated," and the rest of it? We do not want to read Mr. Balfour's speeches too much by the light of the rumours on which we comment elsewhere to-day. His speeches were full of significance standing alone, and these rumours are chiefly noteworthy as symptoms or heralds of facts which we look on as inevitable from the nature of things. But with these rumours in mind it is really impossible to avoid being struck with the gloss they give to certain of Mr. Balfour's references. He spoke in the manner of one whose mind was full of an idea that would have expression in spite of him. He desired to say as little as possible on the subject, to enjoy the brief respite to which he referred, yet he said all we have quoted above, and more. "I, who, I pledge you my word," he said, "got up to-night to tell you I was not going to touch upon Home Rule, have been compelled by circumstances beyond my own control to go on for at least twenty minutes explaining to you how Home Rule at present stands." So far as he attacked Home Rule he carefully discriminated between the *Bill*—the particular Bill of Mr. Gladstone—and the *policy*. Note the form of words employed in the following passage. What the Opposition had effected by their debates, he said, was to produce the conviction in the country "that Home Rule, if such a thing be possible, was, at all events, not possible on the lines proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and that some wholly new scheme, which neither he nor any man as yet had contrived to adumbrate or sketch out, must be laid before the House of Commons and the people of this country before it had the slightest chance of acceptance."

Let this be, however, as it may. Mr. Balfour's speech indicates to us the stirring of deeper thoughts than could be begotten by any mere flutter of electioneering strategies. To return to our question, Why did he involve himself in this dilemma? Why did he utter with such solemnity and reiteration his warning, "Do not suppose that we have finished with Ireland," while almost in the very same breath he described Ireland as in a state of halcyon peace—the Chief Secretary on "a bed of roses," rejoicing in "a combination of favourable circumstances which, within my memory, or at all events within the last twenty years, has not happened to an Irish Chief Secretary"? Do we not all know perfectly well that if, say, six months after Mitchelstown, Mr. Balfour had been able to speak of Ireland in these terms he would have come to England and proclaimed that the golden age had begun; and the *pax Balfouriana* would have been the cause of pæans and Te Deums from one end of the Unionist party to the other? Why does he now hasten to impress upon the country that a Chief Secretary's peace in Ireland means nothing as a guarantee for the future? It is not because it is Mr. Morley who is Chief Secretary now and not Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour is too serious and large-minded a politician to be influenced by that sort of pettiness; he has been Chief Secretary, too, and knows too much of the realities of the Irish difficulty to be willing to trifle with them. The explanation is, it seems to us, that Mr. Balfour is beginning to recognise not merely the inevitableness of Home Rule, but some of its positive advantages as a policy. The process may be more or less unconscious, but unless it were going on we should not have had these singular speeches at Manchester. Mr. Balfour himself would probably reply that the reason he

deems the future insecure, although Ireland is more tranquil than it has been for twenty years, is because the Liberal party have introduced a Home Rule Bill and threaten to introduce it again. That is true; but that is just the fact which he and every thinking man in his heart perceives makes a fundamental and irrevocable difference in the whole situation.

Does any capable political thinker believe that the Irish people, having seen a Bill conferring self-government upon them passed through the House of Commons under the auspices of an Imperial Government, will ever be satisfied until at least the experiment of autonomy has been tried; or that a question which has gone so far as this can be stopped moving until it has gone further? We make bold to say that Mr. Balfour, who is educated in the science of politics and who is a man of intellect, believes no such thing. Mr. Morley's present peace is simply an object-lesson of what we may hope for in the future under the due conditions. He enjoys tranquillity because he is governing with the consent of the governed. But he does not boast of his state, or say the question is settled, because he knows he only holds that consent upon a promissory note, and that until that note is honoured by the establishment of a Constitution in Ireland satisfactory to the wishes of the majority of the Irish people, the future will be as menacing and doubtful as Mr. Balfour assured his constituents it was this week. Here is one of the arguments which is bringing Mr. Balfour to the position occupied by Lord Rosebery, and which Lord Rosebery predicted would be eventually occupied by both political parties. Lord Rosebery says he is not an enthusiastic Home Ruler. The kinsman of Pitt would naturally be more reluctant to overhaul the terms of Pitt's settlement than even Mr. Balfour could be. But Lord Rosebery has inherited something of his great kinsman's political insight, and he perceives that to-day Pitt's *policy*—which was the consolidation of the Empire, an Empire much smaller and more wieldy in Pitt's day than it is now—cannot be effectuated unless Pitt's *method* is revised. England is now a democracy. Like it or not, there is the stolid fact. And England a democracy will not govern Ireland according to undemocratic methods. You might certainly obtain peace in Ireland for a spell, as Cromwell did, by disfranchising her utterly, and sending over a strong man to rule her as a military colony. But nowadays, to suggest the remedy is as practicable as to suggest sinking the country to the bottom of the sea. The British democracy will not only insist on treating Ireland according to democratic principles from choice, but it will have to do so from necessity. Each Session sees the congestion of the Imperial Parliament growing more intense, and the demands of the people multiplying. A measure of devolution is almost more necessary for England than it is for Ireland itself. We have little respect for the intellect which at this hour of the day still refuses admission to the logic of these facts.

There was another fact which Mr. Balfour probably had before his mind this week at Manchester. He spoke much about Imperial defence, and he could not have thought much upon that momentous subject without realising that the greatest measure of Imperial defence that could possibly be undertaken is the pacification of Ireland. It is a measure which, if it were achieved, would be worth more to us than a fleet of a hundred ships and an army of a million men. The great weak spot of our Empire is still exposed, and should the impending European cataclysm find us with that difficulty still unsettled, with the Irish people still unconciliated and ready to be thrown back into the welter of disaffection and savage disappointment, that

weak spot will be weaker and more perilous than ever. Mr. Balfour's brooding on this fact has probably led him at last to understand the desirableness of giving the one way—absolutely the one way—of securing a loyal Ireland its opportunity as quickly as possible. Mr. Gladstone has always said that he would welcome the co-operation of the Tory party in securing this solution. May not the moment have come for both parties, on the ground of national defence, to set their hands unitedly to this great and beneficent and historic task?

THE KHEDIVE'S INDISCRETIONS.

TO those of us who are anxious to see the English work in Egypt completed without unnecessary delay, petty incidents like that of last week are peculiarly irritating. The duty of England in Egypt is perfectly clear. Both parties are equally pledged to evacuate the country so soon as it is able to get on without English aid. No prominent statesman except Mr. Chamberlain has ever expressed any other opinion or announced any other policy. The promises of the Foreign Office to Europe—and especially to the Khedive's suzerain, the Sultan, and to our old co-partner in the control of Egypt, France—have been repeated time after time in almost identical language. There may be a difference of opinion as to whether the speedy evacuation of Egypt is an object to be desired. There used to be people, at least in Ireland, who thought that no acquisition of land, however heavily encumbered, could be a *damnosa hereditas*; such were the advantages of landed property. There are people who think that no acquisition of territory, though it be malarious as Lagos, barren as the Sahara, and expensive as Bechuanaland, can fail to be a blessing to our "teeming millions." Even the enmity of the great country which alone can threaten our maritime supremacy is not thought too heavy a price to pay for the privilege of ruling the Levantines of Alexandria, the pashas of Cairo, and the fellaheen of the Nile Valley. But a discussion as to the advantage of indefinitely prolonging British occupation of Egypt is like a discussion as to the material gain to be derived from theft. It may be that the wicked will always flourish as the green bay-tree because they are wicked, though the Psalmist does not say so. But, as we are all agreed, at least in theory, not to be wicked, no profit is likely to be derived by any speculation as to how we might fare if we were.

The only point on which we do differ—with a difference not altogether on party lines—is as to how soon we may expect to have performed our work sufficiently to allow us to go. The evacuation of Egypt is a question of the *paulo-post* future. It depends on the fulfilment of a prior condition difficult to define and still more difficult to accomplish. When we speculate as to the exact time and season when the evacuation of Egypt may be expected, we enter into a sphere perilously near prophecy. There is nothing rasher for a prophet than to fix a date. Some years ago, during Sir H. Drummond Wolff's negotiations, Lord Salisbury went very near to fixing a date for the British evacuation. The date has gone by, and the work we are there to do has not been completed. Mr. Morley, shortly before the last General Election, brought upon himself half a gale of criticism by seeming to suggest that the day was near at hand. Probably he will now admit that he was unduly sanguine. No one can, with reasonable certainty, fix a day for our evacuation, just because such trivial

incidents as that on the Upper Nile may keep us there indefinitely.

The Khedive Abbas has in him the makings of a tolerably good man, if not of a good ruler. He is bright, quick, and intelligent—in the phrase of philosophedom, *illuminé*. He has more spirit, as well as more *esprit*, than his father Tewfik, while he has not developed the vices of his grandfather Ismail. His follies are the follies of a Joseph II. rather than the inanities of a Louis XV. or the stupidities of a Louis XVI. He is a Turk with a smattering of Western training, gained in Vienna, which was not the best of schools. Mr. John Morley rebuked Mr. Chamberlain for speaking of him as a fanatic; and an enthusiast for the literal precepts of his religion he certainly is not. He is the sort of young Turk whom one could imagine corresponding with Voltaire. He is no more a bigoted Mohammedan than Frederick the Great was a bigoted Protestant. But we are not so sure that in a wider sense Mr. Chamberlain was wrong. Fanaticism sometimes survives belief, as one learns from the case of Professor Tyndall. And while Abbas may have no particular hostility against a Copt, he is not without a prejudice—be it racial, or religious, or merely the result of boyish insubordination—against the Giaour. Such a boy, surrounded by the flatterers who are even more plentiful in Eastern than in Western Courts, is about the most difficult that English officials (who are not particularly good at handling such sentimental material) could have to work with. And the position of Khedive is perhaps the most difficult which such a boy could be asked to fill. He would like to prance about on his own charger, forgetful that not England only, but the whole of Europe, even including Turkey, must prohibit such prancing.

His latest indiscretion is a significant illustration of his deficiencies. What exactly he said and did is not recorded. But it seems that this boy, who is without military training or knowledge, took upon himself to criticise the arming and discipline of the Egyptian troops under British command in such terms that the Sirdar offered his resignation. If Egypt were a little principality of Central Europe, the audacity of a young monarch who insulted experienced soldiers might not excite much comment, for these are the tricks of kings in the making. But in the position of Egypt, it was incredible folly. The Khedive owes his throne to the arms of England. Had it not been for British aid the Egyptian troops could have made no stand against the mass of fighting fanatics who would have swarmed from the Soudan at the Mahdi's call. The established and civilised State, by one of those revolutions so frequently repeated in the history of Islam, would have gone down before the children of the desert, and not merely would the family of Tewfik have been swept from the throne, but the Suzerain at Constantinople might have had a rival claiming the Caliphate. The expensive, and apparently fruitless, expeditions to Khartoum and Suakim prevented the advance of the Mahdi to the fertile lands of the Lower Nile, just as the Crusades, though they did not save the Holy Sepulchre, prolonged for many centuries the existence of the Eastern Empire, by occupying the Saracens in Syria when they might have poured across the Dardanelles. The Greek emperors were not very grateful to the Crusaders, for they were conscious that their preservation was rather an accident than an object of Western policy, and the Khedive's feelings are probably not dissimilar. But, though we may claim no gratitude, we may ask him to think of favours to come. The danger is not overpast. But for those very troops of Colonel Kitchener the dervishes would be foraying in the delta within

a twelvemonth. And the Khedive should also look to the future. He dislikes the presence of English officers; but he must dislike still more the presence of English troops. It was the policy of the British Government to gradually reduce the army of occupation so soon as the Egyptian troops were able to take their place. By his former attempt at a *coup d'état* Abbas forced us to increase the army of occupation. By attempting to stir up discontent among the native troops against their officers he is preventing a reduction in the numbers of the army of occupation, which we believe was in contemplation. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that French politicians, animated by an enlightened self-interest, are not supporting the Khedive in a policy which must lead to the prolongation of English rule in Egypt.

THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY.

THE postponement by Royal decree of the meeting of the Italian Parliament—to which we refer in more detail elsewhere—is probably the first step towards the suspension of Constitutional Government in that kingdom. The date of its own meeting had been fixed by the Parliament for Thursday last. It is now postponed till February 20th, and the postponement is probably only the first of a series. Thus Signor Crispi will obtain the freedom of action which the present Chamber would probably hesitate to grant. It may be said, of course, that the crisis admits of no delay; that it is a moment for action, not for talk. It remains to be seen, however, what form the action will take. Or it may be said again, and with more truth, that the present Chamber probably deserves its fate. It represents only fifty or sixty per cent. of the electorate; it was elected under the most scandalous official pressure, and only about a sixteenth part of it (the Extreme Left) has any clear common programme or discernible principles at all. It is true that Signor di Rudini's following are now attempting to formulate a policy. But, as far as we can see, it is only inchoate and mainly negative. The Chamber, however, would probably waste time; would not grant Signor Crispi a free hand; would haggle about new taxes; would never consent—such is the predominance of local interest and official connection—to those suppressions of useless district courts and empty universities which constitute his proposed “organic reforms.” And a dissolution just now would be fraught with danger not only to the Monarchy, but to society itself. It is simpler, therefore, to set Parliament aside and substitute the strong man armed with Royal decrees. But there is the gravest doubt whether Signor Crispi is the strong man, or whether the executive alone possesses a reserve of power sufficient to carry the State through the present period of trial.

Though there has been no general revolutionary outbreak, yet the distress is widespread and profound. The detached and sporadic character of the outbreaks in Sicily, in Carrara, in Calabria, in Tuscany, is the best proof of its universality. The financial situation, again, is steadily growing worse. The Banca Generale of Rome has succumbed. The wave of distrust has now spread downwards, even to the depositors in the People's Banks and the State Savings Banks. The curious measure of relief with which the Government has come to the rescue may, as we remark elsewhere, be productive in the present state of the public credit of more harm than good. But the darkest spots in the outlook are to be found in the condition of the peasantry. Sicily, of course, stands by itself, though Calabria, at any rate, is not

much above it in misery. The semi-official press has had much to say as to the importation of French arms and the scattering of French gold, through the agency of French statesmen whose names it prints as causes of the recent outbreak. There are people in this world, even in enlightened England, who believe that no popular movement ever takes place unless it is set going by “agitators.” It is true that the *Fasci dei Lavoratori* were organised by Italian Socialists, and more or less in a Socialistic spirit, though they have generally kept away from the Italian Labour Party, and a number of them have expressed their dissent from the nationalisation of the land and other items in the Socialist programme. It is alleged on good authority (*not* semi-official) that in Carrara, where the wages in the marble industry are extraordinarily high for Italy and the hours exceptionally short, the recent movements were part of a Republican rising, tinged strongly with Socialism. But we need not cast about for occult causes of the risings in Sicily, at any rate; the misery there is so chronic, the conditions of labour so desperate, that the wonder is that a rising has not taken place before. Over at least half the island absenteeism is the rule, and the middleman reigns supreme. He cultivates part of the land himself; sublets the rest to peasants in small lots, often for a fixed and relatively high corn-rent; advances seed-corn and food, at an interest of 25 to 40 per cent., and grinds down his tenants, who eke out their earnings by labour for him, with the worst kind of truck system. It need hardly be said that cultivation is mediæval, and the returns relatively very small. Moreover, like all the races of Southern Europe, the peasants, partly for safety, live in the towns; and the local authorities—their middle-class—take good care that the bulk of taxation shall fall upon the peasantry. Moreover, taxes are not uncommonly collected twice; defaulters are sold up, and the property bought at auction—by a “knock-out”—by the local officials or their friends. When out of earnings averaging less than sixpence a day, nineteen days' earnings in the year go in taxes, vexatious in themselves and more vexatious by their mode of collection, we need not attribute a rising to “foreign gold,” or French or Papal intrigue, or the German disciples of Karl Marx. Yet the semi-official press has discovered all these causes, and intensified the prevalent feeling against France to such an extent that the subscribers to the fund for the Aigues-Mortes victims—which is practically an anti-French demonstration, enabling their relatives to fling back the French indemnity in the face of the French Government—are so numerous that the *Tribuna*, which is attempting to publish full lists, had last Monday twenty thousand names still unprinted.

Of course it is conceivable that the Ministry having assumed dictatorial powers, will use them only to cut down needless institutions, and to introduce into Sicily and Calabria something like an Irish Land Commission. Whether it has the strength to do so remains to be seen. Whether it has the judgment to do so is still more doubtful. The fatuous Francophobia to which we have referred, the foolish bids for support by parading imaginary understandings with England as to the prosecution of ruinous African enterprises and the protection of the coasts during a European war, seem to indicate that the classes to whom the Ministry appeals cannot rise above the political gossip of the *café*. We commented last week on the absurdity of the inspired announcement in Prince Bismarck's organ as to an alleged Anglo-Italian understanding. We are glad to see that the *Secolo* of Milan, one of the ablest of Italian papers, cites our warning of

last week and strengthens it by a reference to leading English politicians. Sympathy with the Italian kingdom has been all but universal in England ever since that kingdom was established; and it is the truest manifestation of sympathy to dispel the dreams of Italian Chauvinists, stimulated though they be in high places on the English press. But the immediate question for Italy is not the contingencies of a great war, but the ordering of her own house. Has Signor Crispi, backed by the king, the strength to carry through necessary reforms in defiance of powerful and hitherto pampered local interests, the Civil Service, and the landowning classes? We doubt it. The "strong man" theory is, to a great extent, fiction—the invention of "picturesque" but unscientific historians. And Signor Crispi, for all his nerve, is not a Bismarck nor a Thomas Cromwell. Nor is the King at the present moment by any means in harmony with the nation. For Italy there is only one way out of her difficulties: the reduction of her armaments and the renunciation of megalomania. And that way will not be taken.

LONDON AND ITS SCHOOL BOARD.

THE meeting of the London Liberal and Radical Union on Tuesday evening is of good omen for the more spirited policy in respect to School Board matters which we urged upon London Progressives last week, and which is so clearly made necessary by the discreditable vote of the majority of the London Board on Thursday. It cannot be too often repeated that the issue is not one of secular *versus* religious education. There is no desire on the Liberal side to reopen the compromise of 1871. That arrangement is perhaps not ideal, but it has worked reasonably well, and it affords fair latitude for religious education which is not sectarian. Moreover, while a vast amount of educational work remains waiting to be done, no responsible person would divert steam and energy to a gratuitous theological quarrel. But when a new and insidious attack is made upon the measure of religious equality which has satisfied both sides for the last twenty-three years, all Liberals are bound to rally to the defence; and the fact that the quarrel is not of their making will strengthen their hands with impartial electors. What we have now to fight is, in brief, the attempt to get behind the Education Act for the benefit of one denomination—the attempt to impose religious tests upon teachers, to starve the public schools that the Church schools may have the advantage, to check all educational advance which is not approved by obscurantists and "economists." Here, surely, is a cause which claims the support of every Liberal and of every enlightened man, by whatever name he may choose to be called, and to whatever religious body he may own allegiance.

The Liberal and Radical Union, however, will at the best have no easy task in forming an organisation to deal with School Board elections. We have to face facts as we find them, and there is no denying that the cumbrous School Board constituencies, with the added complexities of the cumulative vote, afford unique obstacles to a satisfactory popular vote. The three-cornered constituencies of the old Parliamentary system were supposed to exhaust the greatest of electioneering geniuses, but they were simplicity itself compared with the seven- or eight-cornered areas of the London School Board. Moreover, the experience of the cumulative vote teaches two lessons which have constantly to be borne in mind—(1) that a small minority which concentrates its votes is almost certain to carry its men, and (2) that a large

majority which scatters its votes may easily be left with a small minority of seats. There are eleven School Board areas in London, and fifty-five members in all. Good electioneering will require not only strong committees in each, but a vigilant headquarters staff which will watch the circumstances in all, and direct the tactics in every part of the battlefield. At the best, the forces will be evenly divided, and in the end it may perhaps be a question of the odd seat. The whole battle, then, might easily be given away by running too many candidates in one constituency, or too few in another. Where the reactionaries are strong, we must have few candidates, and be sure that every Progressive plumps for them; where they are weak, we must have as many as we can without dangerously dividing the Progressive vote. Let us admit that all this manœuvring is highly unpalatable to Liberals; but while the cumulative vote is there, it is simply absurd to let our opponents have the whole advantage of it. We will abolish it when we can, and make the Parliamentary areas the School Board constituencies. But until that time Progressives will do well to show as much of the wisdom of this world as, say, Roman Catholics—who are probably the best of all the engineers of the cumulative vote in School Board elections throughout the country.

The success of the Catholics, however, is largely the result of their unanimity; and here, too, the Church of England party has hitherto had an immense advantage of its opponents. A Church militant can discipline its forces with much greater ease than a political party. It can stamp upon Independent candidatures, and can ensure that, if in a minority, it shall at least be in a compact minority. The politicians have no corresponding weapons; but, in a moment of great emergency, it may fairly be expected of them that they will sacrifice all personal whims and vagaries in support of a common cause. We have heard it hinted that Mr. Lyulph Stanley—who is a Unionist in politics, though still, happily, the stoutest of Liberals in education—will find a difficulty in working with the London Liberal and Radical Union. That, surely, is idle gossip, for there could be nothing more fatal to success next November than a disagreement between Mr. Stanley and his friends on the one side, and the main body of London Progressives on the other. If they could not unite for the purposes on which they agree, without raising other questions upon which they do not agree, they would hardly deserve to win. If there is any danger, it is, we should have thought, that certain individuals should attempt to run their own fads independently of any organisation. Here, again, we can only appeal to the good sense of the electors, and rely on them to realise that it is not now a question of whether we shall advance on these lines or on those lines, but whether we shall advance at all. Until we can get a Progressive majority on the School Boards, all private projects and experiments must remain in abeyance. The first thing, then, is good and compact organisation; and for this purpose we must have mutual goodwill and a certain degree of self-effacement. But we shall also want something more substantial even than goodwill—we shall want the sinews of war. The Liberal and Radical Union propose, we believe, to raise a fund forthwith. That ought not to be a penny less than £10,000; and so much at least, considering the gravity of the issue, ought to be raised with ease.

For, let us repeat again, the battle which is to be fought next November may be one of the turning-points of the educational movement in England. We are confronted with a deliberate attempt to capture the schools in the interests of the clerical

party; and if the next election instals another "Moderate" majority in power, what has been done these last three years will rank as nothing to what will be attempted hereafter. Nor will the effect be confined to London. There are scores of School Boards up and down the country where a clerical party is waiting to get its cue from the Diggleites in London, and the faintest encouragement will lead them to attack all along the line. These gentlemen, as the last eighteen months have abundantly shown us, have a positive hatred of Board Schools; and if they ruled the land, they would have no education which the Church did not control. At the best their aim is to combine the minimum of education with the maximum of theology, and wherever possible to supersede the schoolmaster by the parson. Behind them are Deans and others whose consciences are hurt by the necessity of having to pay an education rate. Last of all there is a Parliamentary party which has distinguished itself by the vehemence of its opposition to education reform, and whose policy, in case it returns to power, is embodied in the Bishop of Salisbury's Bill. Here, surely, are symptoms of reaction such as we never dreamed of five years ago. If we neglect them while there is yet time, we shall be worse than blind.

THE INDIA COUNCIL AND SILVER.

AN announcement has been made this week by the Indian Government which has created great excitement in India, and caused disturbance in the trade with the silver-using countries all over the world. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Indian Government had for many years been urging upon the home Government the necessity for making a great change in the Indian currency system. At last the pressure from Calcutta became such that the Secretary of State for India appointed a committee, presided over by Lord Herschell, to inquire into the subject and advise him as to the best course to pursue. The committee sat for seven or eight months, and collected much evidence, and it finally advised that the Indian Government should be allowed to adopt the policy it was urging upon the home Government so strongly. Accordingly, on the 26th of June last the Indian mints were closed, so far as private holders of silver were concerned, and it was announced that the value of the rupee was fixed at 1s. 4d. of our money. It was the understanding of the Indian Government that the India Council should observe this value by not selling its drafts under 1s. 4d. per rupee. But the Council soon found that it could not act up to the wishes of the authorities at Calcutta, and after a somewhat warm correspondence between the Indian and the home authorities, it was decided by the Council to fix the minimum value of the rupee at 1s. 3½d. of our money, or, to speak more accurately, it was determined not to accept any tender offered to it where less than 1s. 3½d. per rupee was offered. For about six months now the Council has been attempting to carry out this resolution. The result is disastrous for the finances of India, and therefore serious for the welfare of the empire. The India Council in the current financial year has to pay in gold in London, in round figures, 18½ millions sterling, and the usual course by which it obtains the money is to sell to bankers and others who have to make payments in India bills and telegraphic transfers, which in plain English are nothing more nor less than orders upon the treasuries at Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras to pay to the holders the sums specified therein. But during the past six months bankers

and merchants have refused to buy the Council's drafts. They have been able to make their payments more cheaply for themselves, either by sending Manchester goods, or by sending silver; and on the other hand the payments to be made have grown much smaller than usual, because the closing of the mints has checked the export trade from India.

Up to the end of June—that is, in three months—the Council had sold drafts realising nearly 6½ millions sterling. During the remaining nine months, therefore, it requires to obtain by its sales about 12½ millions sterling. Nearly seven months have now elapsed, and practically it has sold nothing during that time. Consequently it has had to borrow 4½ millions sterling here in London, and it has had to seek authority from Parliament to borrow another ten millions sterling. At the end of last week, therefore, the prospect was that in the current financial year the Council would have to borrow not less than ten millions sterling, and every thoughtful man began to ask himself what would be the condition of India if in the next financial year matters did not improve. Clearly India could not long go on borrowing ten millions sterling a year without bringing herself into a pass at least as bad as that in which Italy finds herself. One party then began to urge the Government to impose a prohibitive duty on the import of silver. The party said, and with great force, that bankers and merchants in this country were able to dispense with the Council's drafts because they were able to sell almost any amount of silver they chose to send to India. But, happily, the Indian Government shrank from so dangerous a step, and just a fortnight ago it was officially announced that, for the present at all events, no duty would be imposed. As soon as that announcement was made, it became evident to everybody that the experiment entered upon last June with so light a heart was doomed, and just a week ago it was accordingly announced that the India Council would no longer insist upon a minimum price of 1s. 3½d. per rupee. This does not mean, of course, that the experiment is given up, nor does it mean that the Council will accept any price that bankers and merchants may choose to offer. What it really means is that the Council will receive and consider all tenders sent in to it, and will accept such as appear to it to be in accordance with the real market price of the time. But the public at home and abroad does not look at these nice distinctions. It sees that the Indian Government attempted to fix the value of the rupee at 1s. 4d., that the Council very soon recognised that that was impossible, and for six months has been trying to keep the value at 1s. 3½d., that it now acknowledges the attempt a failure, and that it consequently gives up the effort to fix any definite value for the rupee. Therefore the public jumps to the conclusion that, the Indian Government and the India Council having been so completely defeated, are at the mercy of the market, and will have either to take what price the market may choose to offer or to go without any money at all and depend solely upon loans. Consequently there has been a sharp fall both in silver and in what is called the exchanges—that is, the value of the rupee reckoned in gold. Silver fell about 1d. per ounce in the first couple of days, and the Indian exchanges fell nearly ¾d. per rupee. At the same time telegrams from various parts of India have poured into Manchester countermanding orders previously given for goods to be sent out, while in the great Indian cities there are loud complaints that trade is utterly disorganised.

In all probability the step now taken will enable the India Council to sell its drafts more freely than

it has done since the end of June. The artificial value at which the rupee has been kept prevented the export of goods from India. Now that the value of the rupee has fallen about 1d., and possibly may go somewhat lower, it will be more easy to export; and if the exports to Europe become large they will, of course, have to be paid for by European purchasers, and consequently it is to be presumed that bankers and merchants will buy the Council's drafts to make the payments. That will depend, however, upon two things; firstly, whether the Council acts with greater judgment than it has done of late, and, secondly, whether silver continues to pour into India. If the imports of silver into India are on an immense scale, there will, of course, be less demand for drafts. And it is to be recollected that silver has fallen in price during the past few days as well as the rupee, and consequently that the attraction for those who are hoarding it in India is increased. In any case it is certain that the Council will not be able to sell enough of drafts to avoid borrowing; indeed, it is announced that next Tuesday there will be an issue of new bills for two-and-a-half millions sterling. Therefore up to the present the addition to the Indian debt is seven-and-a-quarter millions sterling, and it may be even more. When summer comes round there will be the old difficulty in selling the Council's drafts, and the Council may have to borrow again. It is to be hoped that rather than do this the Indian Government will make up its mind to acknowledge openly that it had made a mistake; that just as the American Government acknowledged the Sherman Act was a failure and a blunder, so the Indian Government will admit that the closing of the mints has got it into greater difficulties than ever, and will decide, therefore, without further delay to reopen them.

FINANCE.

AT last there are signs of the improvement in trade which we have led our readers to expect for some time past. For example, the railway traffic returns for the week ended Sunday last show an increase compared with the corresponding week of last year of about 5 per cent. It is to be recollected, of course, that during the great coal strike much traffic was kept back, and the increase now must reasonably be set down to a considerable extent to that fact. Still, there is the evidence beyond dispute that there is a larger volume of goods conveyed by railway now than there was at this time last year—before, that is to say, the banking crash in Australia, and long before the coal strike was apprehended. Even the City is more hopeful than it was, and the trade reports from different parts of the country are more encouraging. In the Stock Exchange there has been a marked rise this week in home railway stocks. Largely, no doubt, this is the result of the unexpectedly good traffic returns, but to a considerable extent, also, it is purely speculative. The scared sellers of home railway stocks are buying back as eagerly as they sold. In the American department there is also somewhat more business than there was; for even in the United States signs are appearing that the worst of the crisis is over, and that business is once more growing active. We do not ourselves look for a marked improvement in the United States until people can form some definite opinion as to what will be the result of the tariff debate. But for all that, the extreme distrust is passing away, and, as confidence revives, business will grow better than it was. In Paris, there has been throughout the week a good deal of selling, not only of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents. to be converted, but also of the 3 per Cents., and that has led to some discouragement. In reality it is an

encouraging sign. It proves that, as we predicted last week, there is going on a shifting of securities upon a large scale. Those who sell will have to re-invest their money in something or other, and that by-and-by will strengthen the market. But for the moment the fall in Rentes outweighs the good influence of the re-investments. Still, there is an increase in business, and there has been a considerable recovery in Italian Rentes. Apparently the French speculators who have been selling so persistently for months past are beginning to fear that they have gone too far, and are buying back.

The Directors of the Bank of England wisely decided this week not to put down their rate of discount; indeed, everything goes to show that the outside market will gradually move up to the Bank level. The rate of discount in the open market is now about 2 per cent. The improvement in trade is, of course, employing more money. The revenue is coming in at a very rapid rate, and the Indian Government is borrowing. On Tuesday tenders were invited for $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling of Indian six months' bills, the tenders to be sent to the Bank of England on Tuesday next. Since the closing of the mints in June, therefore, the Council has been obliged to borrow $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. To make up the full amount that it has to pay in London this year it still needs about 5 millions sterling, and, apparently, it will have to borrow a couple of millions more. At the end of last week it was announced that the Council would in future consider tenders below the minimum which it had previously insisted upon since the closing of the mints. But on Wednesday, when it offered, as usual, 50 lakhs of rupees in drafts, it refused to sell at the prices tendered. It does not seem likely, therefore, that it will be able to sell enough of drafts to realise the 5 millions sterling still required. The change in the policy of the Council, as pointed out elsewhere, led to a considerable fall in silver, but since then the price has recovered to 31d. per ounce. The action of the Council, together with the repeal of the Sherman Act, is disturbing trade all over the silver-using countries, and, unfortunately, Manchester business, which was very good for the last six months, is beginning to fall off in consequence.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

BY A MERE OUTSIDER.

JAN. 20. An Irish newspaper (Tory, of course) has given joy to its readers by announcing that at the National Liberal Club a report prevails that John Morley is anxious to retire from the Irish Secretaryship. One would hardly have thought that the National Liberal Club would have been the recipient of the Chief Secretary's confidence in preference to his own colleagues and personal friends. But there is seemingly no story, however silly and unfounded, which somebody will not be found foolish enough to believe and print. Mr. Morley has rather more tenacity of purpose than some people give him credit for possessing. The best testimony to his official success is the fact that it is only rarely that his administrative work is now talked about. How gladly would Mr. Balfour have found himself "effaced" in the same manner a few years ago! A private letter which reached me the other day from a gentleman who has recently spent some time in the United States, speaks of the great effect Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy has had on American politics, and above all on Irish-American sentiment with regard to England. Here is a passage worth quoting: "Mr. Gladstone has taken the sting out of the breasts of the Irish in the States; their fighting organisations are weakening to disintegration; the Irish will now become American citizens, instead of 'Irish in America'; their vote will be split up on American affairs on the merits of their own internal problems,

to the enormous gain of the States' well-being. The American statesmen have no need now to twist the lion's tail, and recent events, coupled with the unanimous tone in private life on the other side, demonstrate in the most remarkable way the cordiality felt by Americans and Irish in America towards the English now." Perhaps some of the more intelligent adversaries of Home Rule will weigh this statement of facts before they again talk of the Home Ruler as seeking to compass the downfall of England.

Jan. 21. The Governor-General reached Bombay yesterday, and met with a good reception from the populace, in contrast to the rather hostile leaving-taking between the late Viceroy and the native sympathisers. The new régime in India will be watched with deep interest here. The times are extremely critical. Not only in finance and in foreign policy, but in internal affairs, there is more than enough to engage the attention and absorb the energies of the strongest ruler India has ever had. It is curious that at such a moment a "dark" horse should have been chosen to carry the Imperial colours. But then the unknown men have had a habit of doing better in India than the celebrities. The most brilliant and showy Viceroy sent out in our time was Lord Lytton, and there never was a more hopeless failure than he proved. Lord Elgin has lived a life of great retirement at home. His family and the business of his county seem to have occupied his time. But those who know him speak highly of his business capacity, and one cannot believe that he would not merely have been offered but pressed to accept the Viceroyalty if the Government had not felt the fullest confidence in him. He himself was very diffident as to the acceptance of the splendid post, and refused it once before finally yielding to Mr. Gladstone's wishes. Amusing to see the anger of the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* at the discourtesy shown by the native sympathisers in Calcutta towards Lord Lansdowne, the "Queen's representative." Perhaps the Dublin correspondent of the same journal will take note of his colleague's admirable sentiments.

Jan. 22. Sir John Hibbert's speech confirms the impression I stated last week as to the resolve of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to deal with the death-duties this year. The truth is that fate, as well as inclination, will compel Sir William Harcourt to produce a "great" budget in March. He has to deal with a deficit; he has three millions to find for the Navy in addition to the ordinary estimates, and he has to do something to satisfy the aspirations of the democracy. At last, therefore, we shall see the national system of finance beginning to move along democratic lines.

Jan. 23. "Arrest of Jabez Balfour!" All London interested in the event, as it has been in no other incident for many a day. Truly it was time that this gentleman was brought to book, and made to give account of himself. I remember the enormously fat, not to say bloated, M.P. and financier, as he used to figure in the Lobby and occasionally show himself in the National Liberal Club. He was ostentatiously hospitable, ostentatiously genial in manner, ostentatiously Radical in opinion. The world accepted him, as it accepts so many people, at his own valuation. Above all, we Liberals believed that he was really and truly a "good" man in every sense of the word—in morals, religious and political creed, business aptitude, and open-handed generosity. He has still to stand his trial, and one must not, therefore, speculate upon the extent to which the popular idea of the man was erroneous. It is enough to know that long-armed justice has secured him at last, despite the cunning and resourcefulness which distinguished his masterly retreat. Mr. Arthur Balfour—to-day it is Jabez who takes precedence—made a strong speech on the national defences at Manchester last night, and strongly supported the suggestion that a committee or commission of experts

should be appointed to consider the whole question, which was first put forth publicly in the pages of THE SPEAKER. He touched upon that unfortunate Anglo-phobia which at present distinguishes a large section of the people not of France but of Paris. It hardly seems wise for a man in the high position of the leader of the Opposition to dwell upon this unpleasant feature of the situation. Europe just now is like the snow-clad mountain, down whose sides the whisper of a passing traveller may serve to precipitate the avalanche. Shouting in these circumstances is distinctly dangerous, and it was something very like shouting to which the Manchester Conservatives were treated last night. Glad to see the *Daily Chronicle* calling attention to the anomalies of that iniquitous Prisons Act which some few of us of the older generation opposed tooth and nail when Home Secretary Cross was passing it through the Disraeli Parliament. Never was there such a blot upon English institutions and the rights of local self-government as this measure. It works badly, too; whilst it gives Russia a right to taunt us with our prison system and its secret horrors. Mr. Asquith has plenty of work on hand at present; but sooner or later he, or some equally capable Home Secretary, will have to tackle this prisons question. Very serious news from Cairo. For some time past it has been known that things were going badly there, and that a crisis like that of twelve months ago might occur at any moment. The Khedive, who is as headstrong as ever, seems to have made his trip up the Nile the occasion for a demonstration against General Kitchener and the other English officers in his service. Nothing could be more unjustifiable; but the misfortune is that outside of this country everybody will believe him to have been in the right. More and more clearly it is being shown at what cost we remain in Egypt. Of the selfishness and meanness of the French policy in the matter there is no need to speak; but the danger which it causes to us is not the less on that account.

Jan. 24. Some London correspondent writes regarding Lord Rosebery's recent visit to the Queen that the frequent invitations he receives to Windsor and Osborne prove the high personal favour with which he is regarded at Court. That he is a favourite there is known to everybody; but a journey to Osborne at this time of year must be regarded as something more than a proof of his popularity in Court circles. People forget that he is the Foreign Secretary, and that the Queen has always taken the keenest and most intelligent interest in foreign affairs. "You may do what you like so far as home politics are concerned," once said a Cabinet Minister, referring to some alleged interference of the Queen in Parliamentary business, "provided you let her have her way in foreign affairs." The truth is that Her Majesty has had more experience of Continental and international politics than the oldest inhabitant of any *Chancellerie* in Europe. For more than fifty years she has been in a very literal sense "behind the scenes"; has known all the secrets, not merely of the diplomacy of this and other countries, but of the hidden counsels of monarchs and statesmen; has taken an active part in the discussion of every European question of importance, and to this moment keeps up her intimate acquaintance with all that is passing in the capitals of Europe. Lord Rosebery goes to Osborne not as a private friend, but as the Foreign Minister, and his visits may be regarded as evidence of the fact that something of importance is on the carpet in the domain of foreign politics. Heaven knows, there is more than enough at present to engage the attention of the Queen and her Foreign Minister. The Egyptian business may blow over, but look where one will, there are clouds and mists to obscure one's vision. Much talk among the foreign correspondents of the alleged "reconciliation" between the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck. As a matter of fact, the form of reconciliation—sending a special aide-de-camp to

Friedrichsruh to congratulate the ex-Chancellor on his recovery—shows it to be only another of the clever manoeuvres by means of which the Emperor tries to impress the German public with a sense of his own magnanimity, without conceding anything to his enraged ex-Minister. Much speaking last night; Mr. Bryce and Mr. Acland representing the Ministry, and Mr. Balfour the Opposition. An ominous passage in the speech of the latter suggests that the Peers mean, if possible, to kill the Local Government Bill. A startling story reaches me to-day from a source on which I depend. The *Times* of this morning, with its accustomed felicity, tells the world that "Home Rule has been knocked on the head." Now my story shows that, on the contrary, it is more full of life than it ever was. A scheme of Home Rule (of course, under a less alarming title) has, it is said, been drawn up by an eminent Liberal Unionist, whose identity will be easily guessed, and who has already tried his hand at more than one attempt of the same kind. This scheme, so I am told, has been proposed from the head-quarters of Liberal Unionism to one of the most eminent of the Tories, has been received with a certain amount of favour, and is now being submitted tentatively to those who are supposed to represent Irish opinion—in short, to picked members of the two branches of the Nationalist party. If the verdict passed upon it by those gentlemen should not be absolutely and uncompromisingly hostile, it will be duly brought forth at the next General Election as the Unionist proposal for solving the Irish Question—in other words, as the Unionist plan of Home Rule. Briefly stated, the proposals of the ingenious Liberal Unionist are said to be as follows: Abolition of "the Castle" and the Lord-Lieutenancy; formation of five great national councils, viz., two for England, and one each for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; endowment of a Catholic University for Ireland. In Ireland there are to be, further, four provincial councils, dealing with such matters as are in the hands of the English County Councils. A daring and very ingenious scheme, well-baited, especially for English and Roman Catholic consumption. But what will the Ulstermen, the old Tories, and the fanatical Liberal Unionists think of it?

Jan. 25. More speeches this morning. Sir William Harcourt at Derby—a good fighting speech, such as Sir William can give us when he chooses. Mr. Balfour at Manchester again. Home Rule this time. It is dead—no, not dead; he declined to commit himself to that assertion, but sickly and doomed. I wonder if when he spoke he was thinking of the details of the Provincial Councils Bill of which I wrote yesterday. After all, it seems that the Emperor means to be really friendly with Prince Bismarck. The first step in the new reconciliation was, it would appear, the Prince's repudiation of his Hamburg organ. No doubt for the dignity of both parties it is better that the bitter quarrel between Friedrichsruh and the Imperial palace should be brought to an end; but there can be no revival of Bismarckism or the Bismarck dynasty. The young Khedive, who makes the shouting Emperor his model, seems likely to fare badly as the result of his last escapade. Even his own friends are angry at his folly in turning his own army to ridicule.

Jan. 26. There ought to be "sensation" enough for everybody in the papers this morning. Poor Sir Gerald Portal's death is a dramatic ending to a perplexing situation. He was a general favourite, and has died as the direct result of his performance of a very difficult task. The *ultimatum* to the Khedive, and the French occupation of Timbuctoo (room now for another prize poem, if only we had another Tennyson to write it!) might furnish topics for a dozen leader-writers. Then there is a refreshing novelty in the two ecclesiastical appointments announced to-day. Mr. Gladstone is a Spartan in his patronage, and especially in his Church patronage. To be a personal friend, and still more to be a relative of his,

has long been regarded by many of his intimates as a disqualification for preferment so far as it lay in his hands. Everybody will rejoice that he has at last so far relaxed his stern rule as not to allow the fact that Mr. Stubbs is a Liberal and Dr. Wickham his own son-in-law to bar their way to well-earned promotion. It is certain that if Dr. Wickham had been the son-in-law of anybody else he would have won his Deanery, and probably something more, long since. The debate on the Second Reading of the Local Government Bill last night not quite so ominous as men had feared. By far the most vicious speech that of the Duke of Devonshire.

THE IMPRUDENCE OF EXILE.

STENDHAL remarks somewhere that when genius touches the shores of Britain it loses twenty-five per cent. of its value. This gibe at our island concerns us little; but it may have a dash of irony in the philosophic meditations of Mr. Jabez Balfour, supposing that philanthropist has ever heard of so profane a writer as the author of "*Le Rouge et le Noir*." For it is clear that the genius which the founder of the *Liberator* displayed for so many years on his native soil suffered a distinct decline when he went into involuntary exile. We learn that he never lost confidence in his destiny. With a touching devotion to the domesticity of his class, he continued to write regularly to his family from the Argentina, and his letters were distinguished by a strain of "buoyant cheerfulness." He must have known that the Foreign Office was making unremitting efforts to weave the net of extradition for a fugitive who was the object of so much public solicitude in Great Britain. Ordinary prudence, it might be thought, would have suggested the propriety of pursuing the noiseless tenor of his way along some cool sequestered vale of life. But Jabez Balfour was in no mood for this effacement. He lived in a style of what is called "semi-sultanic" luxury, a description which may owe something to the lurid colouring of newspaper enterprise in the Argentina, though it evidently imported anything but a modest seclusion. Mr. Balfour appears to have assumed another name, but he did not wear his *alias* with the easy adaptability of most experts in the art of disappearance. In this respect, no doubt, his physique interposed a substantial obstacle, as in the memorable case of Count Fosco. But in choosing his *alias* Mr. Balfour allowed his "buoyant cheerfulness" to get the better of his discretion. He displayed too magnificent a contempt for the arts which he was compelled by misfortune to patronise. It is said that he was traced to Argentina by certain bank-notes endorsed with a false signature, in which, however, he had preserved the initial letters of his name. He was willing to part with much for the sake of safety, but a stubborn pride refused to surrender "J. B." He might become John Brown or Jeroboam Baker, but the "J's" and the "B's" of the "sweet Roman hand" he would not abandon, despite all the law in Christendom and all the minions of Scotland Yard. So it happened that the inquisitive officials of the Bank of England, getting certain hundred-pound notes from Argentine bankers, scrutinised the endorsement and said, "These be his very J's, and thus makes he his great B's"; a discovery which, if he ever heard of it, probably did not abate Jabez Balfour's "buoyant cheerfulness" one jot.

It must be allowed, of course, that this apparent carelessness may be the gaiety of an excellent conscience. Jabez Balfour is coming home to stand his trial, and it may be that the mists of prejudice which have grown thick about his name will melt away before the florid glory of his countenance. His flight proves nothing; it may even have been due to a disinterested desire to save others from the

unmerited calumny which always rises like a miasma from a commercial ruin. To the experienced advocate there is much in the Argentine career of Jabez Balfour to sustain this view. This, after all, may be the real secret of the "buoyant cheerfulness." Why should not a mind conscious of rectitude apply its unimpaired vigour to the architecture of a new fortune? In the prime of life Mr. Balfour found himself suddenly thrown upon the native resources of his intellect in a strange land. Why should not he erect in a South American Republic as colossal a monument of his financial ambition as had toppled off its pedestal in England? Napoleon in his last exile had no scope for aught save memoirs and recriminations. But the Argentine is larger than St. Helena. Jabez Balfour set to work with undaunted energy to recruit his fortunes. No more building societies, land investment trusts, and accommodating banks! They were well enough in the old country; but in the Argentine there is a local shrewdness which has already been remarked by London operators. Mr. Balfour turned his attention to beer, and that in itself bears witness to honest intent. Beer, as we know, is a potent ally of property, and even of Established Churches. It runs free on polling-day for the good cause. Who knows but that Jabez Balfour, had he been left in peace, would have erected a new citadel of righteousness, and surrounded it with a moat of the best malt liquor? He had actually laid the foundation of this great scheme by purchasing a brewery when the Nemesis of the Liberator overtook him. A project which might have united virtue with cakes and ale, especially ale, in the Argentine, just as those congenial institutions are wedded in our own favoured isle, was nipped in the bud at the suit of those troublesome bygones which refuse to be bygones. It is possible, no doubt, that, after triumphantly vindicating his character in the English courts, Mr. Balfour may return to South America and resume his great and ennobling task. On the other hand, the uncertainties of criminal jurisprudence may consign him to the sphere in which his old friends, Hobbs and Wright, are engaged in useful but monotonous occupations. At all events, there is a danger that the sudden withdrawal of Mr. Balfour from the Argentine may throw his latest enterprise into incompetent hands, and give the statesmen of the Republic cause to lament their complaisance towards the British Foreign Office.

This explanation of Mr. Balfour's conduct will, we trust, be set to his potential credit by a discriminating public, not excluding impoverished shareholders. But from the purely material standpoint of the observer who treats life as a melodrama, in which somebody ought always to show a clean pair of heels to the law, Mr. Balfour has blundered badly. Why did he maintain a "semi-sultanic" state? It is the practice of distinguished legislators, as we have lately been reminded, to be sybarites; they can afford to mellow in the political bin like aging wine; and conscience, in their case, is troubled only by the casuistry which tries to palm inferior vintages on a confiding people. But when a legislator finds it necessary to bolt to South America to evade a warrant, it would be more consistent with the principles of wholesome sport if he were to hide himself effectually. The Englishman is, above all things, a sporting animal, and his heart might have warmed towards Jabez Balfour if the quarry had completely baffled the hunt after an exciting chase. There are surely many places in South America where a man who desires to avoid observation may dwell in security and frugal comfort. A village in the Andes with a steep gradient, and constant exercise at the tail of a bullock-waggon, might have afforded Mr. Balfour both a retreat and a sanatorium. In this retirement he might have baffled pursuit, while judicious mountaineering reduced the bulk of his identity, and also the cost of the inevitable portraiture in wax which is one of the penalties of fame. But Mr. Balfour chose to be a sybarite, when he

might have been a flower, with petals opening softly—how runs the song of our youth?—to each refreshing shower. As a mountain daisy he would have been safe; but a taste for misplaced splendour courted disaster.

THE DRAMA.

"A GAUNTLET"—"THE CHARLATAN."

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON—I hope I have got the name right—is known in England by two novels, "In God's Way" and "The Heritage of the Kurts," and by occasional newspaper reports of his performances as a patriot. It seems that he is also a dramatist, and, so learned pundits assure us, a great one. The statement must be taken on trust, for *A Gauntlet*, the specimen of Björnsson's dramatic work which has been submitted to us at the Royalty, is anything but a great play. In fact, it is not a play at all: there is no attempt to show "passion and duty coming splendidly to the grapple"; it is merely a thesis alluded to—I cannot say discussed—in a series of duologues. I see that an attempt has been made to save Björnsson's bacon by the statement that the adapters, Mr. Osman Edwards and Mr. George P. Hawtrey, have not done justice to the original. Of this original, it seems, there are two variants, and the questions have been raised: which have the adapters followed, and how far? For my part, I feel, with Mr. Toots, that it's of no consequence. It is not merely in this or that detail that the play is weak, but in its very foundation and essence. A thesis-play, whatever else it does, should give the real, vital arguments for and against its thesis. That is just what *A Gauntlet* fails to do. Its thesis is, generally, that the law of prenuptial chastity applies with equal force to man and woman, and, particularly, that a girl ought not to marry a man who has broken this law. Here, no doubt, is an arguable question. Whether or no the stage is a fit place for its argument is another matter. But it is certain that any adequate discussion of it involves physiological and sociological considerations which, familiar as they are to adults of experience, could not with dramatic propriety, let alone conventional decency, be put forward by a young, unmarried, and quite unsophisticated girl. And that is why, in entrusting his thesis to Svava, Björnsson has, from the outset, made it impossible that the question which he raises should be adequately discussed. Understand, I do not deny (neither do I assert) that Svava is right in her conclusion in favour of equal chastity for both sexes. I only say that she arrives, and, being what she is, is bound to arrive, at her conclusions from insufficient data. Practically, what she presents to us—all that she can possibly present to us—is not the logical vindication of a position, but merely a shocked nervous system. When her lover is first revealed to her as what Mr. Grundy's Polak would call "l'homme sensuel moyen," she is shocked; and throughout the play she is simply the innocent young girl whose innate purity and delicacy have been shocked. It is true that she attempts to argue the case in her own way; but it is a bad way. She can think of nothing but the familiar fallacy: "Put yourself in my place." "Suppose," she says in effect to her lover, "it was you who had discovered that I was not pure: would you marry me?" Her lover replies, naturally, that the cases are not on all-fours; but, Svava being what she is, he cannot explain why they are not on all-fours. He can only shake his head and shrug his shoulders. And even the answer which he might, in all propriety, make to a young girl, he does not make. Surely he might say: "It would all depend on the circumstances of your fault, and on the intensity of my love for you." But he is not permitted to say this—apparently because Björnsson—a curious position for a moralist to take up—does not agree with the thesis of Dumas' *Denise* that a man may, under certain

circumstances, do well in marrying a woman who is not pure. But if the boy and girl lovers leave the main arguments out of account, it might have been expected that the adults of the play, the fathers and mothers, would have something to say about them. Not a bit of it! The fathers simply remark that the girl is mad, and a worldly mother exploits the stale old wild oats theory, while an unworldly mother impotently sighs and wrings her hands, and "gins to think th' estate o' the world is now undone." Observe that all this is not only bad reasoning but bad drama. There is no action. Svava begins and ends by being shocked, her mother by wringing her hands, the others by talking "about it, and about." In short, *A Gauntlet* is a crude, naïve, ineffectual piece of work. I can think of only one dramatist who could have treated its theme at all forcibly—Dumas fils, of course. It is a subject after his own heart. He has hinted at it—and his hint is more effective than Björnson's whole play—in the character of Thouvenin. Dumas, be sure, would not have stopped his own mouth by confiding the thesis to his heroine; he would have worked it out through a third party—a *raisonneur*, who knew all the elements of the problem, and was free to speak his mind about them. Nor would Dumas have uselessly confused the question at issue by making Svava's papa, as Björnson does, a *père prodigue*. Apparently we are to regard this Norwegian Brigard as typifying the outcome, in husbands, of the common theory (or, at any rate, not uncommon practice) of *unequal* chastity. ("Oh, naïveté! oh, candeur!" I can hear Polak exclaiming.) No wonder that Mr. Elliot played this father as though he were a creature of Palais Royal farce! That Miss Annie Rose failed to enlist our sympathies for Svava was more Björnson's fault than her own. The lover was played by a Mr. Gaston Mervale, a new theatrical hand, who, I suspect, might do good work in romantic drama.

Mention of romantic drama suggests Mr. Robert Buchanan's new Haymarket play, *The Charlatan*. This is sheer romance. Romantic, the character of the Eurasian, Philip Woodville, mahatma, mesmerist, and astral body-snatcher, who, by his occult arts, lures a lady from her bed-chamber, and then, by the mere spectacle of her purity, is moved to abandon his wicked designs on her and confess himself the impostor that he is. Romantic, his Russian accomplice, Madame Obnoskin. Romantic, the wonderful cigarette-case presented to Madame Obnoskin by some oriental potentate. Romantic, the story of the white gazelle which Philip tracked among the mountain-gorges of Thibet. Romantic, the "ghost séance" of the second act. Romantic, the haunted turret chamber of the third. It is sheer romance, but it is good romance: it amuses. To be more precise, the first two acts amuse me; the "nebulous hypothesis" of Philip's character, where the hypnotist ends and the humbug begins, how the ghost-trick is managed, and whether or no the fascinating Obnoskin will "hook" the Earl of Wanborough—these are diverting problems. But Philip's sudden conversion from vice to virtue in the haunted chamber I find (if I may borrow one of Mr. Andrew Lang's pet phrases) "too steep," and the play flickers out rather than ends. Mr. Tree, who never fails in a romantic part, is excellent as Philip Woodville; so is Mrs. Tree as Philip's "white gazelle"; so are Mr. Fred Kerr and Mr. Holman Clark in minor parts. Altogether, *The Charlatan* seems no less well suited to the talents of the Haymarket company than to the taste of the Haymarket public.

A. B. W.

THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

FOR the last two weeks we have been studying the works of men who practised the artistic formula of their time as unquestioningly as the shoemaker of to-day practises the manner of making

shoes which was taught to him in his apprenticeship in his master's workshop. The difference between the practice of work of the shoemaker of to-day and that of the painter of Madonnas of the fifteenth century seems to be that the former arrives at the limits of his craft more quickly than the latter did. The picture offered wider possibilities of perfection than the shoe; every six months the painter was stirred with hope that he would be able to paint with a more certain, delicate, and refined touch than he had done in the last six months; but he never dreamed of inventing a new system of drawing and painting, any more than the shoemaker of to-day dreams of inventing a new method of cutting and stitching. The shoemaker of to-day does not dream of astonishing the passer-by with brilliant toe-caps and wonderful lacing; no thought of producing something so strange, so unheard-of in the way of shoes, that the shop window will be knocked silly ever enters his head; he does not hope to invent anything that will call all attention away from the shoes his mate is stitching at the other end of the workshop. In absence of ambition to excite the multitude and overshadow his mates by mere force of extravagant workmanship, the shoemaker of to-day and the painter of altar-pieces in the fifteenth century pursued their calling on identical lines.

But since the fifteenth-century artists have inclined to follow their calling very much as actors follow theirs; the educated public has come to demand as much unexpectedness, novelty, and variety from the artist as from the dressmaker; and the result is the Grafton Gallery. The exhibitions there remind me of new and original transformation scenes, to which is added the excitement of riddles, for the solutions of which we are pointed to the future. A. has painted a portrait in the style of Reynolds this year; in what style will he paint in next year? Will he paint a landscape in the style of Monet? B. has painted a realistic effect of sunlight; will he paint next year a Christ in a dark room lit by one ray, in the manner of Rembrandt, or will it be a Pre-Raphaelite picture, Byzantine fashion, after Burne-Jones—festoons on the back, festoons on the knees, festoons on the shoulder? C. has painted a picture in the style of the Beaux-Arts of ten years ago—square brush-work; he is bound to hear from someone that that way of painting is of long ago. What will he do next year? Perhaps he will paint a white picture in dots? D. shows some capacity; his portraits are striking. Will he fizzle out like the ninety-nine new geniuses, ladies and gentlemen, literary and pictorial, over whom the Press has brayed pæans of immortality—an immortality of six months, more or less?

Among these ephemeral immortals, perhaps, is Mr. John Alexander. He exhibits two portraits which, I hear, caused quite a sensation in the Champ de Mars. Well, they are rather striking—they caught my eye at once, and I asked myself if there was sufficient natural talent behind this display to admit of growth, of development. The portraits are, of course, in different styles. 128, Portrait in black, is an imitation of Mr. James Guthrie; the purple and the yellow hair suggested Mr. Guthrie—for a moment. 131, Portrait in grey, suggests a great deal that we have seen before, spiced up according to a more or less original receipt. Of the two I prefer the first. It is at least in the canvas; the lady in the grey dress is out of the canvas. The texture of the dress is as real as if a piece of the material had been fastened in the canvas. The curtain behind the lady is equally deceptive; we can feel the quality between our fingers and tell where it was bought and how much was paid for it. The lady wears highly starched petticoats, and so realistically do these bulge beneath the dress that we perforce must reflect on the excellence of the French laundry and the amount of the lady's weekly washing-bill. It is very clever, very cosmopolitan, and not half as good as Mr. Sargent.

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I am aware that I am needlessly depreciating these two portraits; it would be easy to speak more kindly of them, they are so clever. But then everything is clever nowadays. All the people one meets in drawing-rooms, actors and ladies—especially ladies—they are all so very clever—the author of "Key Notes," *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and the minor poets. And Mr. John Alexander is very clever—quite as clever as Mr. Beerbohm Tree—and his work will be highly appreciated by the educated classes.

Mr. Guthrie sorely puzzles me; his divagations are most strange. Two years ago he exhibited a portrait of a bishop which was about as bad as could be, and so utterly unlike his work that no one would have suspected him of it. Last year he exhibited three beautiful portraits; all three were beautiful. The portrait of the general officer was—I should like to say that it was as good as a Reynolds, but I will refrain, and merely say that it was a superb piece of painting. This year Mr. Guthrie is more puzzling than ever. He exhibits as commonplace a portrait of an old gentleman as can well be imagined—a most perfunctory, tedious piece of work, without anything in it to betray the eye or the hand of an artist, and not nearly so good or as like himself as Mr. Alexander's imitation. His picture "A Summer Day" I saw two years ago in Liverpool, and wrote a description of it in *THE SPEAKER*. It is good—not so good as I thought it was; it is very clever, graceful in conception and design, but wanting in totality of effect. I said, if I remember right, that Corot would have liked it. I was mistaken; Corot would not have liked it. It is clever, I admit, but the portrait of the old gentleman is not even clever; and Mr. Guthrie had better bestir himself and decide how he is going to paint. If he does not decide quickly, he will disappoint our hopes, and will remain one of the three hundred and sixty-five clever young men which London is burdened with, instead of becoming the man of genius which his portrait of the lady in the purple dress and the portrait of the general officer led us to believe he was. Mr. Lavery, too, had better bestir himself. He is not improving; his portraits are both very common. I do not understand how he could have committed himself to so inartistic an idea as the lady in black cut out upon a pale-brown background. There is no variety in the black, and the puffed sleeves are so clumsily managed that the effect of the portrait is very ugly. His game of croquet is unrelieved by any delicacy of observation, and the quality of the painting is coarse and disagreeable.

Of the younger men, I think Mr. Walton and Mr. Loudan show most promise. Mr. Walton's portrait of a child, an arrangement in white and cream-pink, is altogether excellent; it is surely one of the best things in the gallery. Mr. Loudan's little boy is full of grace and charm; the scheme of colour, a rich brown, is harmonious and refined and personal. Like all Mr. Loudan's work, the face is a little weak; it lacks character, but withal it is a charming picture. It is a portrait one could live with; its faults are not aggressive, and its merits are tenderly persuasive. In the same room there is a large picture by Mr. Stott of Oldham—a nymph amid great flowers, in the hush and mystery of the woods. This is something more than a naked woman. The flesh tints are admirably subdued, and the complete effect of the picture is one of beauty, repose, and mystery. Of drawing there is little. Mr. Stott is totally lacking in the sentiment of proportions and the instinct of anatomies; but in this picture tone and colour are so beautiful that we find them sufficient compensation.

We have but looked over the threshold of the exhibition. There are two beautiful sea-pieces by Mr. Whistler, one exquisite Stevens, and a collection of pictures by the late Albert Moore, including probably the first, certainly the last, picture he painted, besides an immense amount of interesting

works of many various kinds. There is matter in the Grafton Gallery for a dozen articles. I hope next week to speak of the most attractive pictures in the collection, and then I shall try to write what I have been hoping to write for a long time—a study of Albert Moore and his work.

G. M.

THE SERVIAN CRISIS.

BY A SERVIAN EX-MINISTER.

THE sudden return of ex-King Milan to Belgrade is a very ominous event. It stamps at once the situation in Serbia as one of great peril, and, indeed, intensifies its acuteness. King Milan has not always been a respecter either of persons or of laws, but he always has an ambition to act as "a gentleman," and it is now the first time that he has not only broken a law which he has suggested himself, but has at the same time broken his own promise, given solemnly without anybody demanding it from him. Knowing him so well, I feel sure that only the very gravest peril for his son, an imminent and acute danger, or the most peremptory command of "his son his King," dictated by such a danger, could have determined the ex-King to appear suddenly in Belgrade, as he did last Sunday.

If your readers could refer to the paper which you published immediately after the *coup d'état* of the young King Alexander, on the 13th of April last year, they would find that the present situation was foreseen. It must have come earlier or later to this; and even if the means should be found now to patch up the breach between the Throne and the Radicals, it must soon show itself again in still more aggravated form. There are three political parties in Serbia: the Progressists, the Liberals, and the Radicals. The first two—mostly composed of the intelligent class and of well-to-do people—have been always firm supporters of the present dynasty, partly from their own conservative instincts, and partly from conviction that the stability of the Throne is one of the first political necessities of their country. The third one—composed chiefly of the poorer class of peasants, and of labourers and poor artisans in towns—practically cares very little whether an Obrenovich or a Karageorgevich is on the throne, provided that the taxation should be very low and that they can be allowed to indulge in their hatred against the richer class, officers of the army, and the "chinovniks" (the officers of the State administration).

Some thirteen years ago, however, these somewhat anarchical elements were taken in hand by a few personal and political friends of the ex-dynasty of Karageorgevich. They were vigorously supported by Russia, because the Tzar, irritated by Serbia's faithful execution of the Treaty of Berlin, and by the open leaning of King Milan towards the Triple Alliance, decided to remove by every possible means that "Anti-Russian ruler" from Serbia. This decision was accentuated by the Tzar personally mediating the marriage of the Pretender Peter Karageorgevich with a Princess of Montenegro, to whom he gave from his "private purse" a million roubles as dowry. Through the combined efforts of Russia and the leaders of the Radicals, an insurrection was started in 1883 against King Milan, which, however, was vigorously suppressed. The king and his Progressist friends were successfully struggling against Russia and the Radicals for seven years, and then King Milan suddenly and most unexpectedly gave up all further struggle. To conciliate the Radicals, he granted the country a most liberal Constitution. To conciliate Russia he offered to abdicate if the Tzar would promise to uphold his son Alexander on the throne of Serbia. At the same time, as a free offering to them both, he himself disorganised and almost destroyed the only anti-Russian party in

the country, the Progressists, who had stood so firmly and faithfully by his side through good and evil times. The Radicals accepted the new Constitution as affording them the means of taking the administration of the country completely into their own hands, but their anti-dynastic elements did not swerve for a moment from the line leading to the achievement of their principal and ultimate purpose—the change of dynasty. The Tzar kept his word, and is doing honestly all he can to uphold the young King Alexander. But the anti-dynastic organisation which he had supported so many years has taken deep root, and is now bearing fruit, little caring whether that fruit is to the taste of the Tzar or not.

Two events within the last two years have in a marked degree contributed to increase the impatience and the boldness of the anti-dynastic elements among the Radicals. The first was the marriage of Arsène Karageorgevich, the younger brother of the Pretender Peter, with the immensely rich Countess Demidoff, since which event the pecuniary means of the anti-dynastic agitators have been unmistakably increased, as can be gathered from the fact that since then hundreds of small Radical papers have been started throughout Serbia, advocating "speedy execution of the third point of the Radical programme," which means, in plain words, expulsion of King Alexander and reenthronement of the dynasty Karageorgevich! The second event, which has opened a new chance to the anti-dynastic agitation, was King Alexander's *coup d'état* of the 13th of April last year, and the impeachment of the Liberal Cabinet, by which he has estranged from himself the Liberal party altogether.

What we now see going on in Serbia is not a constitutional struggle, but the struggle between the two Servian dynasties. The men composing the Cabinet of General Grulich are honest and loyal, but they are without the slightest influence in the Central Radical Committee, in which the anti-dynastic elements predominate. King Alexander seems to be in possession of full and detailed information as to his enemies' plans. It was alarming to see that the Radical Central Committee insisted that on the occasion of the last municipalelections (on the 27th December) their own candidates had to be elected *coûte que coûte*, as indeed in many places the Radicals won the elections with revolvers and by ordering the policemen to fire on the opposition electors! In Belgrade itself the King and the Government supported a moderate and loyal candidate for the mayor of the capital, whilst the Central Radical Committee agitated for an Extreme Radical who, for several reasons, was not acceptable to the King. The King and his Government were victorious, but only for a short time, inasmuch as the Central Committee ordered the Senate to declare the election of the King's candidate null and void! This was the first open conflict of the young King with the Radical leaders. He asked, naturally, What is the reason that the Central Committee of the Radicals insists on placing at the head of all the more important municipalities men whose dynastic devotion is at least questionable? And then came the demand of the Extreme Radicals in the National Assembly that the rifles and ammunition should be immediately delivered to all militiamen—which means to all peasants between twenty-seven and sixty years of age—for them to keep in their own homes. The young King had his own reasons for disapproving of such a demand; but although his views on the subject were well known, the Committee decided to bring the question to a vote in the National Assembly immediately on its meeting, this very week. The disrespectful language in which most of the Radical papers have indulged regarding the young King of late cannot be taken as seriously disturbing the equanimity of the youthful ruler; but, with many other symptoms, it is characteristic of the growing estrangement between him and the Radicals. But the situation must be much graver than those visible points of conflict would warrant us

in supposing, otherwise neither would King Alexander call his father to his side, nor would the ex-King Milan disregard his own word and appear in Belgrade on the eve of the reassembling of the Skupshchina. This week must see some sort of solution of the crisis. A coalition Cabinet is utterly incapable of meeting the difficulties of the situation. We should not be surprised to hear of the suspension of the Constitution, and of the formation of a military Cabinet, and perhaps of a revolutionary attempt against the Obrenovich dynasty.

A COUNTRY HOUSE "KODAK."

LADY OUSEMERE, a Matron of comfortable proportions, soft exterior, and mild nature.

MRS. BETHUNE, Younger, thinner, more modern, more resolute.

Time and Place: A London drawing-room. A December afternoon.

MRS. B.: Well, my dear, I haven't seen you since we all scattered last August. What have you got to tell me? You've been down at Pendragon all the while, I know, hotel-keeping, as I call it, whilst I've been rushed first through Switzerland, then the Engadine, then North Italy, by Charlie. I can't tell you how sick I got of it, how vulgar the whole thing is. Three hundred dining daily like one at Maloja. All the people you knew and wanted to steer clear of cropping up everywhere. All the Bishops and all the schoolboys that ever were born. Her Majesty's Judges and their families travelling solid, and expecting the same deference out there that they get from the outer Bar at home. Bah! I can't tell you how dreadful I found it, or how thankful I was to pack my dressing-bag for the last time—for nine months, at any rate. I tell Charlie I can't go through it again—not a chum to speak to, no new books, only overdressed women making conversation-bricks out of straw day after day. I tell him I'm getting old, and we must have a country creep somewhere to sleep in when the House is up. He is so wild upon mileage. He says his every organ is congested after the session, and that covering ground alone makes his wheels go round again. I tell him that's all very well for him, but I can't stand it; I feel like a parched pea on a drum the while. He'll have to join friends, or Cook's party, and leave me behind next year. Well, here I am "stopping the way" as usual, and not giving you a chance to tell me what your autumn record is.

Lady Ousemere (who has been listening attentively): My dear, your account of your holiday confirms me in my desire to try it instead of my own—

Mrs. Bethune: Travel? when you've got Pendragon to go to, with everything the heart of woman could desire: room for all your choicest friends, no constituents to come and ask you for new sets of teeth and cork legs. Well, you are ungrateful.

Lady O.: My dear, a very short time ago I should have echoed your words, and called myself ungrateful—or worse. But things have altered so. I suppose I'm too old to change with them. All I know is, it's all very difficult, and I should be very glad to give up Pendragon for a bit—say a year or two. They might get right again.

Mrs. B.: Whatever do you mean? Forgive the vulgarity; but I am at a loss—

Lady O.: So should I have been a year or two ago. It would have been "riddles" to me then—(Stops.)

Mrs. B.: For Heaven's sake go on and tell me.

Lady O.: I'll tell you fast enough when I know where to begin. That's the difficulty. Well, you know as well as I do that the fast people in London find their best playing-fields in country houses?

Mrs. B.: Of course. But not at Pendragon, par exemple!

Lady O.: Ah! my dear, that's just it. They have

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begun to play at Pendragon, and who knows when they will leave off?

Mrs. B.: Good gracious! Do go on.

Lady O.: Well, you know how respectable *we* are? No one more so now than Ousemere—

Mrs. B.: Yes, yes! Of course.

Lady O.: This year he asked a lot of new men down for the pheasants. He said the old lot could not hit the parish church. And, of course, I said, "Oh, yes" (you know I never oppose him). And then it appeared that he couldn't get the men he wanted unless he had *their* set of women to amuse 'em—you can guess the sort. I didn't like the look-out much, but you know how I have always managed to seek peace and ensue it. I wrote to the women—some I knew a little, some not at all—and gave them the date. They all accepted. Then—oh, *what* a fool I was!—I thought, I'll ask Mary Mountford to come over from Slakes with her little girl, Zoë. You know the Mountfords. She's my oldest friend, and the child's *sweet* (going to marry Fakir Fazakerly next month). I had my misgivings as to Zoë, but Mary is so wrapt up in her I knew she would not leave her; and I thought, I shall be so desolate with no one I know in the house. Mary will be a support. Mountford can come or not, as he likes. They, too, accepted. They did not arrive until the storming party had been in possession for a couple of days. Oh, it was dreadful!

Mrs. B.: Well, but what happened?

Lady O.: The first evening nothing. I saw Mary taking stock of them, and keeping Zoë in her pocket. But next day it began.

Mrs. B.: What?—what?

Lady O.: You see, Zoë's attractive, and some of the men found her so. Thereupon the women set to work to sail as near the wind as ever they could, treating her like one of themselves; not when I was by, but it all came out later. The child understood nothing, that was one comfort. They all went out shooting with the men after breakfast, wearing the most extraordinary clothes, my dear—sort of tights and kilts over. They seemed to be nothing but gaiters and buttons. When I came down (I was late) I really did not know what was under the tables until they got up and stretched themselves, and then I was fairly appalled. Oh, quite *decent*, but so terribly *unmysterious*. Well, after luncheon, I had to go to open a bazaar at Clayhanger. Mary would come too. I longed, but did not dare, to beg her to stay and look after her girl. We left them in the hall. I cut the bazaar as short as I could, bought duplicate things in an idiotic way, so desirous was I to get home. No one was about. I said a thanksgiving, for everything seemed so peaceful. I said to Mary, "Let me come and rest in your room. If I'm there no one will know, and I shall be let alone." I really was so spent, what with the length of the Archdeacon's opening prayer, and what with the anxiety, that I lay down on her sofa behind the screen and fell asleep. But in a moment I was awake. Talking was going on. I listened. Yes, it was Zoë's voice, and saying, "I want to go home, mother dear. When are we going? I don't like this place. I don't like these people. They do things we never do at Slakes." And then came a sort of sob. "What has happened, dear child? We were barely away two hours," said Mary. I know I was a horrid wretch, but I *had* to go on listening. "No sooner had you and Lady Ousemere gone, mother, than Mrs. Cranley-Crane began to smoke—such a big cigar, too—and she went and sat in that tiny *causeuse* by the fire, and then Mr. Lethworth-Lethaby squeezed himself in with her, and put his arm round her waist and smoked too. Then she said she was thirsty, and they rang for drinks. And when the butler and footman came with the trays *they never moved*, mother! I didn't know what to do, I felt so miserable; and then Lord Henry Trower came over to me and asked me had I read *Birnbaum's* new sonnets, and I said, No, I had read very little; and then he went to the book-table and got a book, and handed it open to

me, and sat down in front of me, staring at me and smoking. And I could not see what it was, only I felt it was something horrid; and then, mother, I made such a fool of myself, for I nearly cried. I just got away in time, though I believe he saw I was crying." Then I heard Mary say, "You are quite right, dear one. They are *horrible* people, and we'll go home to-morrow. I'll just send a wire to Stevens, if it isn't too late, to tell him to meet us." They left the room together, for the child would not leave her mother. I slipped away, more dead than alive with shame and horror. Should I say anything? Could I *do* anything? You know how timid I am. I *can't* be rude to people in my own house. I'm not sure I'm even equal to it outside. We got through the evening somehow. Mary hardly spoke to me. I saw Henry Trower engage her apart in earnest talk. She thawed a little after that. We—she, and I, and Zoë, that is—went early to bed; the others, as usual, departed to the smoke-room. (They *never* came up, my maid told me, till three in the morning.) Next day the Mountfords went away—Mary still icy to me. I had just time to whisper to her how miserable I was, and she understood. It's all right with her now.

Mrs. B.: But why on earth didn't you go to Lord Ousemere?

Lady O.: Ah, my dear, he don't mind a row, and it was just a toss-up which he'd have it with, them or me.

Mrs. B.: But how did you get rid of them?

Lady O.: Ah, that's it. I heard Ousemere ask them on for another week, and they said "Yes." I suppose no other house was ready for 'em. They didn't take any notice of *me*. The next day was Sunday, and wet. I went to church. Pray I couldn't—my mind was a blank save for wickedly blaming Providence because he didn't interfere. When I got back they were all playing hide-and-seek. Where they hid I don't know. I do know the head housemaid gave me notice next morning. Then they took to blind man's buff in the dark, and the men got their coats torn. Where was Ousemere? Oh, in his room, asleep.

Mrs. B.: Well, what did you do next? This is thrilling.

Lady O.: Like Paul, I prayed for the day, and when it broke my plan was made.

Mrs. B.: Yes?

Lady O.: I sent off for good little Pettitt, our village doctor, you know, and I said to him, "Pettitt, I'm ill; I'm *very* ill. (I really was almost in a nervous fever.) Now, Pettitt," I said firmly, "there's scarlet fever broken out at Clayhanger, where I've lately been. You are to go to Lord Ousemere, and to tell him that, of course, *you are not sure*, but that I may be sickening for it—temperature high—pains—sickness. And you are to tell the housekeeper, and the butler, and my maid." Pettitt looked hard at me. "Yes," I repeated, "everyone in this house has got to know that scarlet fever *may* be in it. Go at once." He left the room, and I breathed again. I know it's very unusual for a woman of sixty to have scarlet fever, but I knew they would not think of that.

Mrs. B.: Splendid! Splendid!

Lady O.: Bless you, my dear! in two hours' time not one of them was on the premises. I dare say it was very wrong of me, but, anyway, they could not collect together again for a week; and, so far, *that* was for the public good.

Mrs. B. (shaking with laughter): And Lord Ousemere?

Lady O.: Well! I did not see him. You see, he has such a horror of infection. He went up to London to see his lawyer, he said, and when he came back he had forgotten all about it.

Mrs. B.: What an experience! I don't wonder—

Lady O.: Yes—and when I hear you calling travelling tiresome, I think it's quite wicked. You might have to contend with this sort of thing instead. *You* would not find it so easy to drive

runaway guests, I can tell you. I'm told there's a discussion raging in London as to what girls may or may not do. Someone has said, Why not let 'em go to a music-hall with their brother if they want to? To my mind a girl gets infinitely more harm from one such visit as the unlucky one I've been telling you about than she would out of half-a-dozen goings to hear Chevalier sing or to see *Mrs. Tanqueray* with her father or brother. For the evil there is remote and removed. In a country house she may be in daily, hourly contact with the worst of people, and she's bound to get "used" to it, at least—and who's to escape? I'm sure that since I married Pendragon has *always* been respectable. I could not help this, could I?

Mrs. B. (soothingly): No, no, poor dear! Well, I'm off. I shan't forget your tale of horrors in a hurry. No, I no longer ambition a country house. I shall have a "cot" on the fell-side, near Pendragon, with deal furniture and no guest-room. (*Kisses Lady Ousemere and goes. Lady Ousemere left looking into the fire.*)

M. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS.

SIR,—Is it too disrespectful to say that though I enjoy my "SPEAKER" every week, when I read from time to time what it says on the woman question a kind of breath from something like old-fogeydom seems to sweep over the page? In your last article you say that "what is wanted is a reassertion of certain old conventions—Christian conventions." True, in a way, in so far as these "old conventions" were Christian. But the standpoint of the old conventions for girls was that of sheer ignorance—mis-called innocence—which left them often defenceless in the hands of coarse-minded governesses and servants, whose hints and jokes, to say nothing further, were not conducive to pure-mindedness.

I most heartily agree with the letter of your correspondent Mrs. Hannah Brown. She is a woman of strong common sense, and that is the quality—more than any other, it appears to me—that is lacking in the treatment of this question of women and girls. Are not girls reasonable beings? Let us place a high ideal before our daughters, and then, as they grow older, trust them, and teach them, simply as a matter of course, the laws of their own nature, and, to some extent, the facts of life, so that they may be armed by those whom they respect and love with the armour of real knowledge, and not be at the mercy either of that half-knowledge learned from books or more "knowing" companions, or their own unquiet imaginations, which often, through ignorance, can draw no line between what is nature and what is sin. The positive cruelty of bringing-up our girls in this state of so-called "innocence" is great. Are their moral instincts less pure than those of our boys, that we are afraid to trust them? Knowledge is not impurity. The latent impurity lies, under the present system, with the parents, who cannot, in their own minds, disconnect the truths of nature from the evils of life, and so they perpetuate these evils by handing over their "innocent" daughters to their husbands in a state of complete defencelessness, often to their utter moral deterioration. When the eyes of mothers are more truly open to the injustice, in this respect, in their treatment of their daughters, then shall we begin to see a higher standard in the morals of men; for I believe that the instinct of our girls is towards purity, and they will refuse to marry the coarse and sensual man, and refuse also to see the necessity for that class of women whose moral and physical degradation is now so much taken for granted, and is such a shameful blot on our Christianity.

Is it too much to hope that a time will come when the fashion of immorality may be as much a thing of the past among our men, in what calls itself respectable society, as is now the fashion of drinking, which was so common in the days of our grandfathers?

A. E. H.

January 21st.

SOCIETY DINNER-PARTIES.

SIR,—I was amused to see in your issue of January 20th the anxious desire to treat seriously a subject upon which only ridicule and satire need be legitimately employed. You remark that the society dinner-party is "a profoundly interesting theme . . . a vast and great subject." I find it impossible to convince myself that the dinner-party ever can be, as it never has been, a "function of that finest and most perfect organism of civilisation which we mean by society": at least, it can never be said that the world has ever benefited socially, morally, or intellectually by the existence of the heterogeneous feeding transactions known as dinner-parties. If sixpence extra were charged, as in

the case of dinner-parties of other animals lower in the scale, the mob would be amused. That is all. The characteristics of modern society certainly do not give any encouragement to a writer to treat otherwise than with burning sarcasm that peculiar phase of it called the dinner-party. Society, which has been correctly defined as a "fortuitous concourse of people with easy incomes," has no essential ideals beyond that self-indulgence which is always more attractive than self-sacrifice to the man of the world. It has passions, panaceas, fads—it has developed an extraordinary insatiableness for novelty, even in what used to be regarded as the minor vices. The slimy stains disclosed by the divorce courts, the startling frauds perpetrated in commercial circles, the painful incongruities of the law, the wild excesses of exaggeration of the press, the spread of religious quackery—these are the interesting and elevating items which help to digest the society dinner, and which also, in many cases, are the indirect result of it. As you admit in the article immediately preceding, "No one who knows society can fail to be aware that, especially in the upper ranks, there is something very rotten in its state just now."

Happy only in its own stupidity, society ever has sneered down the truer nature of men and women, and a moment's introspection by the man who has moved heaven and earth to get into the "charmed circle" will not fail to discover that his first entrance into society was a period when his individualism began to be submerged. He finds himself lost in the vast quagmire of bubble reputations; his feelings become dwarfed and attenuated by the super-polish of conventionalities. The true-hearted, who feel and know that society is but a thing of shreds and patches, wish, with a consuming desire, to see the world rejuvenated into something nobler, purer, statelier, than society is able to give us at the present time. The abolition of the dinner-party and all similar popular vulgar shows will be the first step towards developing a nobler humanity, much of which is lost and swamped in the hopeless chaos of the social whirlpool.

"The world denies her prophets with rash breath,
Makes rich her slaves, her flatterers adorn;
To Wisdom's lips she presses drowsy Death,
And on the brow Divine a crown of thorns.
Yet blessed, tho' neglected and despised,
Who for the world himself hath sacrificed,
Who bears unmoved her witless mockery,
While to his spirit, slighted and misprised
Whispers the voices of eternity."

Glasgow, January 21st, 1894.

FRED FRASER.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

SIR,—"Even a lobbyist" is entitled to fair criticism. May I therefore be allowed to state that the account of the interview with Sir William Harcourt on payment of members was furnished me by a gentleman who took part in it, that it was described to me as a deputation, and that in no word or syllable was I given to understand that it had any private character. It did not occur to me for a moment that this was the case, or I should certainly, following a practice from which I do not believe I have deviated in a single instance, not have referred to it in print.—Yours, etc.,

London, January 19th, 1894.

THE WRITER.

[OUR correspondent cannot complain of "unfair criticism" on the part of the writer of "This Morning's Paper," seeing that he expressly stated, what we learn from the above was the fact, that the "paragraph-writer had probably been misled as to the confidential nature of the news he was given."—ED. SPEAKER.]

AN ICONOCLAST.

I CARVED an idol out of wood,
And worshipped it when it was new;
But you came by and said, "What good
Can that unmeaning object do?"
With coolness culled from thirty winters
You broke my idol all to splinters.

I hewed an idol out of stone,
The whitest stone I ever saw;
But by your proving it was shown
The marble had a hidden flaw.
Regardless of my heartstrings' quivers,
You smashed my idol all to shivers.

Your wisdom made me worn and old,
And sick of life beneath the sun;
Yet you passed onward, calm and cold,
Unconscious of the harm you'd done
By your crusade, so sternly truthful,
Against enthusiasms youthful.

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But some time in the coming years
I hope that you will build a shrine,
And have it hurred about your ears
As you have dealt with me and mine,
And meet—when, like myself, deluded—
With “Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did.”

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE EVE OF A REVOLUTION?

THERE is a remarkable article in the current *Quarterly Review* on what the writer calls “anarchist literature,” meaning thereby, not the writings of Kropotkin and Reclus, but the whole distinctive literature of the last quarter of the present century, from MM. Zola and Paul Verlaine to Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Oscar Wilde. In the rubric of the article the writer places the works of such students of the psychology of the time as Max Nordau, Melchior de Vogüé, Lombroso, Paul Bourget; but in the main his paper resolves itself into a review of Nordau’s latest book, “*Entartung*,” or “Degeneracy.” Before going any further, let me suggest that this is a book which ought to be published in English. It has already been translated into French, and on the Continent it has made some such sensation as Dr. Pearson’s “*National Life and Character*” has made here. Like Dr. Pearson’s work, it is a diagnosis and forecast of the drift of the age, but it concerns itself entirely with the intellectual phenomena and, as it seems to me, goes far deeper into the heart of the problem. It is altogether a great and striking work.

Nordau is an intense and even aggressive Positivist; which renders his views the more memorable. For he is, in the sum, a witness to faith, or rather to the indispensability of faith to mankind. He testifies to the inadequacy, the bankruptcy of science, and, after an exhaustive examination of the evidences, what he sees around him is a generation thrown off its balance by the loss of its old beliefs, maddened by the discovery of the cheat which science has set before it instead, affected with a moral insanity, driven on by uncomprehended and uncontrolled appetites and impulses, and seeking vainly to satisfy the spiritual hunger which possesses it by a revival of the tritest superstitions, and a resort to all sorts of extravagances in literature, art, fashion, and even politics. Being a Positivist, Nordau does not admit that the spiritual hunger is an essential attribute of man, and that the superstitions which it runs after correspond to a need of human nature—he has another explanation, to which I shall presently refer—but in all other respects his diagnosis is practically the same as that of observers from the Christian standpoint, like De Vogüé and Leroy Beaulieu. It is impressive to see this consensus of conclusions from quarters so different. If these conclusions sometimes seem too sombre and strained, let us remember that those men are closer to the livid face of Continental revolutionism than people here.

Over all the typical literature of the age Nordau discovers the taint of insanity, not “the insanity of genius” of Lombroso’s formula, but that of degeneracy—of moral, physical, and intellectual degeneracy. It is in many of its phases a literature of lunacy and revolt—in a word, of anarchy—and its complement in action is the *propagande par le fait* of the bomb-throwers. Vaillant is simply the corollary of Verlaine. The writings of the well-named “*Décadent*” school are the effusions of men suffering from mental alienation. When medical experts examine their poetry, they find it to be “absolutely of the same kind as that which their insane patients compose.” Even the men of undoubted genius, when the whole body of their work and conduct is submitted to this test, are found to

be affected. Dr. Nordau (Mr. Robert Buchanan, as well as the followers of the fleshly school, if any such survive, will be interested to hear) classifies Mr. Swinburne as a “*mattoïd*,” and Rossetti as an “*imbecile*.” The less obsolete Verlaine is, in technical language, “a ‘degenerate,’ resembling in some points the American tramp and idler, Walt Whitman”; he is a “‘circulating’ or ‘periodic’ case of the obsession of ideas, and so ‘impulsive’ in his ways that he finds himself secure from evil-doing only in a prison or a hospital.” Zola, preoccupied with the latrines, is a “*graphomaniac*.” Fleshly school, corpsely school, school of ordure, school of ascetico-diabolism, school of “*repliement sur soi*,” Symbolists, Rosicrucians, Mallarmés, René Ghills, Maeterlincks, Ibsens—it is all a phantasmagoria of asylum-wards, and it all tends to the goal at which poor Maupassant, one of the greatest, found his eclipse. Nowhere above the cacophony rises the voice of sane, serene genius—unless there be geniuses among the critics. But even the critics, Dr. Nordau amongst them, are no longer quite serene. A pessimism, which an alienist might report as hysterical, claims many of them for its own. Who, indeed, could subsist long in cheerfulness upon the faith that man is a zoophyte member of an organism which survives while he, as an individual, perishes utterly, “an unimportant episode in the life of the All”?

Turn from literature to fashion. Tokens of confusion abound in dress, decoration, and manners: “in the so-called æsthetic ‘arrangements’ of half-tones; in the grotesque wall-paintings, tapestries and furniture, which transform private houses into mere property-rooms.” The result is “something feverish and uncanny,” which we are assured medical science does not view with approbation. Turn from fashion to superstition. The growth of superstition is one of the most notable of all the phenomena of the time. In Paris it “holds the field.” Booksellers there tell second-rate authors to give up novel-writing and take to magnetism. Hypnotism and the Kabbala, necromancy, chiromancy, astrology, fakirism, flourish as in the days of Mesmer and Cagliostro. Over here we are not behindhand. Mr. Stead with his spooks, his Julia, his automatic editorials, his *Borderland*, and his large following of believing admirers, is a curious portent. So are the Buddhists and Theosophists, with Mrs. Annie Besant, successor of Madame Blavatsky, and now travelling in the East in search of occult lore, at their head. The Psychical Research Society, with Mr. Arthur Balfour in the chair, investigates witchcraft, possession, second-sight, telepathy, crystal-gazing, magic mirrors—*tutti quanti*. There is a Chirollogical Society and a “*Journal of Palmistry*.” The fortune-teller and the clairvoyante are now familiar institutions of the drawing-room; and no church bazaar is complete without one or the other. The lugubrious fooling of the “*Thirteen Club*” a week or two ago was one of those freaks of reflex-action which sometimes mark the dying moments of things—in this case the dying moments of incredulity. It is impossible not to be reminded of the *fin de siècle* which ushered in the French Revolution. If we add the “revolt of the daughters,” the “emancipation” of the wives, the minatory stirrings of the no longer patient herd of the proletariat, and last, not least, the menace of universal war, to this catalogue of hysteria and unsettlement, the imagination finds it easy to conceive with the prophets that we are on the eve of some great upheaval or some great crisis of the human mind. Will it be a new revival of faith? Or a new barbarism? Nordau, as well as Leroy Beaulieu, de Vogüé, and even Pearson, thinks the latter quite possible. The proletarian masses, when they have conquered the æsthetic *bourgeois*, may find the intellectual strain of the age too great, and may build their huts contentedly, like the barbarians of the tenth century, upon the ruins of culture, letting science and literature perish, “lest the human race be sophisticated into disease and death.”

Examining the literary degeneracy and the disordered aspect of the age generally, Nordau, who is a physician, offers a physician's explanation. It is, he says, a case of nerve-and-brain fatigue. A hundred years of living at high-pressure has brought the human machine to the limit of endurance; hence the present break-up and craving for unhealthy stimulus—the general “neurasthenia” if I may use a term which THE SPEAKER has been helping to popularise. But Nordau, in his anxiety for a rationalist explanation, does not lay stress enough upon the evidence of history, which showed us all these symptoms before, the literary and artistic decadence, the superstition of the East disturbing the science of the West, in a period which heralded not a barbarism but the birth of a religion. I for one see more insight in the view of the writer in the *Quarterly*, who finely says: “Man is so made that he must believe in the Invisible and adore the Supreme; and if his God be taken from him, then to idols, witches, and the like he will have recourse, huddling up a Deity out of rags and stage-properties rather than be left alone in the universe. This is the moral of these frightful and unclean apparitions which, as from the tomb of Faith, call aloud that it will rise again.” Moreover the spiritual hunger which superstition does not satisfy has been making its dissatisfaction articulate. In France, among the younger men, the cry of empty and eager souls is noticeable on every hand. The curious controversy in the *Daily Chronicle* last year on the question “Is Christianity played out?” and Mr. Le Gallienne's book “The Religion of a Literary Man,” which was the outcome of that controversy, tell a similar tale here. If the prevailing state of mind on the nature of “essential Christianity” which that discussion revealed was something strange and queer, resembling nothing so much in its desperate eclecticism—which ranged the world for gods from Confucius and Buddha to the saints of the Positivist calendar—as a certain temple of Elagabalus, it was all the more characteristic of a time for light on which M. James Darmesteter, of all persons, refers us to the Hebrew prophets, especially to these verses of Amos: “Behold the days come, saith the Lord, and I will send forth a famine into the land: not a famine of bread nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the word of the Lord. And they shall move from sea to sea, and from the north to the east: they shall go about seeking the word of the Lord, and shall not find it.”

Undoubtedly the most remarkable of Dr. Nordau's ideas is the remedy he proposes for the bacillus of unsound literature, and the social fever to which it gives rise. He thinks it ought to be studied by physicians, and the public put on their guard; and he is disposed to approve of “a department corresponding to that of Education or Religion, the business of which should be to train journalists and men of letters, who now learn their profession at the expense of the thousands they are supposed to be enlightening. Societies might be established to put down the worst kinds of literature, which are now sown broadcast over Europe. The public opinion of Universities should make itself heard. And in general men should understand that in publishing a bad book, the author is as much guilty, and ought to be as amenable to punishment, as if he had incited to crime or rebellion.” In other words, let us re-establish the Holy Office and the Index Expurgatorius! How strange a word to come from such a prophet! The *Quarterly* reviewer asks, Is it impossible that on this ground of a common interest, the two great powers of Research and Revelation should now join forces? I do not venture to offer an opinion; but I commend the question to those persons in this country who seem to think they are in the vanguard of thought when in the name of “freedom of literature” they are attacking the censorship of the British “bourgeois.” At least these suggestions do not come from “grocers” or “County Councillors.”

T. P. G.

REVIEWS.

A MILITARY CAREER.

A KING'S HUSSAR. Being the Military Memoirs for Twenty-five Years of a Troop-Sergeant-Major of the 14th (King's) Hussars. Collected and Condensed by Herbert Compton. London: Cassell & Company, Limited.

THE social position of the British private soldier has always been a curious anomaly. Wellington was unsparing in his strictures on the character of the men he led to victory in the Peninsula. He said they were the scum of the earth; and nobody has ever objected that the expression was less accurate than picturesque. Campaigning in those days was not a school of morals; nor is it to be expected that the business of war will ever turn the rank and file of its practitioners into what Mr. Kipling's soldier-bard contemptuously calls “plaster saints.” The compulsory idleness of the fighting animal in time of peace is not conducive to all the virtues; and when his blood is up, he does not always discharge his duty with the chastened punctilio of the Quaker who, as he chopped off the hand of the pirate, remarked, “Friend, thou hast no business here.” But while the traditions of the army have lost a good deal of the Peninsular recklessness, the social prejudice against service in the ranks has rather increased than abated. Not long ago the Postmaster-General was soundly rated for permitting the military drill of telegraph messenger boys. It was officially explained that this was an excellent physical training; but the reply of the censors was that it might give the boys an appetite for a military career, and that to enter the army would mean their social and moral ruin. It is still held by a great many excellent people that to enlist under the Queen's colours is to court a certain degradation; and parents are constantly assured that garrison life, especially in India, is fatal to temporal and spiritual salvation. These moralists do not go so far as to argue that the British army ought to be straightway disbanded; but they are content that it should be regarded as a sort of Inferno of irreclaimable vice, that the national defence should be committed to the dregs of the community, and that no decent and self-respecting lad should don a uniform without becoming a pariah. Then follows this curious paradox: that while the profession of arms is still considered honourable for cadets of good family who receive commissions, it carries a perpetual stigma for the mere recruit. There is still a widespread belief that no man enlists except in sheer desperation. He is like the murderer in *Macbeth* :—

“So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't.”

For the “Queen's shilling” the Englishman barter away his caste. His red coat is a constant butt of contumely. He may be refused admission to a theatre; and even the virtuous publican may pride himself that he is not even as this common soldier, whom he orders out of the “bar.”

Just as virtue, especially of the pretentious kind, is often an affair of climate, so this hostility to the army is governed by geography. If England had a land frontier we should have a conscription; and when every man has to serve as a soldier he does not look down on the ranks from a moral altitude. We are happily able to get our soldiering done vicariously, and so the men who are hired for the trade suffer the penalty of the civilian's disdain. With characteristic inconsistency, the very people who despise the soldier cherish the memories of British prowess in the field. The dogged courage which has turned the tide of fortune in many a crisis of the national destiny has no lack of acclamation, save amongst the impeccable casuists who gravely tell us that to exhibit the Union Jack in a schoolroom is to palliate in the minds of the children the deeds of shame

which have been done in the name of England. The discipline that held four hundred troopers paraded on the deck of the *Birkenhead*, and carried them down to the beat of the drum, while the women and children escaped in the boats, still touches a chord of grateful emotion. There may be wringing of hands over the brands gone to the burning when the recruiting-sergeant has done a good day's business:—

"But it's thin red line of 'eroes when the drums begin to roll."

The private may be forgiven if he resents rather forcibly sometimes these vagaries of the public mind, especially as the conditions of military life differ widely now from the imaginary state of things in which he is supposed to spend his time between debauch and butchery. His case is admirably presented in a little book compiled from the personal reminiscences of a soldier who took the shilling in a drunken fit, but became an ornament of his regiment, and was decorated for faithful service. The incidents of this modest narrative fully bear out Troop-Sergeant-Major Mole's conclusions as to the advantages offered by the army to the unemployed. "Think of the thousands and thousands of lads starting life without a trade in their hands, living from hand to mouth, shunted from pillar to post in an uncertain struggle for existence, who, when their day's work is done, have no comfortable home to return to, and no facilities for improving themselves. Compare this to the benefits a soldier enjoys in the present day. A young fellow who has learnt a good trade, or has fair business prospects, may be wise to remain where he is; but those whom I have described, the pickers-up of promiscuous livelihoods, would do well to take the Queen's shilling." To critics who still think the Service is a sink of iniquity, this authority is able to say, "Drunkennes in the army is the exception now, and crime has greatly diminished;" while the youngster who is dubious about the profit of enlistment will be interested to know that this Hussar retired at the age of forty-three on a pension of forty pounds a year, and with several hundred pounds in the bank. This is certainly a more attractive prospect than that of the five shillings a week with which some political philanthropists propose to endow the pauper at the age of sixty-five. It will be said, of course, that the system of short service considerably lessens the incentives to join the army; but the soldier should make up his mind to become a non-commissioned officer, for when he has gained the sergeant's stripes, his future is secure.

In the course of thirty years there have been striking changes in the moral tone of the British soldier. Private Mole found when he joined his regiment, that the old warriors were illiterate. Of fifteen men in his room, only one could read. The new recruit became secretary to the company, and wrote their private letters with a persuasive eloquence that brought constant remittances. To-day the Hussar has libraries and recreation rooms in his barracks, and his amusements are not "restricted to the letters that spell 'canteen.'" Once he was a chronic tippler. That was in the days when the Dean of Tuam acted as chaplain to the regiment, and distributed drink as a stimulus to piety. "He invariably began his ministrations by ordering a pint of beer all round, and after we had drunk it would say, 'Now, men, your pots are empty, let us pray.' And when devotions were over he ordered us another pint of beer all round, before going away." But in the course of years a temperance movement began which, even in the Indian cantonment, materially reduced the profits on liquor. When the honorary colonel, an officer of the old school, visited the regiment at Canterbury, and proposed a quart of beer for every man in honour of the occasion, he was staggered to learn that if the beer were given, nine men out of ten would not touch it, and all would be perfectly content with an afternoon's leave. The abolition of flogging has done much to increase the

self-respect of the soldier, and it is scarcely credible now that he was liable to be flogged to death for a trivial offence. Military punishments are still very severe, and the fruit of years of zealous duty may be lost by a single slip. But unless the 14th Hussars enjoy a paradise of regulations unknown to any other regiment, a military career can be safely commended to the unemployed citizens who threaten society from Tower Hill.

THE POST OFFICE.

THE HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE. FROM ITS ESTABLISHMENT DOWN TO 1836. By Herbert Joyce, C.B., of the Post Office. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

DESPITE its title, this book is something more, and something less, than a history. If not exactly an official, it is what in the Gallic idiom would be called an "officious," document. Its author has been for some time one of the rulers of the department of which he is now the chronicler. As Third Secretary of the Post Office he speaks as one having authority and not as the scribes. He has had access to State papers of which the very existence is unknown to the outer world. Many of the men whose careers he sketches were virtually his predecessors in the office he now fills, and the duties he describes he has himself performed. Against this advantage of being able to speak as one who knows he must set the disadvantage of having what he says considered only an *ex parte* statement. His facts, many of them new and all of them valuable, are not to be questioned; it is inevitable that the construction he puts upon them will be regarded rather as an *apologia*, a brief for the defence, than as an impartial judgment.

At first sight, it might seem as though the limitation Mr. Joyce has set upon the scope of his work must reduce it to a mere antiquarian exercise, and so prove a sufficient safeguard against anything in the nature of the professional bias. His history stops short of the introduction of penny postage, an event which, it may be thought, so revolutionised the conditions of postal work as to destroy all analogy between past and present. But that is not so. There has been no solution of continuity. There is hardly a single detail, either in Rowland Hill's scheme or in more recent developments of it, which is not to be paralleled in the previous history of the Post Office. The relations of the department to the public on the one hand and to the Government on the other are to-day very much what they have always been. Between the one, always wanting facilities, and the other, always wanting money, the Post Office has been ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Improvements apparently the most modern of all are really the most ancient. Take the system of "express" delivery, introduced at St. Martin's-le-Grand a year or two ago. It will be found to have existed in the seventeenth century, and the very rate was the same as now—3d. a mile. Over two centuries ago London had what it has now, a penny letter post, a parcel post, and a system of parcel insurance, and what it has not now, free registration. These it owed to Thomas Dockwra.

"On the 1st of April, 1680, London, which had hitherto had no post at all, suddenly found itself in possession of one in comparison with which even the post of our own time is cast into the shade. For the purposes of the undertaking London and its suburbs were divided into seven districts, with a sorting office in each. From Hackney in the north to Lambeth in the south, from Blackwall in the east to Westminster in the west, there was not a point within the bills of mortality which the new post did not reach. Between four and five hundred receiving-offices were opened in a single morning. Placards were distributed and advertisements inserted in the public intelligences announcing where these offices were. Messengers called there for letters every hour. These, if for the country, were carried to the General Post Office, and if for the town, to the respective sorting-offices. From the sorting-office, after being sorted and entered in books kept for the purpose, they were sent out for delivery to the Inns of Court or places of business ten or twelve